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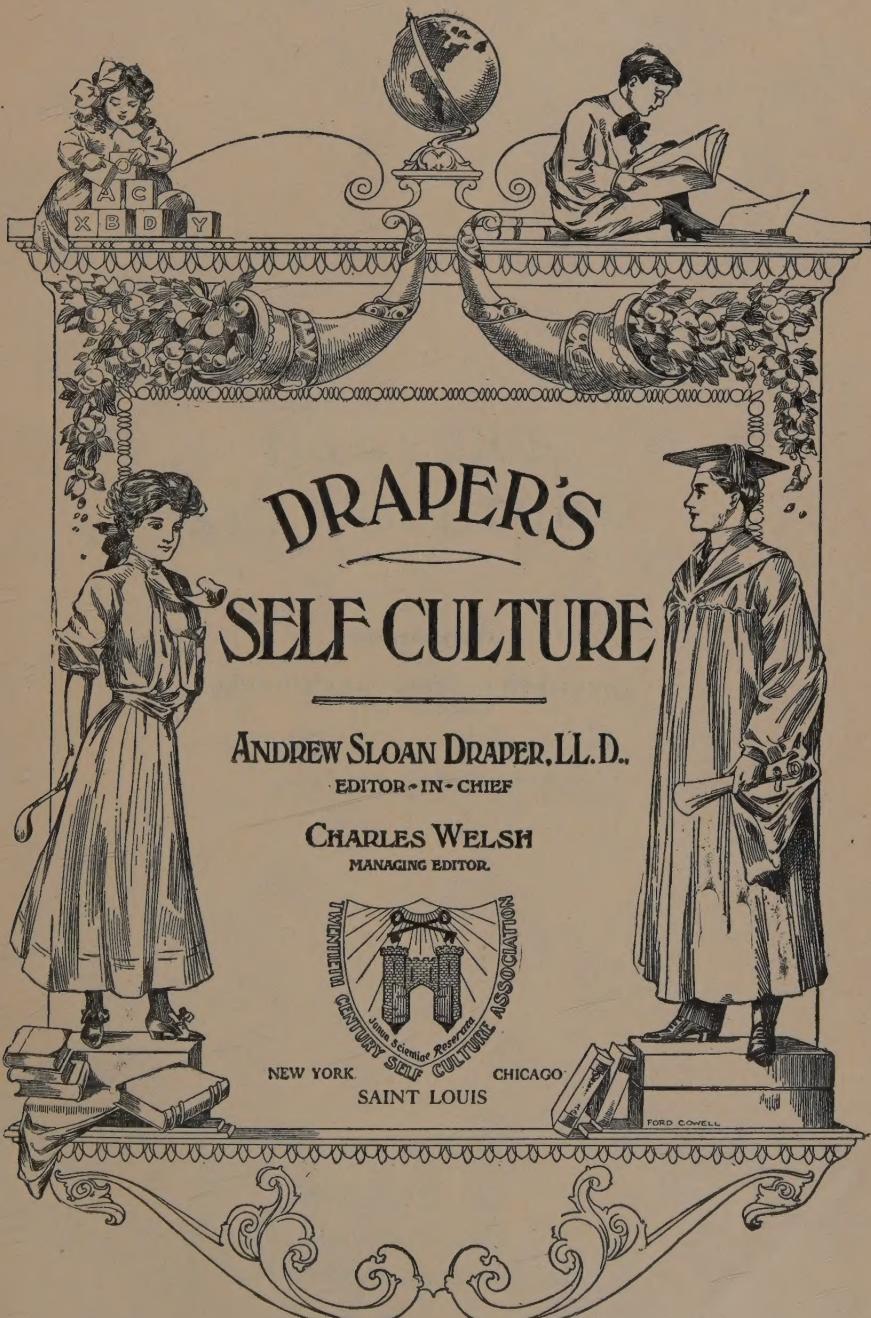
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# DRAPER'S SELF CULTURE

ANDREW SLOAN DRAPER, LL.D.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

CHARLES WELSH

MANAGING EDITOR.



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# DRAPER'S SELF CULTURE

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VOL. X

MUSIC, THE FINE ARTS  
AND THE DRAMA.



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# DRAPER'S SELF-CULTURE

ANDREW SLOAN DRAPER, LL.D.

(Commissioner of Education of the State of New York)

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**NOTE**—There is no department of human endeavor in which there exists so much diversity of taste and opinion as in connection with the subjects dealt with in this volume. Therefore, in framing the lists of some famous Artists, Sculptors, Architects, Composers, and Dramatists, and their works, which are here given, it was felt that it would not be wise to follow the opinion of any one man or of any one book; hundreds of living leaders in each of these professions have been consulted and asked to name those whom they consider to rank among the world's greatest, and their chief works.

The responses received furnish such a wealth of valuable material that to have included it all, even in tabulated form, would have made a volume by itself. They have been condensed as much as possible, and they form the basis of the lists referred to as well as the lists of the great Actors, Actresses, Singers, and musical performers.



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## INTRODUCTION TO VOL. X.

BY

SIR CASPAR PURDON CLARKE, Kt.,

DIRECTOR METROPOLITAN ART MUSEUM, NEW YORK.

THE origin of the modern museum is not explained by an examination of the meaning of its name, taken from an institution which flourished at Alexandria, in Egypt, twenty centuries ago, serving as a centre for the learned in the arts, sciences, and literature to meet for mutual improvement, and possibly for mutual defence. This was only following the example of the trades and handicrafts of those days, each of which segregated into a "collegium," or trade society, which regulated all their actions for the general interest.

But the origin must be sought for in other directions; also in the classical times, when the precincts of the Forum, with its triumphal arches and statues of national heroes, were the first national art collections, held as the common property of all. Then later, the treasures of the Christian Church, rich in art and relics of piety, were displayed to the public on certain holy days; whilst towards the end of the eighteenth century many of the European royal collections, not family property, were opened to the public, and so the modern museum started. As yet it was but a storehouse of natural and historical curiosities, no attempts being made to render the objects of use to either artist or historian. Finally, in 1851, the first International Exposition, held in London, gathered from all parts of civilization the finest products of modern craftsmanship, and these being generally imitations of former styles, the importance of studying works of the past became obvious, and thus the art museum took its place as an educational institution with strong claims for public support.

The word educational is often restricted to signify the ordinary education which, without any definite aim, only prepares the individual to receive special instruction in the business of later life.

In the old days, this special education could only be obtained through some form of apprenticeship in which, in return for service during a stipulated period of years, a trade was taught more by example than by precept. During this second course of education the errors of the earlier tuition often became manifest, causing regrets for the time wasted, in the acquisition of useless information, which might have been utilized in the special direction of the after-work.

Therefore in attempting to make the museum educationally useful in the pedagogic instruction of youth, care must also be taken that the more advanced class of practical workers shall also find their requirements understood and supplied. The first require principles for subjective use, the second a wide range of objects properly classified and kept "up to date," in order to show the progress made by others, both at home and abroad.

To the schoolmaster the museum is largely an institution where his pupils can see relics of the past, and the more these are kept together with their respective national and historical surroundings the better it will be for his purpose. Thus a series of displayed interiors, such as a Roman "triclinium" of a private house, with its dining furniture, service and wine-vessels, a German early mediæval "banquet hall," an English dining-hall of the sixteenth century, or a French "salon" of Louis XV., equally furnished, would give life to the dry bones of history, which no amount of book-description could furnish. Then where the museum stops short the picture and sculpture gallery fill the gaps, restoring to us in semblance the makers of history and repeopling the rooms of the past with the rulers, priests, statesmen, nobles, burghers and peasants, who have played their several parts in the life of all ages.

Thus the museum should bear the same relation to the college as the library does. In the latter we form vague mental images of men and things which in the museum became materialized, and through the memory of the eye are more permanently retained.

Such an arrangement of museum collections, however satisfactory to the educational and general public, would fall short of the requirements of the specialist student in any of the arts and crafts, to whom the history of the development of his particular trade is his sole object in visiting a museum. His problem in life is more concerned with the future than with the past, which only serves as a guide to show how, through the centuries, his craft has slowly evolved from the rude attempts of primitive man through a way marked with pitfalls as well as successes, by the study of both of which he hopes to play his part in developing his art a further stage.

To him the sentimental historic side has but little value. If a potter, his estimation of a rare and costly specimen of Medician porcelain would lead him to place it lower than modern Sèvres, Dresden, or Chinese ware: it was merely a "light that failed." His requirement is a museum wholly restricted to pottery, and arranged to show the practical as well as the historical development of the potter's craft.

It is the same with the gold and silversmith, carver in wood or stone, weaver, lacemaker and embroiderer, all of whom are the people who will, for good or bad, make the reputation which we, all of us, of the twentieth century will present to the eyes of posterity; and it is to help these, the craftsmen of the period in which we live, that the South Kensington Museum of England, the Kunstgewerbe Museums

of Germany, and the "Arts Décoratifs" of France were especially founded.

There was a time when museums and libraries, which are now as free and open as God's good air and His bright sunshine, were hedged about with all kinds of difficulties in the way of gaining entrance or, having gained entrance, in inspecting or using their treasures. Nowadays the library is open to all, and under present methods of administration has become one of the most important tools to work with, not only for the student and educator, but for the searchers for practical knowledge as well as for the worker with his hand as well as with his head. The museum should be arranged on similar lines, and in conjunction with the library take its position as an important factor in the national system of education.

Now comes the question as to how to utilize the museum as a means for self-culture, and for this purpose I assume that the student requires special information to be gained by visual observation of examples of which heretofore his only knowledge has been the necessarily imperfect book descriptions.

Here we are at once facing the great problem of copies or reproductions, and as yet, in my opinion, museum directors have not given sufficient public recognition to the supreme value of good copies in filling gaps in their collections, and even where such copies have been acquired, the museum authorities generally, from commercial or sentimental reasons, relegate the copies to other parts of the museum, apparently from fear of lowering the monetary value of the original works they may possess, which in many cases are inferior as works of art to the copies of masterpieces. The student in the perfectly arranged museum should find his special subject properly illustrated by a complete series of objects in which any missing links, in the chain of evidence, are replaced by actual copies, perfect in form and color, made after the celebrated originals in the great museums and collections of the world. In addition, each section should have a special catalogue, dealing not only with the examples shown in that particular museum, but also giving reference to objects of the same class to be found in other museums and collections, and should as far as possible include a complete bibliography of works treating of the subject in question.

Aided by such means, the student's path is easy. The sectional catalogue, which must be sufficiently technical as well as historical, should be used and marginal notes made of peculiarities in the objects which seem to have escaped notice in the catalogue. Then in the museum library the various standard works which are mentioned in the catalogue must be consulted, and any apparently discordant descriptions inquired into and judged by reference to the originals.

In each section the curator should be competent and willing to explain his special collection, and as far as possible keep an open mind with relation to the values of individual objects for teaching purposes. In this he will find pitfalls of all kinds, the most dangerous being

commercialism under the disguise of æsthetic antiquarianism. Honest commercialism is a noble quality, but when objects of little art value are enhanced in price owing to their scarceness or historic connections, it is difficult to relegate them to a minor position in due accordance with their intrinsic merits. Here the curio, or rather curiosity, must be cited as one of the stumbling-blocks with which the modern museum has to contend. The curiosity is either natural—that is to say, accidental—or historical. The first has no proper position in an art museum, and the second only claims admittance on account of any art qualities it may possess, and wholly apart from its personal associations.

Another difficulty is the question of standard of quality, and here the most formidable of all problems has to be encountered. A standard is supposed to be dependent on fixed rules, but when these rules are dependent on fashion and are ever changing, the value of the standard is nil. The golden rule, during the first half of the nineteenth century, was great elaboration of work and perfection in finish of surface, and every care had to be taken to remove all traces of hand, tool, or brush work. This was followed by a reaction, from the extremes of which we are still suffering. Now the individuality of the worker must assert itself visibly, and the mark of his hand, whether subtle and dexterous or feeble and clumsy, is accepted equally as evidence of good art by those who rely on text-book rules when judging the qualities of art work.

Another mistake is the misuse of the word "machine-made," when applied as a term of reproach. In fact, all work is more or less machine-made, where tools of any kind are employed in its manufacture. The general fault of machinery is that its owner is often ignorant or indifferent to art, and in both cases incapable of selecting the patterns which his machine will repeat in quantity. When, however, a good design is adopted, there are few tricks of the hand, either in form or color, which the machine cannot follow in most crafts; and, after all, the beauty of the finished work must depend upon the hand of the artist who designs the model or pattern which the machine merely reproduces.

To the student the museum should be the adjunct of the library; the movement which has vivified the libraries as an educator has at length reached the museums, and they are beginning to be recognized as factors in the general system of education as they have never been recognized before. Both in America and Europe, museum officials are forming associations, with a view to standardizing the methods of classification and exhibition of their collections, and as, to the student, the certainty increases of finding the necessary objects to illustrate any point or style required in his work, so will the museum habit become more general and an integral part of a good education.

C. PURDON CLARKE.

# THE FINE ARTS, MUSIC, AND THE DRAMA.

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## ART EDUCATION THE TRUE INDUSTRIAL EDUCATION.

By W. T. HARRIS, LL. D., FORMER COMMISSIONER OF EDUCATION.

**W**E have heard much said on the subject of industrial training in recent years. It would seem that there is no educational subject that occupies the mind of the public more extensively at the present time. There is, however, not an entire agreement among its agitators as to the exact nature of the education demanded for industry. It is the object of my paper to assist in clearing up this question of the best form of training for profitable work in the industries.

One will concede at the start that tool work is valuable as industrial training, and that especially the course of study and work in the manual-training school is valuable because it teaches how to manufacture tools and machines of all kinds and thereby gives the laborer a sort of command over the instruments of industry that assists him very much in his struggle for excellence in the fields of labor.

Still more valuable must we regard the study of natural science, and especially of applied mathematics, in the laws of matter and motion. It furnishes the theory of all machinery and of all production of supplies from nature.

Besides this, we may claim that general education is of the utmost importance, opening, as it does, the powers of thought and observation, giving each laborer an insight into human nature and fitting him for logical thinking on all subjects; fitting him alike to lead others and combine them in extensive undertakings and likewise to serve faithfully and intelligently other leaders when the case requires. This general education is indeed indispensable to the citizen and to the best quality of industrial people.

But aesthetic education—the cultivation of taste, the acquirement of knowledge on the subject of the origin of the idea of beauty (both its historic origin and the philosophical account of its source in human nature), the practice of producing the outlines of the beautiful by the arts of drawing, painting, and modelling, the criticism of works of art with a view to discover readily the causes of failure or of success in

æsthetic effects—all these things we must claim for the true foundation of the highest success in the industries of any modern nation. The dynamic side is needed, but invention of the useful does not succeed in controlling the markets of the world. A nation with its laborers all educated in their taste for beautiful forms will give graceful shapes to their productions and command higher prices for them. The graceful shape and the proper ornamentation charm the purchaser, and he willingly pays a higher price for the beautiful article of usefulness if it is made by an artist than if it is made by a mere artisan. Sweden is the leader in the manual-training movement, but her educators have not yet seen the importance of developing correct taste among the laborers as a condition of industrial success. Accordingly we find that ingenuity is increasing to some extent in that country, but that there is no improvement in the artistic finish and ornamentation of their goods. Clumsy shapes and incongruous ornament are the characteristics of Swedish goods. Other nations do not want such ugly shapes in sight and do not buy them. To have ugly utensils perpetually in view gradually works degeneration in one's taste. The figures of our commercial reports show that we import raw materials from Sweden, but do not buy their manufactures.

In 1851, at the World's Exposition in London; it became evident that English industries were not of such a character as to compete with those of France and Belgium. Prince Albert, wise and thoughtful as he was, set about a deep-reaching system of education that should correct the national defect and recover the prestige of British arts and manufactures. The South Kensington Museum was established, and day and evening art schools set up in all manufacturing centres. The museum placed at its foundation a collection of works of art showing the history of art—its beginnings, its high-water marks, and its fluctuations. On this basis instruction was given in those forms of ornamentation that the world has pronounced beautiful. There began from this time a gradual rise in the taste of the English workman; from being an artisan pure and simple he began to be an artist. England has gone forward rapidly in the direction of producing works of taste, and her useful manufactures, heretofore made without reference to beauty, have improved in tastefulness of design and execution.

The establishment of a great national art gallery, the Louvre, and the studies of French savants in the canons of good taste had long before revolutionized French manufactures and given France the supremacy in the world market for goods that command high prices and ready sale.

Taking hint from England, we have had in this country something of the fever for education in art, especially in the lines of industrial drawing. Remarkable as has been our progress in the matter, yet there is a prevalent lack of insight into the true direction and significance of this branch of industrial drawing. We have had much

stress laid on geometric drawing and the construction of working drawings, as well as the old-fashioned system of drawing pictures of objects, and we have had much invention of original designs, founded on the basis of regularity and symmetry, but we have had very little of a really high order of æsthetic.

In order to explain this statement, I ask your attention to a discussion of some general ideas on the theory of art with a view to show the object of art and its historical realization. This will help to explain to us why art exercises and has exercised so much influence in the world, and why it dominates still in the market of industrial productions. Wealth demands the æsthetic. The days of poverty may be satisfied with the useful.

Let us inquire into the scope of art and see its function, whether serious or trivial, whether elevating or degrading to the soul. Let us study it, in short, in its relations to religion as well as in its relations to industry, because only in this serious aspect can it justify for itself its high place in the esteem of mankind.

There is the theory that the primary function of art is amusement. What makes this degrading theory plausible is the fact that there is sensuous enjoyment in the contemplation of works of art. But if we analyze this effect we shall trace even it to something higher than sensuous sources.

The sensuous elements in art are regularity, symmetry, and harmony.

1. *Regularity* is recurrence of the same—mere repetition. A rude people scarcely reaches a higher stage of art. The desire for amusement is gratified by a string of beads or a fringe of some sort. It is a love of rhythm. The human form divine does not seem beautiful to the savage. It is not regular enough to suit his taste. He must accordingly make it beautiful by regular ornaments, or by deforming it in some way; by tattooing it, for example.

Why does regularity please? Why does recurrence or repetition gratify the taste of the child or savage? The answer to this question is to be found in the generalization that the soul delights to behold itself, and that human nature is "mimetic," as Aristotle called it, signifying symbol-making. Man desires to know himself and to reveal himself, in order that he may comprehend himself; hence, he is an art-producing animal. Whatever suggests to him his deep, underlying spiritual nature gives him a strange pleasure. The nature of consciousness is partly revealed in types and symbols of the rudest art. Chinese music, like the music of very young children, delights in monotonous repetitions that almost drive frantic any one with a cultivated ear. But all rhythm is a symbol of the first and most obvious fact of conscious intelligence or reason. Consciousness is the knowing of the self by the self. There is subject and object and the activity of recognition. From subject to object there is distinction and difference, but with recognition sameness or identity

is perceived, and the distinction or difference is retracted. What is this simple rhythm from difference to identity but regularity? It is, we answer, regularity, but it is much more than this. But the child or savage delights in monotonous repetition alone, not possessing the slightest insight into the cause of his delight. His delight is, however, explicable through this fact of the identity in form between the rhythm of his soul-activity and the sense-perception by which he perceives regularity.

The sun-myth arises through the same feeling. Wherever there is repetition, especially in the form of return-to-itself, there comes this conscious or unconscious satisfaction at beholding it. Hence, circular movement, or movement in cycles, is the most wonderful of all the phenomena beheld by primitive man. Nature presents to his observation infinite differences. Out of the confused mass he traces some forms of recurrence—day and night, the phases of the moon, the seasons of the year, genus and species in animals and plants, the apparent revolutions of the fixed stars, and the orbits of planets. These phenomena furnish him symbols or types in which to express his ideas concerning the divine principle that he feels to be First Cause. To the materialistic student of sociology all religions are merely transfigured sun-myths. But to the deeper student of psychology it becomes clear that the sun-myth itself rests on the perception of identity between regular cycles and the rhythm which characterizes the activity of self-consciousness. And self-consciousness is felt and seen to be a form of being that is not on a par with mere transient, individual existence, but rather the essential attribute of the divine being, Author of all.

Here we see how deep-seated and significant is this blind instinct or feeling which is gratified by the seeing and hearing of mere regularity. The words which express the divine in all languages root in this sense-perception and æsthetic pleasure attendant on it. Philology, discovering the sun-myth origin of religious expression, places the expression before the thing expressed, the symbol before the thing signified. It tells us that religions arise from a sort of disease in language which turns poetry into prose. But underneath the æsthetic feeling lies the perception of identity which makes possible the trope or metaphor.

2. *Symmetry.* Regularity expresses only the empirical perception of the nature of self-consciousness and reason. There is, as we have seen, a subject opposed to itself as object. Opposition or antithesis is, however, not simple repetition, but opposition. The identity is therefore one of symmetry, instead of regularity. Symmetry contains and expresses identity under difference. We cannot put the left-hand glove on our right hand. The two hands correspond, but are not repetitions of the same. It is a mark of higher æsthetic culture to prefer symmetry to regularity. It indicates a deeper feeling of the nature of the divine. Nations that have reached this stage show their

taste by emphasizing the symmetry in the human form by ornaments and symmetrical arrangement of clothing. They correct the lack of symmetry in the human form in the images of their gods. The face is on the front side of the head, but the god shall have a face on the back of his head, too, to complete the symmetry. The arms directed to the front of the body must also correspond to another pair of arms directed in the opposite direction. Perhaps perfect symmetry is still more exacting in its requirements, and demands faces with arms to match on the right and left sides of the body. To us the idols of the ancient Mexicans and Central Americans seem hideous. But it was the taste for symmetry that produced them.

3. *Harmony* is the object of the highest culture of taste. Regularity and symmetry are so mechanical in their nature that they afford only remote symbols of reason in its concreteness. They furnish only the elements of art, and must be subordinated to a higher principle. Harmony is free from the mechanical suggestions, of the lower principles, but it possesses in a greater degree the qualities which gave them their charm. Just as symmetry exhibits identity under a deeper difference than regularity, so harmony, again, presents us a still deeper unity underlying wider difference. The unity of harmony is not a unity of sameness, nor of correspondence merely, but a unity of adaptation to end or purpose. Mere symmetry suggests external constraint; but in art there must be freedom expressed. Regularity is still more suggestive of mechanical necessity. Harmony boldly discards regularity and symmetry, retaining them only in subordinate details, and makes all subservient to the expression of a conscious purpose. The divine is conceived as spiritual intelligence elevated above its material expression so far as the latter is only a means to an end. The Apollo Belvedere has no symmetry of arrangement in its limbs, and yet the disposition of each limb suggests a different disposition of another, in order to accomplish some conscious act upon which the mind of the god is bent. All is different, and yet all is united in harmony for the realization of one purpose. Here the human form, with its lack of regularity and symmetry, becomes beautiful. The nation has arrived at the perception of harmony, which is a higher symbolic expression of the divine than were the previous elements. The human body is adapted to the expression of conscious will, and this is freedom. The perfect subordination of the body to the will is gracefulness. It is this which constitutes the beauty of classic art: To have every muscle under perfect obedience to the will—unconscious obedience—so that the slightest inclination or desire of the soul, if made an act of the will, found expression in the body. When the soul is not at ease in the body, but is conscious of it as something separate, gracefulness departs and awkwardness takes its place. The awkward person does not know what to do with his hands and arms; he cannot think just how he would carry his body or fix the muscles of his face. He chews a stick or bites a cigar in order to have something to do

with his facial muscles, or twirls a cane or twists his watch chain, folds his arms before or behind, or even thrusts his hands into his pockets, in order to have some use for them which will restore his feeling of ease in his body. The soul is at ease in the body only when it is using it as a means of expression or action.

Harmony is this agreement of the inner and outer, of the will and the body, of the idea and its expression, so that the external leads us directly to the internal of which it is the expression. Gracefulness then results, and gracefulness is the characteristic of classic or Greek art. Not only its statues, but its architecture and architectural ornament, exhibit gracefulness or freedom.

The Greek religion made beauty the essential feature of the idea of the divine, and hence his art is created as an act of worship of the beautiful. It represents the supreme attainment of the world in pure beauty, because it is pure beauty and nothing beyond. Christianity reaches beyond beauty to holiness. Other heathen religions fall short of the Greek ideal, and lack an essential element which the Greek religion possessed. The Greeks believed that the divine is at the same time human; and human not in the sense that the essence of man, his purified intellect and will, is divine, but human in the corporeal sense as well. The gods of Olympus possess appetites and passions like men; they have bodies and live in a special place. They form a society or large patriarchal family. The manifestation of the divine is celestial beauty. Moreover, the human being may by becoming beautiful become divine. Hence the Greek religion centres about gymnastic games. These are the Olympian, the Isthmean, the Nemean, and the Pythian games. Exercises that shall give the soul sovereignty over the body and develop it into beauty are religious in this sense. Every village has its games for physical development; these are attended by the people who become in time judges of perfection in human form, just as a community that attends frequent horse races produces men that know critically the good points of a horse. It is known who is the best man at wrestling, boxing, throwing the discus, the spear, or javelin; at running, at leaping, or at the chariot or horseback races. Then, at less frequent intervals, there is the contest at games between neighboring villages. The successful hero carries off the crown of wild olive branches. Nearly every year there is a great national assembly of Greeks and a contest open to all. The entire people, composed of independent States, united by ties of religion, assemble to celebrate this faith in the beautiful and honor their successful youth. The results carried the national taste for the beautiful as seen in the human body to the highest degree.

The next step after the development of the personal work of art in the shape of beautiful youth, by means of the national games and the cultivation of the taste of the entire people through the spectacle of these games, is the art of sculpture, by which these forms of beauty,

realized in the athletes and existing in the minds of the people as ideals of correct taste, shall be fixed in stone and set up in the temples for worship. Thus Greek art was born. The statues at first were of gods and demigods exclusively. Those which have come down to us cause our unbounded astonishment at this perfection of form. It is not their resemblance to living bodies, not their anatomical exactness that interests us, not their so-called "truth to nature," but their gracefulness and serenity—their "classic repose." Whether the statues represent gods and heroes in action or in sitting or reclining postures, there is this "repose" which means indwelling vital activity and not mere rest as opposed to movement. In the greatest activity there is considerate purpose and perfect self-control manifested. The repose is of the soul, and not a physical repose. Even sitting and reclining figures—for example, the Theseus from the Parthenon, the torso of the Belvedere—are filled with activity, so that the repose is one of voluntary self-restraint and not the repose of the absence of vital energy. They are gracefulness itself.

What a surprising thought is this, of a religion founded on beauty! How could it have arisen in the history of the world, and what became of it? Let us consider a few of the elements wherein the Greek religion was superior to other heathen religions.

The Hindoo worshipped an abstract unity devoid of all form, which he called Brahma. His idea of the divine is defined as the negation not only of everything in nature, but also everything human. Nothing that has form, or shape, or properties, or qualities—nothing, in short, that can be distinguished from anything else, can be divine according to the thought of the Hindoo. This is pantheism. It worships a negative might which destroys everything. If it admits that the world of finite things arises from Brahma as creator, it hastens to tell us that the creation is only a dream and that all creatures will vanish when the dream fades. There can be no hope for any individuality, according to this belief. Any art that grows up under such a religion will manifest only the nothingness of individuality and the impossibility of its salvation. Instead of beauty as the attribute of divinity, the Hindoo studied to mortify the flesh; to shrivel up the body; to paralyze rather than develop his muscles. Instead of gymnastic festivals he resorted to the severest penances, such as holding his arm over his head until it wasted away. If he could produce numbness in his body so that all feeling disappeared, he attained holiness. His divine was not divine-human, but inhuman rather.

The Egyptian laid all stress on death. In his art he celebrated death as the vestibule to the next world and the life with Osiris. Art does not get beyond the symbolic phase with him. As in the hieroglyphic the picture of a thing is employed at first to represent the thing, and by and by it becomes a conversational sign for a word, so the works of art at first represent men and gods, and afterwards become conventional symbols to signify the ideas of the Egyptian re-

ligion. The great question to be determined is this: What destiny does it promise the individual, and what kind of life does it command him to lead? The Egyptian symbolizes his divine by the processes of nature that represent birth, growth, and death, and resurrection, and hence conceives life as belonging to it. The curse of the sun—its rising and setting, its noonday splendor, and its nightly eclipse; the succession of the seasons—the germination, growth, and death of plants; the flooding and subsidence of the Nile—these and other phenomena are taken as symbols expressing the Egyptian conception of the divine living being. Finally it rises out of the immediate artistic description by symbols, and tells the myth of Osiris killed by his brother Typhon, and of his descent to the silent realm of the under-world, and of his there reigning king, and of his resurrection.

The Indian art, on the contrary, dealt with symbols that were not analogous to human life. They reverenced mountains and rivers and the storm winds and great natural forces that were destructive to the individuality of man, but also reverenced life in animals. They founded asylums for aged cows, but not for decrepit humanity.

Persian art adored light as the divine; it also adored the bodies that give light—the sun, moon, and stars; also fire; also whatever is purifying, especially water. The Persian religion conceives two deities—a god of light and goodness and a god of darkness and evil. The struggle between these two gods fills the universe and makes all existence a contest. The art of the Persian portrays this struggle, and does not let pure human individuality step forth for itself.

In Assyria and Chaldea we have the worship of the sun rather than of pure light. Hence there were artificial hills or towers constructed, with ascending inclined planes on the outside rising to the flat top, crowned with a temple dedicated to Belus or the Sun god. Images partly human, partly animal, represented the divine. The lion, the eagle, the quadruped and bird, the human face, these were united to make the symbol of a divine being who could not be manifested in a purely human form.

The Egyptian religion, though it surpassed the Persian in that it conceived the divine as much more near human life, still resorted to animal forms to obtain the peculiarly divine attributes. There were the sacred bulls Apis and Mnevis, the goat of Mendes, the sacred hawks and ibis, and such divinities as Isis-Hathor, with a cow's head; Touaris, with a crocodile's head; Thoth, with the head of an ibis; Horus, with the head of a hawk; but Ammon and Ptha and Osiris with human heads and bodies. Thus we see that the Egyptian wavered between the purely human and the animal form as the image of the divine. So long as it is possible for a religion to permit the representation of the divine by an animal form, that religion has not yet conceived God as pure self-consciousness or reason. Its art cannot arrive at gracefulness. As a consequence of this defect, however, it cannot account for the origin and destiny of the world in such a

way as to explain the problem of the human soul. It is an insoluble enigma whose type is a sphinx. The Sphinx is the rude rock out of which it arises, symbolizing inorganic nature; then the lion's body, typifying by the king of beasts the highest of organic beings below man; then the human face, looking up inquiringly to the heavens. Its question seems to be: "Thus far: what next?" Does the human break the continuity of the circle of nature within which there goes on a perpetual revolution of birth, growth, and decay, or does the human perish with the animal and plant and lose his individuality? How can his individuality be preserved without the body? The Egyptian's highest thought was this enigma. He combined the affirmative and negative elements of this problem, conceiving that man survives death but will have a resurrection and need his particular body again, which therefore must be preserved by embalming it. The body of Osiris had to be embalmed by Isis. The sacred animals, bulls and others, were embalmed upon death.

They had not learned that the image of God is man, and, more definitely, man's reason or self-consciousness. It was a great step beyond the heathen religion of Asia and Africa therefore for the Greek religion to conceive the divine as dwelling in human form, however defective it was in respect to its doctrine of the particular attributes of man that are the true image of God. Hence we have the explanation why it is that Greek art has become the conventional expression of the beautiful for all the civilized world. It alone aims at the expression of personal freedom in the body and therefore always achieves gracefulness. Christian art as such strives to show the soul as struggling to free itself from the body. All cultivated peoples will prefer ornament and works of art that show the triumph of the soul over matter to the manifestation of the predominance of matter or the struggle of the soul to free itself. Art studies should therefore find their centre in the history of Greek art.

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### RUSKIN ON THE NATURE OF ART.

By W. G. COLLINGWOOD, M. A. (UNIV. COLL., OXFORD).

**R**EAL AND FALSE ART.—To be quite formal and systematic we ought to ask, before proceeding to further inquiries, this question: "Is Art a real thing, worth serious consideration? or only a chimæra, a delusion? Does it exist?" For it is no use examining the nature, end, or use of anything, unless we are sure that our terms are not mere empty and idle words; and especially in the case of Art this is worth while, because to many people painting and sculpture are vanities, about which it matters very little what is

From "The Art Teaching of John Ruskin." London, Percival & Co.

thought or what is done. Even to some who sincerely delight in them, they are very subordinate to what they call the serious business of life; they do not for a moment rank with grave subjects of thought, such as science or politics, morality, or religion. But if Art really exists as a vital fact of the universe and an important element in human life, if it grows and flourishes and decays like any other great human institution, it has an actual influence on mankind, or serves as an index and exponent of progress and civilization; then the study of Art must be really valuable, if not indispensable.

Mr. Ruskin everywhere assumes that this is the case. But he distinguishes, throughout his writings, between this Real Art and something that pretends to rank with it, but is merely an imitation. For instance, he mentions the forms of what is not Art, but inartistic production, that exist among us: and speaking of the painters of the day he says that modern life is so broken up and imitative that sometimes you not only cannot tell what a man is, but whether he is;—a spirit, or an echo. That is to say, much that passes for Art is a mockery, a superficial imitation of the real thing, presenting no true reality to study, no universal laws of life to expound; it is derivative, and content with cold reproductions of common types; it aims at no sincere and honest original effort. And the persons who produce these derivative works, however ingenious and clever, are not real artists, but manufacturers of pictures or carvings. Strictly speaking, he says, what people call inferior painters are in general no painters.

Whenever he uses the word Art, therefore, he understands Real Art as distinguished from the mockeries of it that distort its reality as in a mirage; Real Art possessing and exhibiting a certain vital power, which, like any other form of life, is subject to law and is material for scientific inquiry. Its possession of vitality is shown by its history, by the rise and decay of schools, and by their correspondence with contemporary phases of national life; and shown further by its influence on men, its real help or hindrance to them as giving right pleasure and true instruction, or the reverse. He does not mean that Art is real only when it is moral and didactic, nor does he refuse to consider any in which he detects an evil tendency, an influence producing or indicating low civilization and base morals. Such may be only too real; though he is never weary, as every reader knows, of demonstrating the catastrophe wrought or indicated by it. With Mr. Ruskin both Science and Art are looked upon as valuable in proportion to the nobility of their subject-matter; so that there is Real Art which is bad, just as Real Science may be used for bad ends—as the compounding of poisons. But Science is false or sham when it proceeds upon unfounded assumptions and treats of non-existent materials; when its conclusions are false, not true; and Art is sham when it is false and futile, representing forms which the artist has neither seen nor ever dreamed, or professing to translate emotions which the artist has never felt. Parallel with the pseudo-sciences there

is Sham Art—a parasite of the vital growth, a shadow of the substance; and it is the too frequent presence of this Sham that makes some people doubt the existence of the Real, and others doubt the validity of an inquiry into its nature and laws.

**APHORISTIC DEFINITIONS.**—It is not entirely a gain that Mr. Ruskin is so skilled in epigram and aphorism. Readers sometimes carry away a phrase from his writings which, when the context is forgotten, misleads them; for though right in one connection, it may be wrong in another. And from the mere fact that his aphoristic definitions of Art are so various, being given with the purpose of fixing a certain limited idea, it seems sometimes that they are insufficient and inharmonious. But his chief concern is generally to mark off Real Art from Sham; for instance, when he says: Art is a language expressing ideas, and the greatest Art is that which expresses the greatest number of the greatest ideas, which was his first position with regard to his subject. In another context, Art has for its business to praise God; and again, Great Art is the expression of the mind of a God-made great man; and, differently intended, Art is the expression of delight in God's work. From that he glides to—All great Art is praise; and, Art is the exponent of ethical life, which leads the way to the notion of it as merely human labor regulated by human design, or, any modification of things substantial by substantial power, so long as it states a true thing or adorns a serviceable one. Fine Art is that in which the hand, the head, and the heart of man go together.

This selection of his sayings on the Nature of Art does not include anything like a philosophical definition; they are descriptive; and they describe different phases of Art as it appeared to the writer at different periods of his thought. Ruskin's teaching, like Art, has a vital power; and one of the evidences of its vitality is its growth. To those who find saplings useful for walking-sticks, a full-grown tree is otiose; and many who assented to "Modern Painters" regret the broad-spreading ramifications of his later work. But at the same time this candid self-criticism and continual reconstruction of belief is a warrant of sincerity. It is a cheap thing to adopt a system and stick to it; when it is cut and dried it is apt to command less confidence; but you trust the living bough.

But from these aphorisms it is plain that Mr. Ruskin proposes to his readers two distinctions: the first between Real Art and Sham; and the second between Great Art and something else that is Real but not Great. Both these distinctions are difficult to make at the moment; and even when the subject under consideration is in the comfortable distance of past history, judgments may differ on a particular work. But the distinction is a real one. Sham Art is derivative, insincere, inadequate: Real Art is a living organism, inviting study like any other organism, with its natural laws of growth and its vital influence on mankind. And some of it is Great.

**GREAT ART AND HIGH ART.**—In the last century it was commonly

thought that all portrait-painting, and genre, and still life, and what we popularly call decorative work, as well as landscape for the most part, were inferior kinds; in contradistinction to which stood something that was called High Art. The most accessible exposition of the doctrine is that of Sir Joshua Reynolds in his discourses. He summed up the Academic teaching, and formulated rules for the production of High Art; not claiming that he followed that manner himself, for he was only a portraitist, and in his heart admired the Venetians, who were not thought to rank so high as the Roman School of Michelangelo and Raphael. He puts the whole art of painting under four categories, and deduced, from accepted examples, the principles of their production: how to create High Art—the Grand Style.

Grand Invention, he says, is the generalization of the mental visions which all have of any incident, not the particular private view of any one person. "Some circumstances of minuteness and particularity" may give an air of truth, and be admitted with caution. But truth is not admitted for its own sake. For instance, St. Paul is not to be painted as weak in bodily presence; Alexander the Great, not, as he was, of short stature; Agesilaus, not as deformed. But what the public in general would imagine them to be, so they must be represented.

Grand Expression also allows no particularization; when Bernini sculptured his David as biting the lip in the act of slinging, he sinned against grandeur. The "blitheness and repose" of a Greek god is the model on which every countenance and attitude should be formed.

In Coloring, because the remains of ancient statuary are colorless, for aught he knew, and because Michelangelo, for their sake, denied himself the glory and the gold which his predecessors and patrons loved, the Grand Style allows no "artful play of little lights or variety of tints." It should be harmonious to monotony, or distinct, like martial music.

And in Drapery, for that is the final category of Academic picture-making, there must be no discrimination of stuffs, but merely folds of classical curtains and robes.

We know how this advice was taken, and what came of it. The Grand Historical School, working on Reynolds's rules, became the laughing-stock of Europe; it became the mere reflex of used-up ideas and worn-out forms, without vitality, without influence or interest; mere Sham Art. And so Mr. Ruskin was led to inquire into the subject from another point of view, not now seeking external signs, but analyzing the more intimate motives of production. And from his inquiry he was led on to the conviction that Art has its root and origin in something deeper than formulæ; that it is really conditioned by the whole nature of the artist, by his morality, his position in the community, his relation to the world and to God;—that Art is great

in proportion as the producer is great—not only as an artist, but as a man.

In reading Ruskin we have therefore to remember that besides his development of personal attitude to the question, he has two main objects in view—the discrimination of Real Art from everything else, and the valuation of it as greater or less in the sum of its achievement.

**ART AND MANUFACTURE.**—There are many degrees of greatness among the various kinds of Art, although they are all true and real; and from the highest efforts of painting and sculpture they pass in unbroken series to the minor handicrafts, which may be artistic, if they are carried on by artists; or they may be mere manufacture, and not Art at all. A manufacture is the product of the hands, with a minimum of brain power. In mechanical employments the skill is a sort of reflex-action: when the head is allowed to busy itself it destroys the manual skill by hesitation as to method and adaptation; and the workman is told not to think, but to do what he knows. But when the head must needs direct the hands, consciously, and as a dominant and continual guide, the work is a form of Art: a low form, but a true one. Every employment can be turned, in some of its branches, into an Art; carpentry, or agriculture, or the making of fabrics for clothes, can be treated as a manufacture, or as an art; and it is usually the case that when these things become artistic, and attest thought, they are considered more valuable. But they do not reach the rank of Fine Art until the whole man is employed; and the whole man has more than hands and a head; he has feelings and emotions, what is popularly called heart. And when the emotions become dominant power they bring in the likes and dislikes of the worker, they display his tastes, they reveal an attempt to impart Beauty to the work which the head endowed only with utility.

And so we get the lower Arts, in which the emotions have little play, and Beauty no conceded position; and the Fine Arts, no matter to what material adapted. Decoration of any kind is just as truly a Fine Art as painting pictures, though there is not the same scope for the whole greatness of a profound intellect and wide sympathies to display itself. This more extended view of Art is the chief difference between Ruskin's earlier and his later writings; in *Modern Painters* he looked at Art as a Language; in his more recent writings he looks at it as an Activity, as the production of concrete objects in obedience to certain instincts—of which more hereafter.

**IDEAS OF POWER.**—Yet he did not neglect the handicraft-element, even in his earliest theory. His statement, at the outset of "*Modern Painters*," that Art is a language expressing Ideas of Power, Imitation, Truth, Beauty, and Relation implies that he did not mean to regard painting as a mere vehicle for what is rightly discriminated by artists as the "literary subject," to the exclusion of the "artistic subject." He notes that many thoughts are dependent on the language in

which they are clothed; and that certain ideas belong to language itself. The first set of ideas, those of Power, involve the purely artistic process of the creation of a work of art, and mean, partly, what we call Execution and Technical ability. The pleasure they produce is that felt by the worker in his triumph over difficulties, and by the spectator in witnessing the triumph. And although the purpose of "Modern Painters" was to call the attention of critics to the thought and truth in Turner's later work, the author, with a candor uncommon in special pleaders, began by showing that part of the interest of Art is in the Power shown by the dexterity and craftsmanship of the artist.

When this interest is the admiration and wonder of an inexplicable talent,—as much an instinct as the power of nest-building in a bird or hive-building in a bee,—it partakes of that high pleasure with which, as we shall see, mankind contemplates the nobler forms of Beauty; it is the contemplation of the artist as himself a work, so to speak, of Divine Art. But when it is merely the applause of the mob at a cheap *tour de force*,—the attention of the conjurer's apprentice trying to learn the trick of it, to the entire oblivion of anything higher in the world than executive dexterity, then it panders to the most prevalent and pernicious form of Sham Art. Nobody has more highly appreciated Execution than Ruskin; from the finesse of Turner's hand, inconceivably microcosmic, to the colossal brush-strokes of Tintoret, painting tree-trunks in two touches apiece. Dürer's severe and subtle pen-stroke; Meissonier's realism in miniature; the free handling of Reynolds, and the flawless modelling of Holbein have alike won his praise. It is only where the "finish" is thoughtless niggling, as in Hobbema's trees, or the "freedom" is licentious slapdash—*si exemplum quaeris, circumspice*—that Ruskin steps in with his veto. Execution as a source of pleasure in Art, nay, as an integral part of the aim and purpose of it, he is far from despising.

But the aim of Art is something more than Execution; and the idea of Power suggests not only the sense of energy perceived in the artist, but also the sense of great force in action represented in his subject,—what is called Sublimity. This has been usually separated from Beauty, as if the two were quite distinct and co-ordinate aims, as if Art had two aims of equal value and indifferent application. Ruskin dismisses Sublimity from that position, pointing out that it is not foreign to Beauty, but the effect on the mind of greatness, of infinity, which, as we shall see, is one of the elements of the Beautiful. Etymologically the Sublime is what "lifts one off his feet"; and the feeling that there is a something infinite and terrible, of forces and laws past comprehension, even in the fashioning of the least flower or pebble, grows upon the instructed mind into the same sense of Sublimity as that which is forced upon the ignorant and unreflective by a thunderstorm or a cataract. S. T. Coleridge was fond of tell-

ing how, at the Falls of the Clyde, he pronounced the scene "essentially sublime"; and heard with contempt a lady rejoin, "Yes, it is beautiful." The beauty of the lines of rushing foam, of crystalline transparency and iridescent mystery were nothing to him—as doctrinaire in Kantian Art-Philosophy—in comparison with the overwhelming certainty that if he fell in he was sure to be drowned. But Coleridge, as poet, could describe the sublimity, the fearsomeness of the sight of a frail and lonely figure in the moonlight "beautiful exceedingly." I do not mean that the Sublime and the Beautiful are one and the same, but they are two developments of one principle.

Sublimity is therefore not to be classed as a separate, collateral factor of Art, but as closely connected with Beauty on the one hand and Imagination on the other; and Great Art is, in the first place, conditioned by these ideas of Power, by consummate execution, and the highest reach of nobility in the forms portrayed. Of the other ideas named at the beginning of "*Modern Painters*," those of Relation seem to be specially connected with the Imagination and its work; those of Imitation and Truth involve the discussion of the Mimetic instinct and the Representation of Nature. They must be noticed in a slight preliminary way, in order to define the limits of Art.

**MACHINERY AND ART.**—We have seen that manufacture is not Art; but we are accustomed to meet with all manner of goods professing to be artistic, yet produced by machinery,—the extreme form of manufacture, made not only without head-work, but without hand-work, as far as possible. No doubt head-work and hand-work went to the making of the machines in the first instance; but that hardly affects the statement that the patterned products of a steam-loom are quite distinct from the products of a hand-loom, as these last are from pure artistic embroidery. If hand-manufacture be not Art, still less is steam-manufacture, though its results are often so interesting, and display so much ingenuity, that the public is content with the sham, and many critics hardly venture to incur the ridicule of the thoughtless and the enmity of the trade by upholding a logical discrimination.

Mr. Ruskin was led to his position by considering the effect of machinery upon the life of the workman. He found that where the minor arts and crafts are treated in a purely artistic spirit, they react in a wholesome manner on the producers, who became of necessity more intelligent, more interested in their work, and consequently happier. Where machinery is introduced, the human capacities of the workman are minimized: the qualities of head and heart are not wanted, and even skill of hand is reduced to its lowest terms.

Not only that, but the work itself loses its interest and higher qualities of beauty; what it gains in superficial neatness it loses in refinement; it is vulgarized, because there is no imagination put into it. Consequently all the products of machinery tend to become **Sham Art**, in proportion to the part which machinery plays in their produc-

tion. Real Art does not depend upon materials and tools; a great artist could make great works with the very simplest,—such as a bottle of ink and a deal board, painting with his finger; for “the imagination amends them.” Even the reproduction by mechanical processes of paintings and drawings loses many of their qualities,—and this is the case even with the most marvellous of recent inventions, as any one can see who has the opportunity of comparing original drawings with what are published as facsimiles. Still more is it true of the great mass of decorative work, cheaply produced by machinery.

It is not to be thought for a moment that Mr. Ruskin would refuse the advantages to utility which are gained by machine power. His position is quite simple. As long as useful articles can be made plentiful, without involving the slavery and degradation of the workman, he encourages manufacture; but when it is supposed that Art can thus be cheapened, he points out that there is an impassable gulf between utilitarian manufacture and Real Art; and the cheapening of a hybrid between the two serves only to blind the public to the real uses and true standards of Art.

**PHOTOGRAPHY AND ART.**—The Ideas of Imitation and Truth, which it is the business of Art to give, might be thought to be attained by photography; and in some sense photography claims its place on the borderland of Art. But there are two reasons why photography fails to take a place alongside of painting and sculpture. First, that it gives no really accurate representation of Nature: the lowering of tone makes it impossible to get the effect of a landscape; and the falsification of values, even with the most ingenious appliances to evade it, leads to falsification of landscape detail. Artists who work from photographs know how much allowance has to be made for these disturbances; they know that the perspective of an interior or a figure, the modelling of certain masses of drapery or rock-form, and many other parts of the picture, are not to be strictly copied from photographs. So that mere truth, which is the boast of photography, is not fully attained, though perhaps, with improvements in management and appliances, truth may eventually be secured in other subjects, as it is already in the wonderful instantaneous photography of facial expression.

But even if that were done, Art is, by its very nature, the expression of human feeling, the representation of external things as seen through a human eye and imaged in a human mind. The interest in Art is quite different from the interest in Nature. In Art we look for the record of man’s thought and power, but photography gives that only in a quite secondary degree; every touch of a great picture is instinct with feeling, but however carefully the objects of his picture be chosen and grouped by the photographer, there his interference ends. It is not a mere matter of color or no color, but of Invention and Design, of Feeling and Imagination, the very quali-

ties which make Art interesting and great. Photography is a matter of ingenuity; Art is genius. And if it be said that Nature is more beautiful than Art, which is true, Mr. Ruskin replies that a photograph is not Nature; and that nobody who really sees and loves natural beauty pretends that it is adequately replaced by a photograph.

Photography is, however, extremely valuable as a record of certain facts, and as a help to the reproduction of designs; but we must not confuse its service with that of Art. As in the case of manufacture, it is a separate thing. Fine Art is not science, it is not manufacture, it is not photography. It is—I do not attempt a philosophical definition, but to mark it off from these it may be called the thoughtful and purposeful expression of human emotion.

PROGRAMME OF THE SUBJECT.—At the outset of an inquiry into the nature of Art it is hardly possible to prove every statement and follow it out in detail. Much of what has been here noted down will be treated again more fully; though the limits of any handbook, and the intention of this one in particular, preclude a full development of special arguments. But we have not got Mr. Ruskin's view of what he means by Art, and what he separates from his conception of it. We have next to examine the End of Art, its purpose or aim: and then to find its Uses, for we have seen that though its business is not primarily utilitarian, it has an influence on human life. Then we shall be at liberty to proceed to the different sorts and conditions of Art, remembering that Mr. Ruskin has not especially treated Music and Literature and Acting and several other of the Fine Arts, though many remarks upon them can be gleaned from his writings: but he has devoted himself to plastic and graphic Art—what he calls Formative Art. I think no apology needed for confining ourselves to those questions which he has answered at length; and I feel that it would be forcing his doctrines if in a work of this sort we attempted to apply them to departments of the subject for which they were not intended. Finally, we shall notice his advice as to the more practical side of the question; though it involves theory and general considerations, just as the theoretic examination of the End and Use of Art involves practical application.

And so, without misleading sub-titles of division, the reader may be asked to note that the earlier parts of the book are mainly theoretical, and the later part mainly practical. Beginning with the Purpose of Art, we shall discuss Ruskin's teaching on its relation to Truth, Beauty, and Imagination in the first part. The second part will treat of the Uses of Art in its relation to Religion and Morality, Sociology and Political Economy. The third part, dealing with the concrete products of Art, will divide them into their departments, and examine the virtues of each, concluding with Mr. Ruskin's doctrines on matters of technical practice and study and criticism.

The review of history, the detailed criticism of schools, the description of special works of Art, and the characterization of artists,

hardly seem to form part of Mr. Ruskin's Art-Teaching; they are rather subjects of Art-Criticism. And indeed to do justice to his exposition of the example and precept of Greek Art; the virtues and vices of Gothic; the secret and interest of the primitive masters, one by one; the glories of Venice; the mysteries of Dürer and Holbein; the magic of Reynolds and his cycle; the aims and achievements of Turner; and to relate in sufficient fulness all his hopes and fears for modern painting, from the Pre-Raphaelites to Miss Kate Greenaway; all his plans and proposals for modern architecture, from the Oxford Museum to that of St. George's Guild;—to do all this is so utterly beyond the scope of a book on his Art-Teaching that the least said about it will be soonest amended.

So I have to set down his doctrines, not his criticisms; his teaching, not his examples; and I mention the omission simply that the reader may know it for intentional. I do not think it enough to quote his words, either in affairs of criticism or of teaching. Much false impression may be given by exact quotations; and the appearance of authenticity only strengthens the falsehood. If you want his words, read his books: for that is the end to which I desire to lead. It is useless to compile an Art-Philosophy for the sake of summing up its results; that is like taking a walk for the sake of getting home. Unless you get the exercise of every step, the benefit of every breath of fresh air, unless you bring back the recollection of things seen by the wayside, and glimpses perhaps of worlds less realized in the far distance, you might as well have sat in the doorway all the afternoon. No doubt it is from some feeling of this sort that Mr. Ruskin prefers to dole out his teaching in letters and lectures; and never seems to come to any general conclusions, or to advance any formulated system. But as we have seen, and shall see, he has travelled over the whole of the ground; and I have tried to survey it and map it for the benefit of those who follow him in his walks abroad. It is a poor substitute for a tour in Switzerland to pore over the maps in the guide-book; and yet, before setting out, it is well to know the lie of the land; and after the excitements of the trip are over even the guide-book may be pleasant, and sometimes instructive, reading.

NOTE.—The reader will understand that the references to future chapters in the foregoing do not pertain to this volume but to the work from which this article is taken—a work which no Art Student can afford to ignore, for it shows how the writings of Ruskin on art though "a mighty maze" are "not without a plan" [C. W.]

## THE CHURCH AND THE FINE ARTS.

BY THE REV. W. L. SULLIVAN, C. S. P., ST. THOMAS COLLEGE,  
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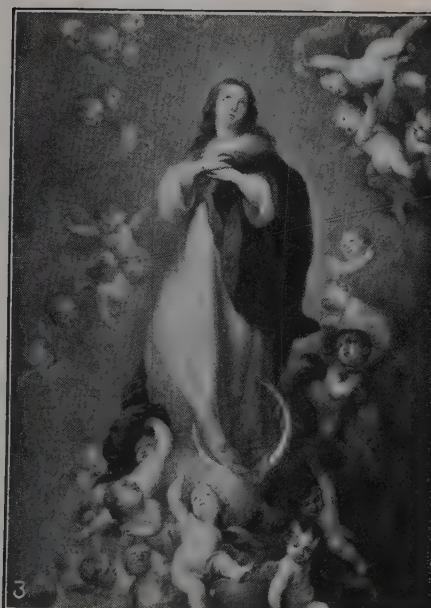
**N**O history of the fine arts would be complete without some account of the share of the Catholic Church in preserving and cultivating them. When the Roman Empire fell the Church took its place as the mightiest institution before the minds of men. For a thousand years she was the chief teacher of Europe. Within her temples the descendants of the barbarians whom her missionaries had converted to Christianity, knelt in worship; to her schools came the children of Goth, Lombard, Teuton, Frank, and Saxon; beneath her influence the laws of the new nations became fixed into humane and civilized codes; inspired by her spirit and institutions, a literature of poetry and scholarship was developed, upon which we may look back with as much satisfaction as that which a late Greek or Roman might feel in contemplating the ancient glories of his race and fatherland; and finally, owing mainly to her doctrine and worship, there came into being an artistic perfection in architecture, painting, and sculpture, which the artists of our day still reverently study, as an indispensable condition of culture and success. To comprise within a brief sketch a history of the fine arts as they were thus fostered by the Church during ten centuries, is a difficult task indeed, since the few pages allotted to us would have to be expanded to as many volumes to do full justice to the mass of material bearing upon the subject. But summaries of this sort, however incomplete, are useful as suggesting lines of deeper study to the inquiring mind; and it is to be hoped that these brief paragraphs will induce earnest students to go more thoroughly into this fascinating chapter in the history of the arts.

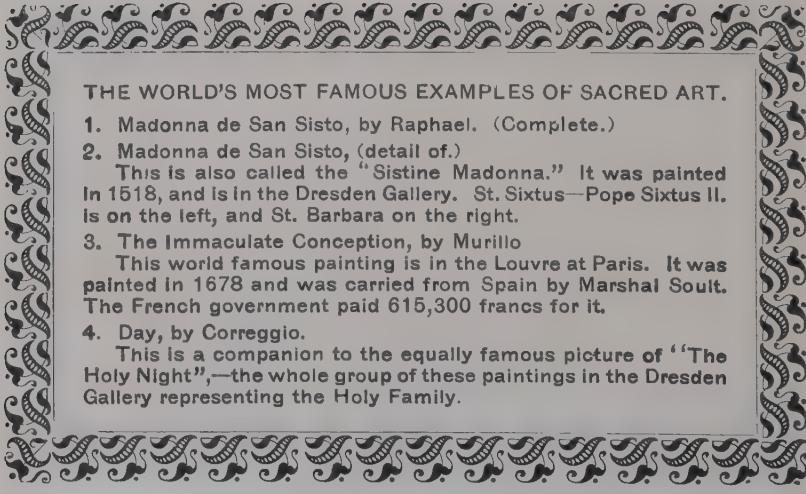
Let us begin with architecture. A logical beginning too, this would seem to be, since the churches of a religion express its spirit and influence more directly and intimately than any other form of its artistic manifestation. The instinct for fine buildings and rich appointments for public worship appeared in Christianity at a very early day—as soon in fact as the terrible persecutions of the first three centuries ceased, and the religion of Christ was free. Even in the fourth century, we find Christians so lavish in providing the best products of human skill for their solemn services, that the Emperor, Julian the Apostate, complains angrily against them for it. But the Church, to the great good fortune of art and civilization, has never yielded to the specious objection that wealth and beauty should not be consecrated to the service of the Most High. In the beginning of her career as a free spiritual society, she took over for her churches the noble basilicas which had been used as law courts in old Rome.

Sometimes the very temples of the former pagan deities were adapted to the worship of the true God. Thus the great Roman Pantheon became a Christian church, and its columns have now heard the name of Christ for more centuries by far than once they heard the name of Jove.

Christian architects introduced certain changes in the style of the basilica, producing the type known as Romanesque, which is a mediate stage toward the incomparable Gothic. The Gothic style, which still remains the supreme achievement of religious architecture, flourished at its best from the eleventh to the late fourteenth century. Its whole design bespeaks worship and aspiration. It is essentially a creation of religion, the religion of mediæval civilization. From its long, cool naves dimly lit by glorious windows of stained glass, to the delicate pinnacles that lift themselves high into the air, it tells to the human spirit a message of sublimity, adoration, hope, and prayer. Standing in cathedrals like those of Chartres, Amiens, Bruges, Mainz, Cologne, Durham, Wells, and Peterborough, we feel that our proper place is on our knees in these holy houses of the Almighty. We are fain to confess that they are the noblest monuments in stone that any religion has ever raised, and the worthiest sanctuaries of all the world for the union of the human spirit with the Divine.

These great churches belonged to all the people, from king to serf; for all had a share in building them, all worshipped in them, all took a noble pride in them. Kings and queens sometimes built or adorned them in fulfilment of a vow, as Edward the Confessor raised Westminster Abbey; or in expiation for wrong-doing, as William the Conqueror erected a church at Caen; or in thanksgiving for success, as Charles VIII of France after his coronation gave a large sum of money for the restoration of the cathedral at Rheims. Similarly the church of Santa Maria de Pace was constructed by Pope Sixtus IV in thanksgiving for peace among Christian princes; two great churches were built at Venice in gratitude for the cessation of the plague; King Canute made a donation of his crown to Winchester Church; another English monarch presented his richest royal robe to Durham that it might be made into a vestment for religious worship; and a Duke of Orleans, brother of the King of France, provided in his will that a silver chalice should be given to every church in Paris and Orleans. Many other instances of this kind we might mention; but these will suffice to show how useful an object of royal generosity was ready to hand in that cathedral-building period of the middle ages. But not only those of kingly line took part in those splendid undertakings; the middle class of society, and even the poor, had their honorable share in them. The fine baptistery at Pisa was built by contributions of one florin from every family in the city. This good example was followed in Parma with equal success. The people who had no money to give, brought to the common fund some other sort of commodity which could be turned into money. An





### THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS EXAMPLES OF SACRED ART.

1. **Madonna de San Sisto**, by Raphael. (Complete.)

2. **Madonna de San Sisto**, (detail of.)

This is also called the "Sistine Madonna." It was painted in 1518, and is in the Dresden Gallery. St. Sixtus—Pope Sixtus II. is on the left, and St. Barbara on the right.

3. **The Immaculate Conception**, by Murillo

This world famous painting is in the Louvre at Paris. It was painted in 1678 and was carried from Spain by Marshal Soult. The French government paid 615,300 francs for it.

4. **Day**, by Correggio.

This is a companion to the equally famous picture of "The Holy Night"—the whole group of these paintings in the Dresden Gallery representing the Holy Family.

old mediæval poem tells us that when a great church was planned, the farmers contributed beeves, horses, and sheep; others gave cloaks, rings, and bracelets; and the young women even sacrificed their earrings. Those faithful folk gave gladly of what they had, feeling that they would be well repaid when, some day, the glorious pile would stand complete and beautiful before them, and they could call it their own, or rather God's own, though the offering of their heart and hand.

And shall we not say that they were well repaid? Assuredly they were. Those Gothic shrines were not only a home and a memorial of religion, but they were also perpetual teachers of civilization, of good taste, and of the artistic sense. It refines us to this day to step into them; it is considered necessary to a perfect education to go to Europe to see them. How much deeper and more personal, then, must have been their high lesson to those of that olden time who owned them; who lovingly watched them rise, stone upon stone; and who could kneel in prayer within their sacred enclosure, knowing that they had helped to bring them into being for God's glory? Indeed they must have loved those holy places with a reverent and devoted love. We are not astonished to read that the churches in those days had the privilege of asylum as it was called; that is, if a man, hunted by the soldiery or the police took refuge in a church his pursuers were not allowed to desecrate the building by laying violent hands upon him there. And a good thing it was, we may be sure, that some spot was sacred in those days of almost constant war. A beautiful story illustrates in another way the humane influence of those abodes of prayer. It is said that King Edward of England, having suffered terrible losses in his army in the territory around Chartres, looked one day at the towers of the incomparable cathedral of that city, and was so struck with the thought that bloodshed ought not to go on beneath the shadow of so beautiful a house of God that he resolved straightway to seek an honorable peace.

But architecture was not the only one of the fine arts which the Gothic period developed. Go into one of the cathedrals of that time, and you will see specimens of the most diversified forms of artistic handiwork. Paintings and frescoes, statues and mosaics, mausoleums and ornate capitals, elaborate work in stained glass, gold, silver, bronze, and ivory, confront one at almost every step. The cathedral gathered unto itself all these achievements of genius and refined taste until it became a House Beautiful—a very treasury of all that is loveliest and loftiest in human life. In the vacant spaces were great compositions in color, telling the story of Old and New Testament history, and the lives of saintly men and women of Christian times. One picture might, for example, represent Moses receiving the Law on Sinai; another the Magi adoring the Holy Child; another the Crucifixion; another the Last Judgment, and so on through the entire extent of sacred history. It was from daily familiarity with sights

like these that the greatest masters of brush and chisel of those ages, from Cimabue to Michael Angelo, learned their art and drew their inspiration. How gladly many of them gave the service of their art to the religion which had taught it to them, we may learn from lives like Michael Angelo's and Carlo Dolci's; and may read from such inscriptions as that which one of the painters of Pisa wrote at the bottom of his picture of the Magi: "What will I render to Thee, Good Saviour, for all that Thou hast given to me? Not gold or frankincense or myrrh, but my heart, and this work of my hands which comes from the treasury of my heart."

That the mediæval period of great church buildings brought about a real re-birth of sculpture, is a fact familiar to every student of that art. Up to the twelfth century the stiff monotonous traditions of the Byzantine style had prevailed throughout Europe, stifling all progress, and drying up the springs of the sculptor's inspiration. With the growth of the Gothic architecture, none of the other fine arts felt the stirring of new life sooner than sculpture; and there appeared that noble line of artists in stone who recall the best days of classic Greece—Donatello, Pisano, della Robbia, Michael Angelo, and a long list of others hardly less illustrious. How vast and varied an opportunity for creations of the chisel was offered by the Gothic churches, must be evident at a moment's reflection. Those elaborate façades had to be populated, as it were, with statues—(the façade of Wells cathedral contained no less than six hundred); the mausoleums of kings, princes, and pontiffs within the church, had to be adorned with figures and carven work; prophets, patriarchs, and saints had to be represented in stone as an aid to instruction and a stimulus to devotion! the fair faces of angels had to be chiselled upon scores of columns; and sometimes the mediæval sculptor thought his work not done until he had wrought in this corner or that the heads of hideous demons, by the sight of which, perchance, the evil-doer might be terrified and repent of his misdemeanors.

The kindred arts of the engraver and the decorator developed under the same impulse of religion. Workers in gems, mosaic, stained glass, gold, silver, and ivory flourished in hundreds throughout Europe in this epoch, and a keen rivalry in artistic excellence arose both among individual craftsmen, and among the various guilds in which they were enrolled. We have space for only a mere mention of two or three notable specimens of this class of workmanship. In one of the early mediæval churches there was placed over every altar a picture set in precious stones, and in the same edifice the story of Christ's sufferings was told in figures of gypsum inlaid with gold. The church of St. Denis in Paris possessed a golden crucifix so marvellously wrought that it required seven artists working steadily for two years to complete it. The art of stained glass, such as we know it to-day, was practically a creation of this mediæval period, and the development to which it was carried, especially in Italy during the

fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, contains inspiration and instruction to the modern worker in this branch of decoration.

We have already referred to painting and there is scarcely need of further words to show how striking has been the power of Catholicity to lift this art to the loftiest ideals of beauty. As we stand before Raphael's Madonnas or his "Transfiguration," before da Vinci's "Last Supper," Guido Reni's "Ecce Homo," or Michael Angelo's "Last Judgment," we feel that only religion could have inspired incomparable works like these, and that only men whose faith made them familiar with thoughts of sublime greatness and with forms of surpassing loveliness, could have produced them.

Music from the early days of the Christian Church has given its matchless aid to public worship. As the primitive singing of hymns grew into the stately service of Mass, Vespers, and the offices of Holy Week, and of the dead, a definite type of Catholic Church music was evolved which still remains unsurpassed for simple dignity and sincere expression of religious feeling. This official chant of the church sounds to many monotonous and mediocre; but to judge it correctly we must remember that the prime purpose of the men who invented and cultivated it, was to give expression to worship, nothing else. They abhorred the ornate luxuriousness of secular music, and if they be judged by the standards of this latter kind of composition, they must indeed be considered flat and commonplace. But if the religious chant be studied from the proper point of view, of its power to interpret the higher moods of the souls, and to induce the spirit of devotion, not many will deny that it is a great creation of art, and worthy of the historic church from which it arose. The solemn sorrow of the *Miserere*, the indescribable appeal of the *Dies Irae*, the tender plaintiveness of the *Stabat Mater*, the sincere swell of the *Kyrie Eleison*, and the affectionate fondness of the *Agnus Dei*, cannot be surpassed, we are confident, in the directness and truth with which they utter the deepest sentiments of the heart. Gluck and Mozart thought it not beneath them to learn this noble old plainsong, and they both sought instruction in it from a Franciscan monk. To conclude this brief paragraph on music, it may be well to recall that it is to a Benedictine monk of the eleventh century named Guido of Arezzo, that we owe the names of the notes in our musical scale.

In all that we have said, it is evident that the Church not only restored art—some arts indeed she really created—but gave to it a high spiritual purpose, and the holiest possible ideals. She consecrated art, as it were, by aiming to make it minister to worship and prayer. And to this day she tries to employ the various manifestations of the Beautiful, to lead men from the Beautiful to the Good and the True. This is the meaning of the stately processions, the decorated altars, the painted walls, and those dignified ceremonies which are a very lesson in courtesy; all go together to constitute a solemn appeal to man's sense of fitness and Beauty, and through that

to his inmost spiritual nature. How deeply this appeal may penetrate a discerning and cultivated mind, we may learn from Lord Byron's celebrated verses on St. Peter's in Rome:

But thou of temples old, or altars new,  
 Standest alone—with nothing like to thee—  
 Worthiest of God, the holy and the true.  
 Since Zion's desolation, when that He  
 Forsook His former city what could be  
 Of earthly structures in His honor piled,  
 Of a sublimer aspect? Majesty,  
 Power, Glory, Strength, and Beauty all are aisled  
 In this eternal ark of worship undefiled.

Enter: its grandeur overwhelms thee not;  
 And why? It is not lessened; but thy mind,  
 Expanded by the genius of the spot;  
 Has grown colossal, and can only find  
 A fit abode wherein appear enshrined  
 Thy hopes of immortality; and thou  
 Shalt one day if found worthy, so defined  
 See thy God face to face, as thou dost now  
 His Holy of Holies, nor be blasted by His brow.

Thou movest—but increasing with the advance,  
 Like climbing some great Alp which still doth rise,  
 Deceived by its gigantic elegance;  
 Vastness which grows, but grows to harmonize,  
 All musical in its immensities;  
 Rich marbles, richer painting, shrines where flame  
 The lamps of gold, and haughty dome which vies  
 In air with Earth's chief structures, though their frame  
 Sits on the firm-set ground, and this the clouds must claim.

Our outward sense  
 Is but of gradual grasp—and as it is  
 That which we have of feeling most intense  
 Outstrips our faint expression; even so this  
 Outshining and o'erwhelming edifice  
 Fools our fond gaze, and greatest of the great  
 Defies at first our Nature's littleness  
 Till growing with its growth, we thus dilate  
 Our spirits to the size of that they contemplate.

These few paragraphs have given but a bare and meagre sketch of a subject which covers the entire range of Christian history. I trust that some who read them will look further into the influence of

Catholicity on civilization, learning, science, and the arts. It would be hard to find a topic more worthy of the attention of serious minds, or one that will more richly repay the time employed in studying it.

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## THE MEANING OF THE ARTS AND CRAFTS MOVEMENT.

BY FREDERIC ALLEN WHITING, SECRETARY AND TREASURER SOCIETY OF ARTS AND CRAFTS, BOSTON.

**F**EW people realize that the beautiful pieces of furniture which have come down from the cabinet-makers of colonial New England, or the objects of mediæval craftsmanship which are so carefully treasured, are interesting not only for their beauty or for their historical significance but also as examples of an almost vanished system of production.

The development of the modern systems of production has led us a long way from the simple conditions under which the workmen of the middle ages in Europe, or of the early colonial days in New England, did their work. The fact that the farther we have gone from the old methods the farther has our result strayed from the best standards of beauty, seems to indicate that herein lies a truth worth searching out and applying. Let us see just how conditions have altered and what the changes mean to the young people of the present generation.

The most imposing monuments of man's skill with tools are those great mediæval churches and halls which were built in England and on the continent during the time when men who worked with their hands still sought through their craft to express the religious feelings and the craving for beauty which were still a glory and a source of humble pride. The stone carver who cut the pillars of Melrose or of Rosslyn or of York, wrought to the glory of God, consciously feeling that if his work was good it was because it was sanctified by its end. He was recognized as one interested in the success of the whole undertaking and could therefore be accorded a freedom impossible to-day, when the average journeyman has little thought of his work as a means of expression, considering it too often only as a means of livelihood.

The causes which have brought about this change of feeling are numerous and can only be touched upon. In the first place the men who built the cathedrals were living in a state of practical isolation which it is hard for us to realize to-day. Each town, each village almost, had to be as far as possible an economic unit, containing within its borders craftsmen capable of supplying the needs of the community. Means of communication were so rare, except in the seaport towns, that furniture, vessels of silver, copper, and brass,

woven cloths, clothing, shoes, etc., were of necessity produced in each community, while the commercial system was still so simple that much of the trading was still done by barter or exchange.

These very limitations brought with them the personal relationship which safeguards the standard of workmanship. The man who makes things for his neighbors to use, has a reputation for integrity which he may lose if his work is not so good as they have reason to expect. The man who works in a factory turning out uninteresting fragments of an unknown whole for an unknown possible customer across a continent, feels no moral pressure beyond that contained in the foreman's refusal to pass work below a certain grade. By this contrast have we come to see that in gaining much which is good and which is inevitably ours, we have, perhaps needlessly, sacrificed much of the old which a wiser second thought is teaching us at this late day to recover where recovery is possible.

In England the craft traditions had sadly languished during the mid-years of the last century, and many beautiful country mansions were desecrated by the hands of unintelligent decorators. Thomas Carlyle gave the first note of warning, declaring that the cause for the loss of culture was the loss of respect for honest work. He tried to make his readers believe that the only truly satisfactory and happy life was one full of useful and ennobling labor. Ruskin took up Carlyle's cry and carried the idea much farther. He claimed that art can only be produced by artists; that artists must be workmen and workmen artists; and that conditions making this possible must be secured before it was reasonable to expect art to become once more a vital element in our daily life. Ruskin went far to show how much the rare beauty of the great architectural monuments was due to the freedom of expression granted the individual craftsman who worked upon them, since with this opportunity of expression went that keen feeling of responsibility, not only for their own work but for the whole undertaking, which is so sadly lacking in the worker of to-day.

William Morris took up Ruskin's cry, declaring that the only enduring art was "an art made by the people and for the people as a happiness to maker and user." His inability to secure for his own home the quality of work he required led to the establishment of the firm of Morris & Company, in which were associated with him Rossetti, Burne-Jones, Ford Maddox Brown, and others. The untiring energy of Morris resulted in the firm's offering its patrons, in a surprisingly short time, objects of interesting design, splendid color, and sound workmanship in a rapidly growing list of crafts, and in a financial success which encouraged many others to undertake handicraft work. The whole standard of English taste was very decidedly affected; and perhaps as much through the constant talking and writing of Morris as through the opportunity he afforded for securing beautiful house furnishings, the English houses began once more to assume an air

of homely charm and again to represent the character of those who lived in them. Morris said "have nothing in your houses which you do not know to be useful or believe to be beautiful." The more that we in America can apply this saying the sooner will our homes be—as in the colonial days—sincerely expressive of their occupants rather than of obsolete and half-understood styles of another century and another people.

This unintelligent following of the professional decorator's taste has led astray many an ambitious owner of newly acquired riches. It must be done away with if the crafts are to be revived and our homes are to represent our national life. This is easily accomplished if we will but take the pains to buy wisely, putting to the test of our most acute intelligence each object taken into our homes, and buying because we are convinced it is permanently good rather than because it is the prevalent fashion. The best work is always good and always looks well beside other work equally good, regardless of varying style or period.

It is for this, then, that the Arts and Crafts Societies are striving in our country—to urge people to think before buying and to take the pains to buy the things best suited to the individual need. Inexpensive furniture, for instance, made by piece-work under the factory system is cheap only in its first cost. It becomes an abomination as its "cheap" finish wears away, and it must soon be replaced. So many inexpensive chairs are needed to serve through the lifetime of one that is thoroughly well made, that in the end the good chair is the least expensive. It has in addition the saving grace of individual character which makes it, if good in the first place, always beautiful.

There is so much said by those not conversant with the true meaning of the movement as to its being opposed to machinery, that it seems advisable to state definitely that the protest against the machine is only in so far as it encroaches upon the field of art, thus depriving the craftsman of his right to individual expression and turning him into a "hand," entirely dependent upon the owner of the machine for the opportunity to earn his livelihood. It is recognized by all intelligent people that under existing conditions the greater part of the articles of daily use must be made by machinery, which extends man's capacities and enables a few to accomplish with comparative ease undertakings which in olden times would have meant unending drudgery to many. The machine, properly used under the control of an intelligent man, is a blessing to humanity and supplies comforts to innumerable people: the machine when wrongly used to exploit untrained human labor, enslaves men and women and deadens the small spark of intelligence with which they started. Let the machine production be kept strictly to the utilities without pretence to art and its use is manifest. It seems almost unnecessary to state that it is an unsound proposition which claims that art (which

must be the expression of an intelligent individual) can be produced by machinery.

Where fifteen years ago the art schools were training only painters and sculptors, to-day they are more and more training designers, most of whom are preparing to enter the great, almost unlimited field offered by the reviving demand for handicraft productions of good design and workmanship. There is to-day no opportunity so alluring to the young man or young woman who has artistic cravings and who is willing to do hard, serious work; and success is assured to those who have natural ability and the persistence to acquire a thorough training in the theory and practice of design and of the technique of the chosen craft.

The great Exposition at St. Louis gave to many people their first understanding of what individual workers in the various crafts were doing. For the first time in an American Exposition the applied arts were admitted in the Department of Art,—over one thousand objects being shown from craftsmen living in every section of the country. There are now Societies with permanent exhibitions and salesrooms in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Detroit, and other cities where young people who are interested can learn what kind of work is being done.

The Arts and Crafts Exhibition of 1907 was a most important one, with about 1800 pieces of modern craftsmanship and over 600 rare objects in the Loan Collection. This Exhibition went far to show the firm basis upon which the Arts and Crafts movement now stands and proved a tremendous stimulus to the craftsmen throughout the country.

In connection with the Exhibition a Conference was held at which interesting discussions of the various questions relating to the Arts and Crafts movement took place, and the National League of Handicraft Societies was organized, with headquarters for the present in Boston. The League offered a needed means of bringing into closer touch the widely scattered societies and awakened a spirit of co-operation which greatly strengthened their work. It made possible a unification of the handicraft movement throughout the country and gave the educational work of the smaller Societies particularly a common purpose which had been lacking. The whole propaganda has thus been made so effective that there can be no longer any doubt as to the success and permanence of the movement to restore to their lost position of dignity those handicrafts which Morris spoke of as the Architectural Arts.

## THE OBJECT OF ART STUDY.

BY HALSEY C. IVES, DIRECTOR OF THE MUSEUM AND SCHOOL OF FINE ARTS, ST. LOUIS, ETC.

**T**O the well-educated person a knowledge of art is a necessity, not a luxury. This was recognized by both the Greeks and the people of the Renaissance, as can readily be seen from the many beautiful objects which they have left to us; and, moreover, this knowledge of art was not confined to the wealthy, to the highly educated, but was shared equally by those of the middle class, even by the humblest workman who spent his life producing the common utensils of every-day life.

It would be hard to find any subject, no matter how it be regarded, which opens the way so certainly to so many healthy pleasures and solid benefits as this subject—art. This applies alike to all conditions of people. There is a closer relationship between the æsthetic and practical than we who are struggling with the dry business of every-day life realize, or if we realize, care to admit.

Much that we have to contend with whenever art is discussed as a possible factor in education arises from the mistaken idea entertained by the public in regard to its practical value. Art above everything else in the world should be democratic, and instruction in schools should be based upon the idea that its object is not alone to increase the number of artists, *i. e.*, producers of pictures and statues, but also to create a class of skilled workmen who shall have the power to put artistic feeling into the commonplace objects they may be engaged in producing.

It is only within the last twenty years that intelligent people in America have awakened to a consciousness of the great field of activity which is open to art, a field which it is the legitimate province of art to enrich and make almost limitless. Those who recognize the commercial value of art in the industries and manufactures have been first to appreciate this.

The commonly accepted idea of art instruction is that the beginning and end of a thorough course lie in drawing, modelling, and painting alone, and it is true that these studies form the basis of all successful art work. The student must become a thorough draughtsman. To this should be added a knowledge of form, best acquired by the study of modelling. The color sense also should be developed by the study of painting, first by studies of still life, then of the more complex forms found in the human head and figure. The methods used in representing form in color should not be confined to one medium—water color, oil, pastel, chalk, etc., etc. The foundation well established, the range and character of work that may be built upon it is exceedingly varied. It is not unusual for students to spend four

or five years in these preliminary studies and then leave their school without a knowledge of the methods of applying their skill in the production of works other than the representation in black and white or color, of the human form, a landscape, or a well-modelled bust from life. It has been a general feeling among young artists and students that any method of expression other than these is a lowering of their art. This feeling is also shared by many art lovers who have confined their studies to a narrow field of observation. Art is universal in character; it is limited to no material or product. The commonly accepted division of art into fine art and industrial art is a false one. Art should always be recognized as one. It is unjust and misleading to separate or make a difference between artists, except by the measure of inspiration shown in their work; whether it be on canvas, in marble, plaster, wood, metal, glass, porcelain, or textile. All who serve art technically, should, if they work with an equal degree of conviction, be included in one and the same family.

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### HOW TO TELL A GOOD PICTURE.

By CHARLES H. CAFFIN, AUTHOR OF "AMERICAN MASTERS OF SCULPTURE," "AMERICAN MASTERS OF PAINTING," "HOW TO STUDY PICTURES," ETC.

**T**O appreciate the beauty of a poem we must study the poet's language and his conception. If the poem is in French, we cannot fully enter into it without a knowledge of the French language. To appreciate a picture we need equally to acquaint ourselves with the painter's language, or medium of expression, and also to try to place ourselves at his point of view, in order to realize his conception.

Before enlarging upon both of these, let us note two wrong ways of looking at a picture. Watch many of the visitors to Sargent's Hall in the Boston Public Library. They glance at the paintings; then espy the printed description; pick it up and work their way through the maze of more or less unfamiliar names and myths, lifting their heads occasionally to identify the details. It is a long description and hard reading. The end reached they ejaculate, "How interesting!" and pass on their way. Or, again, watch the people in a picture gallery. How many move round, catalogue in hand, intent particularly on learning the painter's name and the subject of his picture and on verifying the subject in the details. If without consulting the catalogue they can correctly attribute a picture to a painter, they are jubilant. Such progress have they made in their art education!

The Sargent example illustrates the tendency to interpret pictures entirely in a literary way; the other, that method of studying by labelling, sorting, and arranging in separate pigeon-holes of the brain for identification. The latter ignores the aesthetic qualities of a picture, the former misinterprets them.

Both errors arise from our system of school education, which is devoted to the development of the intellect, with little attention to the moral, scarcely any to the sense side of our natures. Yet the senses are always with us and in constant communication with the brain, though in an untrained, haphazard, and often quite unconscious manner. In a limited degree the child's sense of sight is trained, as, for example, to distinguish between straight and crooked lines, but not to appreciate the subtle inflections of a line, as every Japanese child learns to do; so, as we grow older, these inflections have no meaning for us, make no impression upon us, apart from the object which they help to depict. The drawing of the human form is nothing more to us than a representation of some man or woman, whereas to the artist it is primarily an expression of beauty, as perceptible as the ripple of melody in music. In the same way the child obtains a rudimentary knowledge of form, but little or no aesthetic perception of it: still less of composition, of the effects produced upon the senses by repetition or by contrast. It learns to name this the oak and that the birch, but not to study the sturdy bulk of the one and the delicate sprinkle of the other, the massive trunk and muscular arms, and the tapering stem and pendent branches. So, too, with color; the child is taught to give names to painted discs, but not to appreciate the harmonies of color, still less to note the effects on nature's colors according as they are played upon by light or shadow.

It is names; names, always names. We are taught to classify, name and identify, not to feel. The education being confined to mental conceptions and to the words embodying them, it is not strange that with most people the interest in a picture is solely a "literary" one, addressed to the subject and not to the painter's language (of which we shall speak presently), through which it is expressed. And yet it is just this expression which is the main virtue in a good picture, making it a separate work of art as distinguished from a prose or poetical treatment of the same subject by a writer.

The fault is often with the painter. A great many pictures convey nothing more to us than a story, the incidents of which could be more fully and forcibly related in words. Such pictures are not "good": they do not rise to the possibilities of art. Or, some painters try to tell the story precisely as the writer would: "This is Juliet and that the potion; observe also the accuracy of the costume and of all the details." But there, perforce, they stop; the fixing of the moment is fatal to the effect. The poet can give us the approaching dread, the supreme moment, and the following horror; the scene lives and moves in our imagination. But the painter—he chooses his

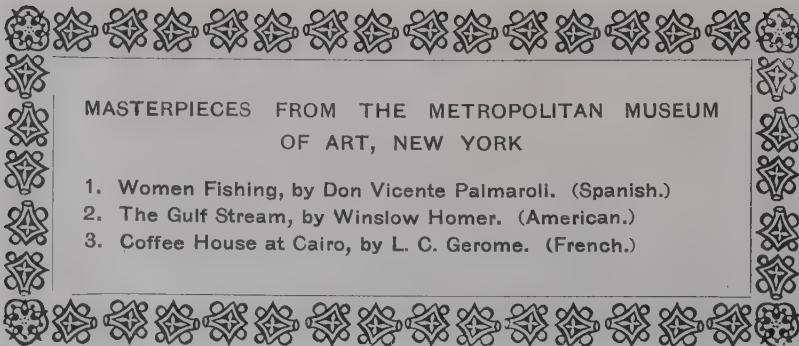
moment and must abide by it; and lest we should mistake the maiden for some other heroine of romance, he has to write "Juliet" beneath his picture, or we should not understand it. He has chosen a subject which literature can better treat, and he has been forced to bolster it up with literary suggestion, and even so it is unsatisfying. Why? Because he has not relied upon his own painter's language, or chosen a subject which that language can express more adequately than words. The words of his language are: line, form, composition, color, tone, light and shade, and atmosphere, in infinite variation and union. The æsthetic effect of these, their impression, that is, upon our sense, is not translatable into words.

When you listen to music, do you try to interpret it into words? You allow it to appeal directly to your sense; blended, if you are a musician, with an intellectual appreciation of the science displayed, but never confused with words. Music has its own separate language. So, too, has painting; and, for that matter, sculpture and architecture also, but for the present we are speaking of pictures. We shall find a picture to be "good" in proportion to the extent with which the painter has relied upon this separate language.

There is composition. The indifferent painter tries to represent all the facts; the good one eliminates some, retaining the essentials and grouping them to produce a unified instead of a scattered whole. This whole will convey to your sense an impression of sublimity, tranquillity, awe, tenderness, or what not, according to the artist's motive, and all the methods employed will be contributory. Study the composition in detail: sometimes its beauty depends upon parallelism of line or repetition of direction, as in Tintoretto's *Mercury with the Graces*; sometimes upon contrasted lines, as with Vedder's *Anarchy* in the Library of Congress. Then, too, there will be æsthetic meaning in the inflections of the lines themselves. Regard the color not as tinting, designed to relieve the monotony of the canvas, but as a medium of emotional expression, chosen to convey the painter's mood; the different hues related to one another so as to produce a harmony, which appeals to us as a whole and not in spots. The painters call this color-relation "tone." Another word they use is "values," to express the way in which color is modified by the action of light and shadow or by the greater or less amount of atmosphere which intervenes between the object and the spectator. Thus blue satin appears almost white where the light shines strongest, and approximates to black in the deepest shadows. The grass is green, but becomes gradually grayer as it recedes from the eye. Both hands of a figure are the same color only so long as they are represented in the same plane; if one is placed further back in the picture, not only is the arm foreshortened (a matter of correct drawing), but its flesh-tints are modified. There is a difference in "value."

These are the scientific effects of light, shadow, and atmosphere; but the artist does more with them. He arranges his lights and shadows,





MASTERPIECES FROM THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM  
OF ART, NEW YORK

1. Women Fishing, by Don Vicente Palmaroli. (Spanish.)
2. The Gulf Stream, by Winslow Homer. (American.)
3. Coffee House at Cairo, by L. C. Gerome. (French.)

so that, independently of the color, they shall themselves combine into a harmonious whole. You will find a focal point of light and another one of shadow, and many gradations of both between. And note the highest light is not a glare which blinds you, or the deepest shadow a blot which obstructs the eye: both are penetrable. Then, too, the atmosphere is made contributory to emotional expression: silvery, for example, in Corot's landscapes, warm and lambent in a Daubigny, laden with wind and moisture in one of Winslow Homer's marines.

Another quality intimately associated with the action of light is "texture." On a table is a covering of yellow velvet, a porcelain vase of the same color, and a lemon. The action of the light upon each of these surfaces will produce a different texture. And there is more than that involved in texture. With our eyes shut we could distinguish between these objects by handling them. If the painter through the sense of sight can stimulate into fancied activity the sense of touch, he ministers to our satisfaction. To this also is attributable the pleasure we derive from the modelling of the objects. They are not like pieces of paper pasted one upon another; they have bulk and substance, and in imagination we cannot only pass our hands over the face of them, but even round behind them.

These, briefly, are the words at the disposal of the painter, which, in a greater or less degree, according to his ability, he combines to convey his meaning; and this meaning, representing the particular point of view from which he has studied his subject, call it his conception or the sentiment of his picture or what you will, is another test of a "good" picture. It may be sublime, as in Titian's *Assumption*; tender, as in one of Troyon's landscapes; magnificently subtle, as in a Rembrandt portrait; or elegantly sensuous in a still life by Volland: whatever it be, it is the reflex of the artist's personality. Be sure to look for it, since it represents the best he has to give, beside which all the other qualities are primarily a means to an end.

This point of view is the subjective side of his art, declaring how the subject affects himself; necessarily, it is united with the objective point of view. For example, in a portrait the painter has to produce a good likeness (the objective fact), but he should also represent the sitter's character as it shows itself to him. Herein is the subjective capacity, and the good portrait-painters are those whose susceptibilities are so alert that they can catch the composite ingredients of a sitter's personality,—that is the "analytical" faculty,—and whose comprehension is so complete that they can express it as in a formula,—which is the "synthetic" faculty. So, too, in landscapes and marines, there is something better than the accurate record of what any one of us can see for himself. If the artist, in his capacity of creator, which every artist in some degree should be, can open new windows for us, through which we may see unexpected beauty in the simple moods of nature, we rank his picture "good."

Briefly, then, we test the goodness of a picture partly by the con-

ception which it embodies, the revelation, in fact, of the artist's point of view, and partly by the skill with which he has employed the language of his craft,—the drawing, composition, color, light and shade, tone, values, and atmosphere. If any one picture included all these in the fullest degree, it would be the perfect picture, a consummation impossible to imperfect humanity. Therefore, in judging whether a picture is good, do not insist upon the loftiest conceptions, or expect to find all the elements of expression uniformly good. Rather, judge each picture on its own merits. What did the painter set out to do and how far has he accomplished it? In this way you will discover that there are infinite varieties of "good," and that it is better to try and enjoy them all than to limit your appreciation by expecting too much. On the other hand, a familiarity with these tests of a good picture will enable you to reject what is obviously trashy.

So far we have been talking of paintings, which few of us can afford to possess; but, through the union of science and art in modern photography, good reproductions are within the reach of even moderate pocketbooks. A good reproduction is much more than a memorandum, furnishing the means of identifying a picture. It is itself a work of art, reproducing almost all the charms of the original except its colors; and the latter it suggests. The subtlest thoughts of great writers are often conveyed, not directly, but by suggestion; and "black and white," or sepia and white, though merely arbitrary mediums, just as words are, can move the imagination to supply the color. We do not miss the color in one of Whistler's Venetian etchings. On the other hand, there are bad reproductions as well as good. How shall we distinguish between them?

We are apt to think that photography is absolutely truthful; while, as a matter of fact, the bare, mechanical, scientific process, unmodified by artistic intervention, consistently lies. Blond hair, for example, in a dull light will be rendered as if dark brown, and in a strong light will result in silvered locks. In the old, merely mechanical photograph of a picture there will often be a complete disturbance of the artist's purpose. Let us imagine a portrait of a lady in a pale yellow dress, trimmed with cream-colored lace, seated against a background of blue silk. The whole picture is light, but the figure is intended to count as lighter than the background; and there is a very delicate difference between the hues of the dress, lace, and flesh, and much subtlety in the values as the light and shade caress the various textures. The bad reproduction will show a darker figure against a nearly white background, and an indiscriminate blur instead of the refined details and delicate scheme of values.

But in a good reproduction art intervenes, in the actual operation of photographing, as well as in the subsequent stages of developing and printing, so that the artist's intention is reproduced.

And it is precisely as works of art that good reproductions may be fairly rated; a contribution to art very characteristic of the age. The

great paintings are locked in private collections or only to be seen on occasional visits to museums; but through these artistic prints they may become a part of our intimate belongings.

N. B. This writer and Mr. Ruskin do not quite agree (see p. 36). But the reader must remember that Mr. Ruskin had left us before photography had reached its high pitch of excellence of to-day.

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### THE LANGUAGE OF PAINTING.

BY JOHN C. VAN DYKE, AUTHOR OF "STUDIES IN PICTURES," "ART FOR ART'S SAKE," "THE MEANING OF PICTURES," ETC.

**W**HAT is the object of any language unless it be to express an idea, a thought, a fancy, a conception of the mind, or an emotion of the heart? If it convey no meaning it is entitled to no serious consideration. There may be some charm about a manner of talking, and there is beauty in the manner of painting, but the higher aim of any language is not to exhibit itself for its own sake, but to express the ideas and meanings of men.

We are here in the gallery examining the technical part of art; we are admiring this light and that color, marking the grouping here, the textures there, studying a piece of drawing, and wondering over a bit of perspective; and we are rightly admiring these technical features as beautiful in themselves, but what is it that we shall take away from the galleries with us? An impression, surely, but will it be one of well-drawn hands, finely-painted clothes, and good color; one of rug texture, jewel brilliancy, and foliage lightness? No; we shall forget about these features. They are not sufficient in themselves to impress us very deeply. There is a stronger element in the picture, if it be a masterpiece of its kind; and that is the artist's conception, thought, or feeling. We shall carry away the impression of his idea, imagination, or creation; we shall feel the power of his individuality.

How many stanzas of Longfellow's poem of "The Bridge" can you remember? You do not recollect the words, but you have a distinct remembrance of the poem. Well, what is the impression of it left upon your mind? Is it not one of profound melancholy at the ebb and flow of life, the come and go, the disappointment, the unfulfilled hope, the final resignation? And what do we now remember of Harvey Birch, the Spy of Washington? What do we know about his dress, lineage, look, talk? We can hardly remember a sentence that he spoke, and we know little or nothing of the dramatic situations in which Cooper placed him. In fact, the artistic efforts used to create the Spy have all been forgotten, but not so the impression of the character. The creation of the novelist still lives in our minds in

From "How to Judge of a Picture." Copyright by Hunt & Eaton, New York. By permission.

shadowy form, and in it we see a hero who suffered ignominy in obedience to orders.

You have no doubt seen Millet's picture of "The Sower," yet can you tell me accurately its color, drawing, light, atmosphere, textures? Do you know the position of the right leg; can you say how many oxen there are on the neighboring hill? I doubt if you can, but you remember the picture; you can never forget it. And what is your remembrance? It is that of a shadowy figure at dusk, moving across the fields, with rhythmic motion scattering the grain. He looks gigantic in proportions, a man of sinews, heart, and brain; a man who tills the fields, as God decreed all men should; a man who in a humble sphere is no less a hero than he who sweeps over the same field at the head of cavalry. This is Millet's conception, that is what he is striving to tell you with his colors and shadows, that is what you feel and the impression that you receive. The same thought is apparent in this half-finished picture of "The Spaders." In a short time you will forget all about the half-finish and the charcoal lines, and will retain only the look of those solemn faces and the splendid motion of the figures, just as they who visit the Sistine Chapel at Rome carry away only the impression of the sad-browed Sibyls, the mighty Prophets, of Michael Angelo.

We shall not go far astray then in saying that the stronger part of art is not its language, but the ideas which that language expresses; that it is not so much the technique, brush work, or handling for their own sake, as for the conceptions they can present to us. Let us say at once, then, that what is said is of more importance than the manner of saying; that the chief aim of art is to express ideas, feelings, impressions, or beliefs of the artist; and that the language of art, the drawing, modeling, coloring, and all, are but parts of speech which enable the artist to frame a sentence and convey a thought.

Discard the idea, which you may have received from friends, who are artists perhaps, that the only aim of art is the expression of technical skill. It could be as well maintained that the object of poetry is to display rhythmical words and sentences after the Swinburnian manner, and that poetic ideas are of no consequence. Skill of hand is important—aye, absolutely necessary; but it is the means of saying, not the end or that which is said. I will not say, for the sake of making a point in the argument, that these art-means are not interesting in themselves, nor that Tennysonian and Swinburnian verse is not agreeable, even though it may contain no meaning. To the initiated the manner in which Goya and Velasquez paint a dress, the power with which Rembrandt focusses light, the dash and brilliancy of Fortuny, the strength of Courbet, are almost as pleasing as the great ideas of Michael Angelo and the poetic sentiment of Millet. The skill of the craftsman is admirable, especially to brother-craftsmen; but the work of the hand and the conception of the mind must not bear a false relationship to one another. The thought is greater

than the means of expression, but there is beauty in both. Despise neither, but place the former above the latter.

You may be possessed of the idea that the object of a painting is to see how closely the artist can imitate nature—many people have such an idea. I beg of you to discard that likewise. Imitation never made anything worth looking at the second time. The world is indebted to it for nothing. The imitators have all died, like “Poor Poll,” without leaving a trace of anything we appreciate or care for. Their labor has been too ignoble and purely mechanical to endure. The painter detailing nature upon canvas line upon line, with no hope, object, or ambition but that of rendering nature as she is, is but unsuccessfully rivalling the photograph camera. The sculptor working in a similar fashion is but emulating the hideousness of the wax figure. No; the object of painting is not to deceive, and make one think he stands in the presence of real life. Art is not the delineating of peanuts and postage-stamps in such a realistic manner that you stretch out your hand to pick them up; not the moulding of bronze and marble so that you start with surprise when you find they are not living. True, painting and sculpture are classed among the imitative arts, and so is poetry; but consider how far removed from reality is poetic language, and consider how wide the gulf between nature and the greatest masterpieces of painting. The idea of imitation is a false conception of art throughout. Painting is a language, and trees, sky, air, water, men, cities, streets, buildings, are but the symbols of ideas which play their part in the conception.

But you may think that though literal imitation is despicable enough, yet a truth to nature is absolutely necessary, and the measure of this truth attained makes a great artist or an inferior one. You may agree with Mr. Ruskin that this truth to nature is the aim of art. Again I beg of you to discard the idea. Truth is not the aim of any of the arts. Their object is to please, not to instruct. If we wish to be taught we shall go to science, which has the one object of finding out the truth. Painting should please us with æsthetic ideas, received through the sense of sight, precisely as poetry should please us with æsthetic ideas received through the sense of hearing; and the value of each depends very much on the quality and quantity of pleasure given. If truth alone were the object of either of these arts it would appear as though Meissonier were greater than Raphael or Michael Angelo, and Pope greater than Shakespeare or Milton. Mind you, I am not quarrelling with the painter’s or poet’s veracity. Truth is absolutely necessary in painting, just as necessary as color, oil, and paint-brushes; but I would have you discriminate between an accessory and a principle. Truth is quite indispensable in a picture, but, remember, it is the means whereby the language of art is made easily recognizable, and not the end in itself.

But you say: “Of course the plain brutal truth of nature is not

the aim of art; it is too realistic. The painter must strive after the ideal; nature must be idealized, heightened, glorified." Now, do you know exactly what you mean by the ideal? Have you ever heard a satisfactory or comprehensible explanation of it? Do you know any one who understands what it means? People talk knowingly of the ideal, of Phidias and Raphael, of Kant and Hegel, but when we come to sift down their meaning to a practical application in modern painting they mean a fair head or figure imitated from the artist's recollections of Greek sculpture; of a figure, city, or landscape formed in the artist's mind by the union of many fancies. Such work is quite worthless, except for decorative purposes, and as serious art has no good reason for existence.

There are others who think they recognize the ideal in another way. When Daubigny, for instance, paints a landscape with a certain haziness of atmosphere and line they call him an idealist, and when Bastien-Lepage paints the same landscape without the haziness they call him a realist. The true idealism of modern times presupposes the existence of a universal perfection in nature and life, toward which mankind aspires, and the painter who comes the nearest to the supposed universal perfection is accounted the greatest artist. Whether this has an existence in fact, as in theory, I have now neither the time nor the inclination to inquire. I quarrelled once with what I conceived to be the false interpretation of the word "ideal" in modern art, but with little result. People will continue to write and talk in a vague way about ideals, and fancy they see and feel them. Perhaps they do; but, as this is a practical talk, I wish to advise you to quietly lay the ideal on the shelf for the first ten years of your picture-viewing experience. At the end of that time you may be able to decide about it for yourself, and you may find that you are capable of enjoying pictures without a blessed thought of ideals of any kind. Do not bother about it under that name, at any rate, but in its place look for the artist's meaning in his picture, strive to find out what he is saying to you; put yourself in his place, and try to see as he sees. In other words, look not for the artist's *ideal*, but for his *idea*. The latter you may with practice readily discover; the former you may never recognize, for the ideal is more in the metaphysician's head than in the head of the *modern* artist.

You have heard somewhat of the necessity for the beautiful in art, and are perhaps now wondering what part it plays in painting and just where it comes in. I will try to explain in a few words my own idea of it, avoiding metaphysics as much as possible. Beauty may be an attribute of things tangible or intangible; that is, in practical illustration it may attach itself to the form and features of a head, and it may also be an attribute of a thought emanating from that head. One set of metaphysicians will tell you that it exists in the features *per se*, and that beauty is objective; another set is equally certain that it is only in the thought, and that beauty is subjective. If we take

a sober view of the matter we shall see that neither is exclusively right. Beauty may belong to either the objective or subjective world.

I cannot here enter into an argument to prove that beauty may be an attribute to external life; moreover, I have written of this at some length in another work. It will not, however, be hard for you to believe that there is a beauty about sunset, mountains, valleys, and animals, independent of man or his thoughts. If loveliness is an attribute of the flower, why is not beauty an attribute of higher creations? Our perception or lack of perception of beauty has nothing whatever to do with its existence. The Patagonian Indian and the African Hottentot see no beauty in the forest, but does it follow therefrom that there is none? Whether seen or unseen it is there, and that beauty which is seen by all is usually of a commonplace kind, often portrayed in painting.

It is the object of one kind of art to picture this natural beauty, and when accompanied by some individuality, enthusiasm, feeling, or method in the artist it is not an unworthy aim. Oftener it appears unaccompanied by these latter qualities, and it then sinks to the level of decorative art. It is most frequently portrayed in the human figure. Every exhibition of painting has its numbers of "ideal" heads and figures, which, if we analyze closely, prove to be only the modified portraits of pretty-faced studio models. The pretty model likewise obtrudes herself under different names upon many compositions, but she never has anything to commend herself but her face. She is generally devoid of character and force, and you could say at a glance that her head never ached with an idea. Look about you in the gallery and you will see her companions. Bouguereau always paints them, Henner is fond of them, Meyer von Bremen loves them, and Gérôme does not despise them. They are all pleasant enough in their way, especially to the masses, and it is to their pretty subjects that some artists are indebted for their popularity; but the faces are inwardly empty, the beauty is only skin-deep.

Natural beauty is again represented by the production of the commonplace scenes in landscape with which we are all familiar. They correspond to the studio model, regarding whom we have just been speaking. A familiar scene—a valley, lake, mountain, or brookside—is chosen, and painted as it is, with lack of thought and want of feeling, painted simply that you may have a facsimile of what you possibly may not possess in reality. Such pictures are good reminders of the places we have visited, like the photographs we buy along the line of travel, and they may not improperly serve to conceal a break in the wallpaper of the drawing-room; but they scarcely add to the world of art.

Somewhat of a change takes place in the character and value of the painting when the natural beauty is not commonplace, but comparatively unknown. For the object of every true artist is in one sense to discover hidden beauty and to reveal it to the world, which, by

reason of not possessing the eye of genius, is blind to it. We then have a new beauty, for which we may thank our explorer, the artist. It may be that the hidden beauty lies in a form commonplace, almost repulsive. There is such a thing as the beauty of the ugly, of which the Germans have written somewhat. Not alone the face of youth is beautiful; age possesses it even in humble life. Did not Rembrandt bring it forth in his aged and wrinkled faces, and Leonardo in his demons? Frère, Millet, Breton, Lerolle, Mauve, and Israels—what a charm they have thrown about the coarse-featured, heavy-headed peasantry! It is all true and all beautiful, but it was entirely unknown and unseen before these painters came into the world. In a similar manner there is a new beauty in the light of Corot, the foliage of Rousseau, the gray, voyaging clouds of Daubigny, the stormy skies of Courbet. We recognize it again in the tigers of Delacroix, in the children groups of Diaz, in the cattle of Troyon, and in a less degree in the satins and armor of Fortuny and the fish and fruit of Vollon. These men are not imitators—not parrots reiterating a well-worn theme—but, on the contrary, revealers of new features and interpreters of new beauties.

So, then, it is not a little part of the artist's aim that he discover and interpret to the world new beauty, and the value of his work may be estimated by the importance of his discovery. This is the rendering of objective beauty, tintured, perhaps, by the painter's individuality, method, or feeling; but there is a higher beauty in the subjective of which it is necessary to speak. The most perfect beauty lies not in external surroundings, but in the conception of the human mind. There is nothing in nature that may be compared with it; beauties of form, texture, or quality sink into insignificance beside it; it is predominant and omnipotent. It would seem, therefore, that the artist who discovers natural beauty and interprets it is not so great as the artist who creates beauty and uses the forms of nature merely as a means of explaining his creation.

Take the "Sower" of Millet, and what is it that we admire about it? A hundred living artists could excel the drawing, a hundred could excel the rendering of textures and light. The figure is of little consequence. In any street in Paris might have been found a physical man of more perfect make-up. It is the thought, the conception of heroism in humble life, that is strikingly beautiful. You may remember seeing in Rome the statue of *Moses* by Michael Angelo. As a piece of mechanical work it is not wonderful. I doubt not that Canova could have equalled, if not excelled, Michael Angelo as a carver and polisher. But there is something in the *Moses* that is worth all the marbles Canova ever cut. It is the conception of tremendous power, the conceived ability of Moses to overawe, crush, destroy all things before him. In the Prophets and Sibyls of the Sistine some of the same power is apparent, combined with solemnity, mystery, weirdness, even the spirit of that prophecy which characterized the origi-

- MODERN MASTERSPIECES FROM THE CORCORAN GALLERY  
OF ART, WASHINGTON, D. C.
1. The Drinking Place, by Constant Troyon. (French.)
  2. Going to Pasture, by G. S. Trusdell. (American.)
  3. The Banks of the Alige, by Martin Rico. (Spanish.)
  4. The Road to Concarneau, by Wm. L. Picknell. (American.)



nals. The conceptions are lofty to sublimity, nor are the forms at all unworthy of the ideas they embody; but they are not so great as the latter. Bouguereau could have drawn them as well; Delacroix could have given them a more harmonious coloring; Alfred Stevens or Carolus-Duran could have painted their garments much better; but all of them together could not have created that idea of mystery and power which attaches to them.

In the Old Pinacothek, at Munich, is a picture by Rubens of the "Christ on the Cross." It is the dead Christ hanging there alone in the night with drooped head and flowing hair, and in the background a black sky over the distant Jerusalem. There is no color to it of consequence, and color was a great feature of Rubens's art; it is not overwell drawn, nor will it compare with some of his other works in painting; but there is about it the blinding horror of the scene, the blackness of darkness, the awfulness of the deed. The power, the dread, the strength of death are overwhelming. The conviction rushes upon you irresistibly that the Crucified, hanging upon the cross, is not a human being, but the real Son of God. How the mind of Rubens ever soared so high as to grasp that conception baffles comprehension. For the idea seems great even above Rubens's greatness. Of course, the painting of it is not what one would call poorly done, for Rubens was too good a painter for that; but when you come to look upon the picture you will never see paint, or line, or texture. The conception absorbs everything else.

The landscapes of Corot, that is, the nobler ones like the "Danse des Amours," are great in a similar way. The technical part of the "Danse des Amours" is most excellent, and yet it fades into insignificance when compared with the predominant and beautiful conception of light. Still another instance of art excellent by the predominance of idea may be taken from the work of an American artist—Mr. Albert Ryder. You have doubtless seen a small sea-piece of his, often exhibited in New York, called "A Waste of Waters is Their Field." It is a little larger than your two hands, and represents a fisher-boat tossed by the waves of mid-ocean. The light is dull, the figures and boat mere suggestions, and the waves scarcely distinguishable, as I remember them; yet there is an indefinable something about the picture that draws us to it. It is not the painting of it, for that is hardly up to the average. I can scarcely describe what it is except by saying that the picture conveys to one the idea of the loneliness, the weirdness, the wildness of a continued existence at sea amid storms and tempests and dangers innumerable. The craft with her dusky crew, as she pitches and rolls in the sea, her black sails blown full of heavy air, and the light dimly seen through storm-clouds, looks like a wraith, a phantom boat, an exile hunted of men. We forget the material parts of the picture after a time, yet the idea haunts us. It keeps galloping through our brain like that dashing falconer of Fromentin. The painter holds us by his thought, his conception, precisely as the

novelist makes us remember Lady Dedlock, Jean Valjean, or Harvey Birch, though we may hardly be able to recall a word they said or a thing they did.

The most enduring part of art, then, is the conception of the artist, and the embodiment of conception in form and color and their variations constitutes the highest aim of painting. But now from this you must not infer that sublime art is the only art worthy of consideration; nor must you infer that the art of poetic or artistic feeling, or even the art of technical skill or natural beauty, is to be sneered at. Those who have produced great art are like the Shakespeares and the Goethes—but the few from the millions; and surely there are many poets and painters beside the greatest whom we may honestly admire. I have instanced only the superlative cases to bring before you what I consider the highest art, to impress upon you the superiority of the conception over its realization or embodiment. There are other grades of conceptions, ideas, impressions, and feelings, but for the present we may rest content with the general statement that the highest aim of art is the expression of an idea, impression, or emotion, regarding something conceived, seen, or felt by the artist.

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### WHAT ETCHINGS ARE.

BY FREDERICK KEPPEL, WRITER AND LECTURER ON ART.

#### INTRODUCTION.

**T**HE following notes were originally written for two young people who love pictures, but who as yet have everything to learn about them. They are therefore addressed to the young, and to any others who may not have already made themselves familiar with the subject. Most of the existing books on Etching very properly assume a certain amount of elementary knowledge on the part of the reader, but the aim of these notes is to begin at the very beginning, seeing that they are addressed, not to those who know, but to those who do not.

There is no surer safeguard toward keeping our children in the right way than by giving them such intellectual resources within themselves as are afforded by refining and ennobling pursuits, such as the love of nature, or of good books, good music, or good pictures.  
**WHAT AN ETCHING IS.**

An etching is an impression printed from an etched metal plate—and not a pen-and-ink drawing, as is sometimes supposed.

Few people, comparatively, have ever examined one of these plates from which etchings are printed, but almost every one has seen the engraved copper-plate which prints a visiting card.

In examining such a card-plate it will be seen that the name it

bears is *cut into* the copper. To print a card from this plate a thick oily ink is rubbed into these engraved lines—where it remains while the surface of the copper is wiped clean; a blank card is then laid over the plate, and both are passed through a roller press. The result is that the ink is transferred from the engraved lines in the copper-plate to the cardboard; each card printed requires a separate inking and wiping of the copper-plate.

Now the principle is the same in printing an etching, and when it is once clearly understood how an etching is printed it will be easy to learn how the plate which prints these impressions is made.

#### HOW AN ETCHING IS MADE.

An etched plate is usually of copper (though both steel and zinc are sometimes used). The plate is coated with a sort of varnish composed of wax and other ingredients, and upon this "ground" the artist draws his design with an etching-needle. Each line so drawn displaces the coating or ground, and leaves the copper bare. The plate is then immersed in a preparation of aqua-fortis, and wherever a line has been drawn, the powerful acid corrodes or "bites" a corresponding line or channel into the copper, while at the same time it does not reach those parts of the plate which remain protected by the varnish. It is in this way that aqua-fortis does the actual *engraving* of an etched plate; while in engraving proper, the lines which form the composition are cut into the copper by means of a tool.

When the plate has lain in the "bath" until all the lines of the design have been "bitten in" by the acid, it is taken out, and if it were then cleaned, it could be printed from in the manner already described. By remembering how the card-plate is printed from we will readily understand that the *black parts* of the printed etching will correspond to the lines bitten into the copper, while the *white parts* will correspond to those spaces of the copper surface which have been protected from the acid by the "ground" or varnish.

But our plate is not yet finished; for if a trial proof were now printed it would be seen that all the lines of the composition were of an equal strength, and we know that in any picture the nearest objects must be drawn with the strongest lines, and that the lines must diminish in force to express comparative distances. To effect this, all the lightest lines of the etched plate are filled in, or "stopped out" with the varnish, so that when it is immersed in the bath a second time the acid no longer reaches them, while this second biting adds strength to the other lines. Further "stoppings out" with varnish and "rebitings" with the acid are necessary before the various lines of the plate have their proportionate gradations of force and tone.

#### WHAT A DRY-POINT IS.

Although most etchers occasionally produce plates by the dry-point process, yet the two arts are distinct, and the term "a dry-point etching" is a misnomer. The word etching means corrosion (with aqua-

fortis), while in dry-point no acid is applied to the plate, but the lines are cut directly into the *dry* copper by means of the *point* or needle. Dry-point is really a sort of freehand engraving, but the result is widely different in effect from the formal exactitude of line engraving. The rich and velvety effect of a dry-point is owing to the "bur," or rough edge of the copper which the "point" throws up as it cuts the plate; this "bur" is purposely left in certain parts of the plate, because as it projects above the surface it can retain more of the ink than any other sort of line, and this rich supply of ink is transferred to the paper in printing. A dry-point will not yield nearly so many good proofs as an etched plate, but the early impressions are very soft and beautiful. Many etched plates are afterward finished and enriched with dry-point.

#### HOW ETCHINGS ARE PRINTED.

There is one radical difference between the printing of etched or engraved plates on the one hand, and the printing of wood-cuts, lithographs, music, and letter-press on the other. This difference is, that in the latter case it is the *surface* which leaves its impression in ink upon the paper, while the case is reversed with engraved or etched plates, for it is the surface which prints white, and the *cut in* lines which print black. To print the pages of a book or the wood-cuts that are inserted with the type, an inked roller is rapidly passed over the surface, and this surface imprints its inked impression on the paper. This is done so rapidly, that a large edition of a book or a newspaper can be printed by machinery in a few hours—and the special value of the wood-cut is that it can be thus printed rapidly and cheaply along with the letter-press.

But when we come to the printing of an etched plate, the conditions are changed. The work which, in the case of the wood-cut or the letter-press, literally "went by steam," now requires great deliberateness and great knowledge, for the printing of etchings is an art, and the man who can print them worthily must himself have the spirit of an artist—just as the man who would perform a composition by Beethoven must himself be a musician.

For this reason, some etchers print their own plates; but very few of them possess the manual skill of a trained printer; and hence, the more usual way is for the artist to superintend and direct the printing of the first trial proofs, and when the printer succeeds in producing one that is entirely satisfactory, this proof is given him to serve as the model which he must follow in printing the remainder of the edition.

The printing of engravings is a mechanical process, in comparison; after the lines are charged with ink, the surface of the plate is wiped quite clean, and that is all. But, with etchings, the infinite variety of effect is partly owing to the manipulation of the printer. To exemplify this, an extreme case may be mentioned. A French etcher—the Count Lepic—recently published a set of etchings, representing

respectively, morning, noon, evening, night, sunshine, fair weather, and storm—and yet all these proofs were printed from one and the same etched plate! It was simply the variety of treatment in printing that made different pictures of them.

To see an accomplished printer about to print an etching, one would almost think that he was the artist, and that he was then making the picture.

After covering the whole plate with ink, so as to fill the lines, he wipes away the superfluous ink from the surface. In a part of the composition, where the effect should be gloomy and mysterious, he allows a thin film of the ink to remain on the surface of the plate; in another part, where the light should be vivid and brilliant, he wipes away the surface ink until the plate shines; again, where the lines should be soft and rich, instead of harsh and wiry, he draws the ink out of these lines and over their edges by means of a soft muslin rag. At this stage, the whole picture is seen in ink on the copper plate. Now the supreme moment has come. The printer lays his plate on the platform of a roller-press, and lays the sheet of dampened paper over it; the press is slowly set in motion, and the plate, covered by the sheet of paper, passes under the heavy roller. The pressure transfers the ink from the plate to the paper, and the proof thus printed is carefully removed and set aside to dry, while the printer proceeds to print other proofs in the same manner.

But this "artistic" printing should always be controlled and directed by the artist himself; for it is in the power of the printer to make the result a different thing altogether from what the artist had intended; and the printer should never "take the law into his own hands."

Some eminent etchers insist upon having their plates wiped perfectly clean, so that no shade or tone can appear in the proof that is not already etched into the plate. This does well for minutely etched plates of small size; but a large etching, destined for framing, would certainly look meagre and cold, if printed with the "clean wipe."

#### WHAT ETCHINGS ARE PRINTED UPON.

Both the paper and the ink play an important part in the effect of an etching.

Formerly, all were printed with black ink, on white paper. The etchings of Rembrandt and other old masters were so printed, but the mellowing effects of time have undoubtedly improved these old prints, since both the paper and the ink have assumed a harmonious brownish tone, which is much more agreeable to the eye than crude black and white.

For this reason a warm-toned brownish ink is now used, the tone being varied according to the effect desired. Old paper of good quality is eagerly sought for by the artists; and "many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore" would sell to-day for many times its actual value, if only the "lore" had been omitted, and the pages had remained blank.

As old paper of good quality is becoming more and more difficult to procure, its place is supplied by the next best substitutes.

Japan paper yields beautiful proofs, by reason of its warm, mellow tone and fine surface; but, if Japan proofs are left exposed and unprotected, the surface soon becomes rough and "woolly." It is also impossible to efface anything like a pencil-mark from Japan paper, without leaving an incurable blemish on the surface. Of course, when such proofs are framed, or protected, with "mats," there is no longer any danger of injury to them.

Good substantial Holland paper is probably the best for general use. Its tone is agreeable and its material is strong and durable;—and if (as is very likely) some of our contemporary etchings will be valuable in centuries to come, the amateurs of the future will bless those etchers who have printed their works on honest Holland paper, while they will be tempted to curse those who were so foolish as to print theirs on flimsy and perishable stuff.

What is called India paper (it is really Chinese) is more used for engravings than for etchings. It is a thin, yellowish paper, and is nearly always pasted on to a thick, white backing.

Vellum and parchment—which are prepared calfskin and sheepskin respectively—take very delicate and luminous impressions, and the choicest proofs of many of the finest modern etchings are printed on these materials. Such proofs are very difficult to print and are also difficult to frame properly, but their effect is very beautiful.

Proofs on satin have a good effect in a few cases, but they do not suit every etching.

#### WHAT "PROOFS" ARE.

There is a good deal of confusion in the designation of the various proofs or "states" of a plate, and it should be remembered that there is no fixed and inalterable rule to regulate the order in which different proof-states are issued, or the number of impressions taken in each state.

A proof may be broadly defined as an impression which bears intrinsic evidence that it is one of the earliest (and consequently finest) which the plate has yielded.

We have all heard that "a new broom sweeps clean"—similarly, a new plate *prints* clean and prints well. Every impression taken wears out the plate somewhat, and therefore a worn plate can only yield inferior impressions.

The term "proof" retains its original meaning when applied to the experimental impression which a letter-press printer takes when he has set up his type, and which he submits to the writer for correction.

Two centuries ago, an engraved plate was not supposed to be finished or ready for publication until after the title, the artist's name, and other lettering had been engraved into the lower margin. But it often happened that the artist—after he had finished the pictorial

part of his plate, but before he had added these inscriptions—took a “proof” to satisfy himself that his work thus far was perfect. Such an impression would be without any lettering; that is, a veritable “proof before letters.” The connoisseurs of those days knew quite well that an early impression was best, and when they found one of these experimental proofs lacking the title, they knew it *must* be a very early one, and they valued it accordingly.\*

The artists, seeing this, took the hint and printed several such impressions before they added the lettering to their plates—and from this beginning the whole modern system of proofs has grown.

This evolution took the following course:

*First.* A few impressions were printed without any lettering whatever; these were called the “artist’s proofs.”

*Secondly.* The names of the painter and engraver were added, in small letters; this second grade was called the “proofs before letters”—that is, before the title.

*Thirdly.* The title was added in outline only, and the “open letter” proofs were taken.

*Fourthly.* The outline letters of the title were filled in, any further lettering or inscription was added, and in this final state the bulk of the edition was issued, and these impressions were called the “lettered prints.”†

During all these additions and alterations the plate was gradually wearing out from use, the early proofs were few in number and fine in quality, and in consequence they sold for much higher prices than the lettered prints.

Two other modern refinements are the “Remarque” proof and the signed artist’s proof. The French term *une épreuve de remarque* is simple and intelligible, and any Frenchman will know that it means a proof bearing a special mark; but in English the term becomes unmeaning, for the reason that our word “remark” is not a translation of the French term—and it is much to be desired that some more intelligible English word could be substituted.

The “remarque” proof, like proofs in general, had a sort of accidental origin. While a plate was in progress the artist sometimes amused himself—or tried the condition of his etching-needle—by scrawling some little sketch on the blank margin of the plate. It was easy to burnish out this sketch before the formal printing of the plate had begun, but occasionally an early proof was taken beforehand. This was a veritable “remarque” proof, and the informal sketching in the margin was evidence of its earliness.

\* In April, 1887, at the sale of the Duke of Buccleuch’s collection in London, such a proof of Rembrandt’s etched portrait of Uytenbogaert brought the enormous price of \$6200.

† It should be explained that, in tracing the origin of proofs in general, digression has been made from the subject of Etchings to that of Engravings. The old system of “open-letter proofs,” etc., no longer obtains in the case of modern etchings; and, in fact, many etched plates have no blank margin upon which a title could be engraved. Information as to the relative grades of such etchings will be found under the heading, “What the ‘States’ of an Etching Are.”

In the case of some line engravings, the "remarque" is indicated—not by adding a sketch, but by leaving some trifling detail of the composition unfinished.

According to modern usage, the "remarque" proof indicates the very choicest condition of the plate and takes precedence of the artist's proof; so that the best possible state of a contemporary etching would be a "remarque" proof, printed probably on vellum and signed by the etcher (or by both painter and etcher, if the plate were etched from a picture by another contemporary artist). After a limited number of such proofs are printed, the "remarque" is effaced from the copper-plate, and then the artist's proofs are taken.

Some distinguished etchers are intolerant of the "remarque," and insist that it is an interruption to the unity of the main composition. In the etched work of Seymour Haden, for instance, no such thing is to be found.

But a more valuable evidence of high quality than the "remarque" is the autograph of the artist written on the lower margin of an etching. The etcher, above all others, should be the judge *par excellence* of quality, and no conscientious artist will affix his signature to a proof unless that proof is all that it should be. The artist's signature may thus be compared to the endorsement by a solvent man of a promissory note. Occasionally, when an etching is done from a painting by another artist, both the painter and the etcher will formally guarantee the quality of a few selected proofs, by adding their respective signatures.

#### WHAT "STATES" OF AN ETCHING ARE.

"States" and "proofs" signify about the same thing; but the former term is usually applied to the works of artists who etch their own designs, instead of etching copies of pictures done by other men.

Thus, we never hear of an "artist's proof" etched by Rembrandt, or Van Dyck, or Whistler,—but of a "first state," "second state," etc.

Here, again, terms are sometimes misleading; for it must not be supposed that the first state of a painter-etching is invariably the best—though it certainly is the earliest. In many cases, such a first state is no more than a meagre and unfinished outline of the intended composition.

What is most desirable is the first *finished* state—although (as in the case of Rembrandt) an impression in the earliest finished condition might figure in the books of reference as a third or fourth state.

A very simple and reasonable method of classification has been adopted in Sir William Drake's "Catalogue of the Etched Work of Seymour Haden." In this excellent book, the first experimental impressions from an unfinished plate (taken by the artist for his own guidance) are designated—not as "first state," but as "*trial proof A.*" When the work in the plate is carried farther, so that a second experimental printing is necessary, these second proofs are catalogued as "*trial proof B.*"—and so on, until the plate is finished. Then an

edition is printed for publication, and this first *finished* state is very properly designated as the "First State." Later on, if any further additions or alterations are made, all subsequent proofs would be catalogued as "second state."\*

The number of proofs taken varies so greatly with different plates, that it is impossible to lay down any general rule on the subject. In some cases, not more than thirty "remarque" proofs are printed, but in others more than twice that number. A strongly etched plate will yield a greater number of good proofs than one in which the lines are fine and delicate. Also, the recently discovered method of "steel-facing" a copper-plate materially increases its lasting powers. This "steel-facing" is an electroplating process, which lays an extremely thin film of steel over the etched plate.

Sometimes an artist will make his etching artificially rare by destroying his plate after printing a very few impressions; but, in any case, there is a limit to the number of really good proofs which any plate will yield—and, provided that the etching is a fine work of art, these proofs are almost certain to increase in value, in proportion as they become scarce and difficult to procure. For this reason, a collection of etchings, intelligently purchased, may be regarded rather as a safe investment than as a mere fruitless outlay.

No one can fully appreciate or enjoy what he does not understand; and, when once etchings are thoroughly understood from the technical side, their further study from the artistic point of view will be found both easy and delightful.

Good etchings are veritable works of art; they are accessible to all, and their value is permanent;—and if these rudimentary notes should lead some readers to study the subject in its higher aspects, the writer will feel that he has contributed something toward adding a new and very real pleasure to their lives.

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### THE CHARM OF PHOTOGRAPHY.

**T**O show the charm of photography, to show the simplicity of the present photographic methods, is the twofold object of this brief note.

So rapid has been the advance in picture-making that the public hardly appreciates the fact that photography is no longer the "dark art." The old prejudices against it still exist simply because people do not understand how the light has been let in. They do not understand that there is no dark-room, that plate-holders and focusing

\* It may interest connoisseurs to note, that, contrary to the general usage, Seymour Haden has almost invariably produced his second or third states—not by adding something to his plate, but by *taking something out*. Thus, in the case of his renowned *Shere Mill-pond*, the lines which appear in the sky of the first state are all taken out in the second; and all good judges must agree with Mr. Haden that this alteration has added greatly to the beauty of the plate.

cloths, and trappy apparatus and stained fingers, belong to the photography of yesterday.

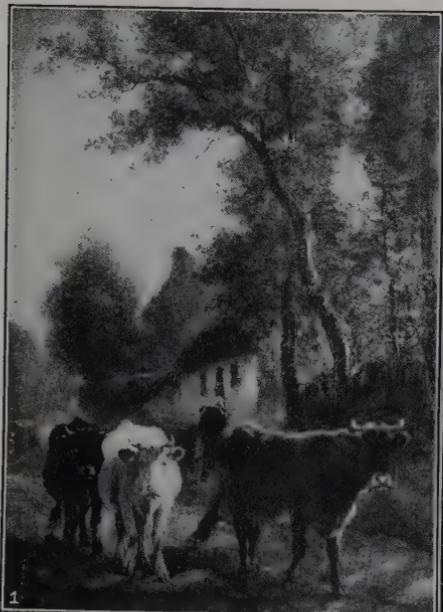
Of the importance of photography as a truthful reporter there is no need to speak to-day. In the wars of the past decade it has been everywhere. In Cuba, in South Africa, in the Philippines, in Corea, and in Manchuria, it has demonstrated its reliability. With the developing machine for an ally, the victories of film pictures over glass plates in the last great war were more pronounced, even, than the victories of the Japanese over the Russians. In *Collier's Weekly* ninety per cent. of their successful war pictures were on films.

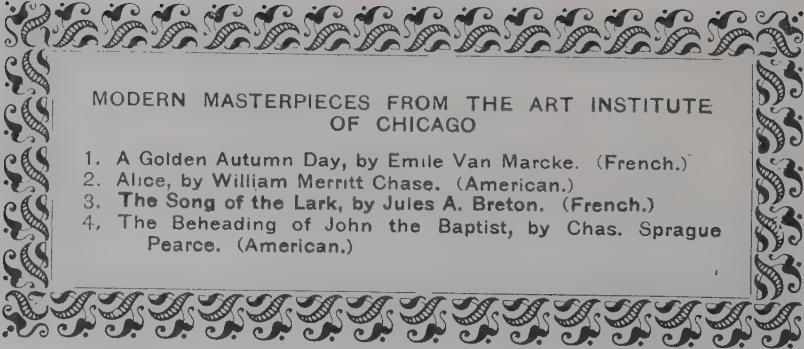
Not only for the tourist who travels abroad and finds delight in the ruined abbeys of England, the feudal castles of Germany, the villas of sunny France, and the mountain-peaks of Switzerland, but for those who confine their vacation journeys to our own mountains, our own lakes nestled among the hills, our own great waterfalls, and our reaches of ocean beach and crag and beetling cliff, for these, too, there is a charm in photography.

Perhaps one of the greatest charms is the power of securing "the picturesque of the commonplace." An old tree, a fence, a lane, a clump of weeds, and in each is found a picture worth the making. Such pictures are to be had on every farm, on the outskirts of every city, they are at Everyman's hand. They need but be taken with discrimination to become an artistic delight. The point of view, the lighting, the location of the sky line, the leaving out or the taking in of yonder clump of bushes—all these must be considered. And when they are brought to their proper relation in the finder and the button is pressed—behold! we have more than a mere photograph, we have a picture.

To the nature lovers, the devotees of rod and gun, and canoe and yacht, photography is full of great possibilities. For if they are not interested in photography as a hobby, they are interested in it as a means of making pictures of those things which pertain to their hobby. For the educator it opens new fields. It affords the means of training the pupil in his daily work, of increasing his powers of observation, of widening his horizon. To the parent photography will suggest a pastime for the children, not merely an innocent pastime, but a pastime that is educational and inspiring.

But there is another phase of photography that to most of us means more than art, more than education, more than commercialism—the home side. As the years go by, we look with pleasure on the pictures of our pastimes and our travels—we *cherish* the pictures of our home. We are interested in the technical side of photography, *we love its home side*. The pictures of one's own roof-tree, of baby, of grandmother, hold for all of us the charm of human interest. Such pictures possess, as the years go by, a constantly growing value. In them is the true secret of the widening interest in picture-making. They alone make photography worth while.





MODERN MASTERPIECES FROM THE ART INSTITUTE  
OF CHICAGO

1. A Golden Autumn Day, by Emile Van Marcke. (French.)
2. Alice, by William Merritt Chase. (American.)
3. *The Song of the Lark*, by Jules A. Breton. (French.)
4. The Beheading of John the Baptist, by Chas. Sprague Pearce. (American.)

## MICHELANGELO'S PAINTINGS IN THE SISTINE CHAPEL, ROME.

THE ceiling of the Sistine Chapel contains the most perfect works done by Michelangelo in his long and active life. Here his great spirit appears in its noblest dignity, in its highest purity; here the attention is not disturbed by that arbitrary display to which his great power not unfrequently seduced him in other works. The ceiling forms a flattened arch in its section: the central portion, which is a plain surface, contains a series of large and small pictures, representing the most important events recorded in the book of Genesis—the Creation and Fall of Man, with its immediate consequences. In the large triangular compartments at the springing of the vault are sitting figures of the Prophets and Sibyls, as the foretellers of the coming of the Saviour. In the soffits of the recesses between these compartments, and in the arches underneath, immediately above the windows, are the ancestors of the Virgin, the series leading the mind directly to the Saviour. The external connection of these numerous representations is formed by an architectural framework of peculiar composition, which encloses the single subjects, tends to make the principal masses conspicuous, and gives to the whole an appearance of that solidity and support so necessary, but so seldom attended to, in soffit decorations, which may be considered as if suspended. A great number of figures are also connected with the framework; those in unimportant situations are executed in the color of stone or bronze; in the more important, in natural colors. These serve to support the architectural forms, to fill up and to connect the whole. This may be best described as the living and embodied genii of architecture. It required the unlimited power of an architect, sculptor, and painter to conceive a structural whole of so much grandeur, to design the decorative figures with the significant repose required by the sculpturesque character, and yet to preserve their subordination to the principal subjects, and to keep the latter in the proportion and relations best adapted to the space to be filled.”—*Kugler*, p. 301.

The pictures from the Old Testament, beginning from the altar, are:—

1. The Separation of Light and Darkness.
2. The Creation of the Sun and Moon.
3. The Creation of Trees and Plants.
4. The Creation of Adam.
5. The Creation of Eve.
6. The Fall and the Expulsion from Paradise.
7. The Sacrifice of Noah.
8. The Deluge.
9. The Intoxication of Noah.

From “Walks in Rome 7,” by A. J. C. Hare, London.

"The scenes from Genesis are the most sublime representations of these subjects;—the Creating Spirit is unveiled before us. The peculiar type which the painter has here given of the form of the Almighty Father has been frequently imitated by his followers, and even by Raffaelle, but has been surpassed by none. Michelangelo has represented Him in majestic flight, sweeping through the air, surrounded by genii, partly supporting, partly borne along with Him, covered by His floating drapery; they are the distinct syllables, the separate virtues of His creating word. In the first (large) compartment we see Him with extended hands, assigning to the sun and moon their respective paths. In the second, He awakens the first man to life. Adam lies stretched on the verge of the earth, in the act of raising himself; the Creator touches him with the point of His finger, and appears thus to endow him with feeling and life. This picture displays a wonderful depth of thought in the composition, and the utmost elevation and majesty in the general treatment and execution. The third subject is not less important, representing the Fall of Man and his Expulsion from Paradise. The tree of knowledge stands in the midst, the serpent (the upper part of the body being that of a woman) is twined around the stem; she bends down towards the guilty pair, who are in the act of plucking the forbidden fruit. The figures are nobly graceful, particularly that of Eve. Close to the serpent hovers the angel with the sword, ready to drive the fallen beings out of Paradise. In this double action, this union of two separate moments, there is something peculiarly poetic and significant; it is guilt and punishment in one picture. The sudden and lightning-like appearance of the avenging angel behind the demon of darkness has a most impressive effect."—*Kugler*, p. 304.

"Pheidias created tranquil Divinities; Michelangelo, suffering Heroes."—*Goethe*.

The lower portion of the ceiling is divided into curvilinear triangular spaces occupied by the Prophets and Sibyls in solemn contemplation, accompanied by angels and genii. Beginning from the left of the entrance, their order is:

- |                      |                       |
|----------------------|-----------------------|
| 1. Joel.             | 6. Sibylla Libya.     |
| 2. Sibylla Erythræa. | 7. Daniel.            |
| 3. Ezekiel.          | 8. Sibylla Cumæa.     |
| 4. Sibylla Persica.  | 9. Isaiah.            |
| 5. Jonah.            | 10. Sibylla Delphica. |

"The Prophets and Sibyls in the triangular compartments of the curved portion of the ceiling are the largest figures in the whole work; these, too, are among the most wonderful forms that modern art has called into life. They are all represented seated, employed with books or rolled manuscripts: genii stand near or behind them. These mighty beings sit before us pensive, meditative, inquiring, or

looking upwards with inspired countenances. Their forms and movements, indicated by the grand lines and masses of the drapery, are majestic and dignified. We see in them beings who, while they feel and bear the sorrows of a corrupt and sinful world, have power to look for consolation into the secrets of the future. Yet the greatest variety prevails in the attitudes and expression—each figure is full of individuality. Zacharias is an aged man, busied in calm and circumspect investigation: Jeremiah is bowed down absorbed in thought—the thought of deep and bitter grief; Ezekiel turns with hasty movement to the genius next to him, who points upwards with joyful expectation, etc. The Sibyls are equally characteristic: the Persian, a lofty, majestic woman, very aged; the Erythræan—full of power, like the warrior-goddess of wisdom; the Delphic—like Cassandra, youthfully soft and graceful, but with strength to bear the awful seriousness of revelation.”—*Kugler*, p. 304.

“The belief of the Roman Catholic Church in the testimony of the Sibyl is shown by the well-known hymn, beginning with the verse:—

‘Dies iræ, dies illa,  
Solvet sæculum in favilla;  
Teste David cum Sibylla.’

It may be inferred that this (fourteenth-century) hymn, admitted into the liturgy of the Roman Church, gave sanction to the adoption of the Sibyls into Christian art. They are seen from this time accompanying the prophets and apostles in the cyclical decorations of the Church. . . . But the highest honor that art has rendered to the Sibyls has been by the hand of Michelangelo on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel. Here, in the conception of a mysterious Order of women, placed above and without all considerations of the graceful or the individual, the great master was peculiarly in his element. They exactly fitted his standard of art, not always sympathetic, nor comprehensible to the average human mind, of which the grand in form and the abstract in expression were the last and first conditions. In this respect the Sibyls on the Sistine ceiling are more Michelangelesque than their companions the Prophets. For these, while types of the highest monumental treatment, are yet men, while the Sibyls belong to a distinct class of beings, who convey the impression of the very obscurity in which their history is wrapt—creatures who have lived far from the abodes of men, who are alike devoid of the expression of feminine sweetness, human sympathy, or sacramental beauty; who are neither Christians nor Jewesses, Witches nor Graces, yet living, grand, beautiful, and true, according to laws revealed to the great Florentine genius only. Thus their figures may be said to be unique, as the offspring of a peculiar sympathy between the master's mind and his subject. To this sympathy may be ascribed the prominence and size given them—both Prophets and Sibyls—as

compared to their usual relation to the subjects they environ. They sit here in twelve throne-like niches, more like presiding deities, each wrapped in self-contemplation, than as tributary witnesses to the truth and omnipotence of Him they are intended to announce. Thus they form a gigantic framework round the subjects of the Creation, of which the birth of Eve, as the type of the Nativity, is the intentional centre. For some reason, the twelve figures are not Prophets and Sibyls alternately—there being only five Sibyls to seven Prophets—so that the Prophets come together at one angle. Books and scrolls are given indiscriminately to them.

“The Sibylla Persica, supposed to be the oldest of the sisterhood, holds the book close to her eyes, as if from dimness of sight, which fact, contradicted as it is by a frame of obviously herculean strength, gives a mysterious intentness to the action.

“The Sibylla Libyca, of equally powerful proportions, but less closely draped, is grandly bringing herself to lift a massive volume from a height above her head on to her knees.

“The Sibylla Cumæa, also aged, and with her head covered, is reading with her volume at a distance from her eyes.

“The Sibylla Delphica, with waving hair escaping from her turban, is a beautiful young being—the most human of all—gazing into vacancy or futurity. She holds a scroll.

“The Sibylla Erythraea, a grand bare-headed creature, sits reading intently with crossed legs, about to turn over her book.

“The Prophets are equally grand in structure, and though, as we have said, not more than men, yet they are the only men that could well bear the juxtaposition with their stupendous female colleagues. Ezekiel, between Erythraea and Persica, has a scroll in his hand that hangs by his side, just cast down, as he turns eagerly to listen to some voice.

“Jeremiah, a magnificent figure, sits with elbow on knee and head on hand, rapt in the meditation appropriate to one called to utter lamentation and woe. He has neither book nor scroll.

“Jonah is also without either. His position is strained and ungraceful—looking upwards, and apparently remonstrating with the Almighty upon the destruction of the gourd, a few leaves of which are seen above him. His hands are placed together with a strange and trivial action, supposed to denote the counting on his fingers the number of days he was in the fish’s belly. A formless marine monster is seen at his side.

“Daniel has a book on his lap, with one hand on it. He is young, and a piece of lion’s skin seems to allude to his history.”—*Lady Eastlake, “History of Our Lord,”* i. 248.

In the recesses between the Prophets and Sibyls is a series of lovely family groups representing the Genealogy of the Virgin. The four corners of the ceiling contain triangular groups illustrative of

the power of Jehovah displayed in the deliverance of His chosen people.

Near the altar are:

R.—The deliverance of the Israelites by means of the brazen serpent.

L.—The execution of Haman.

Near the entrance are:

R.—Judith and Holofernes.

L.—David and Goliath.

Only 3,000 ducats were paid to Michelangelo for all his great work on the ceiling of the Sistine. It was uncovered November, 1512, and fairly astonished the world.

It was when Michelangelo was already in his sixtieth year that Clement VII. formed the idea of effacing the three pictures of Perugino at the end of the chapel, and employing him to paint in their place the vast fresco of "The Last Judgment." It occupied the master for seven years, and was finished in 1541, when Paul III. occupied the throne. During this time Michelangelo, a devout Dante-lover, frequently read and re-read the wonderful sermons of Savonarola, to refresh his mind, and that he might drink in and absorb, and reproduce, their religious grandeur. To induce him to pursue his work with application, Paul III. went himself to his house attended by ten cardinals: "an honor," says Lanzi, "unique in the annals of art." The Pope wished that the picture should be painted in oil, to which he was persuaded by Sebastiano del Piombo, but Michelangelo refused to work, except in fresco, saying that oil-painting was for women and lazy persons.

"In the *upper half* of the picture we see the judge of the world, surrounded by the apostles and patriarchs; beyond these, on one side, are the martyrs; on the other, the saints and a numerous host of the blessed. Above, under the two arches of the vault, two groups of angels bear the instruments of the Passion. Below the Saviour another group of angels holding the books of life sound the trumpets to awaken the dead. On the right is represented the resurrection; and higher, the ascension of the blessed. On the left, hell, and the fall of the condemned, who audaciously strive to press to heaven.

"The day of wrath ('dies iræ') is before us—the day of which the old hymn says—

'Quantus tremor est futurus,  
Quando judex est venturus,  
Cuncta strictè discussurus.'

The Judge turns in wrath towards the condemned and raises His right hand with an expression of rejection and condemnation; beside Him the Virgin veils herself with her drapery, and turns with a countenance full of anguish towards the blessed. The martyrs, on

the left, hold up the instruments and proofs of their martyrdom, in accusation of those who had occasioned their temporal death: these the avenging angels drive from the gates of heaven, and fulfil the sentence pronounced against them. Trembling and anxious, the dead rise slowly, as if still fettered by the weight of an earthly nature; the pardoned ascend to the blessed; a mysterious horror pervades even their hosts—no joy, nor peace, nor blessedness are to be found here.

"It must be admitted that the artist has laid a stress on this view of his subject, and this has produced an unfavorable effect upon the upper half of his picture. We look in vain for the glory of heaven, for beings who bear the stamp of divine holiness and renunciation of human weakness; everywhere we meet with the expression of human passion, of human efforts. We see no choir of solemn, tranquil forms, no harmonious unity of clear, grand lines, produced by ideal draperies; instead of these, we find a confused crowd of the most varied movements, naked bodies in violent attitudes, unaccompanied by any of the characteristics made sacred by holy tradition. Christ, the principal figure of the whole, wants every attribute but that of the Judge: no expression of divine majesty reminds us that it is the Saviour who exercises this office. The upper part of the composition is in many parts heavy, notwithstanding the masterly boldness of the drawing; confused, in spite of the separation of the principal and accessory groups; capricious, notwithstanding a grand arrangement of the whole. But, granting for a moment that these defects exist, still this upper portion, as a whole, has a very impressive effect, and, at the great distance from which it is seen, some of the defects alluded to are less offensive to the eye. The lower half deserves the highest praise. In these groups, from the languid resuscitation and upraising of the pardoned, to the despair of the condemned, every variety of expression, anxiety, anguish, rage, and despair is powerfully delineated. In the convulsive struggles of the condemned with the evil demons, the most passionate energy displays itself, and the extraordinary skill of the artist here finds its most appropriate exercise. A peculiar tragic grandeur pervades alike the beings who are given up to despair and their hellish tormentors. The representation of all that is fearful, far from being repulsive, is thus invested with that true moral dignity which is so essential a condition in the higher aims of art."—*Kugler*, p. 308.

"It may be fanciful, but it seems to me that in this, and in every other of Michelangelo's works, you may see that the idea, beauties, and peculiar excellencies of statuary were ever present to his mind; that they are the conceptions of a sculptor embodied in painting.

" . . . S. Catharine, in a green gown, and somebody else in a blue one, are supremely hideous. Paul IV., in an unfortunate fit of prudery, was seized with the resolution of whitewashing over the whole of

the Last Judgment, in order to cover the scandal of a few naked female figures. With difficulty was he prevented from utterly destroying the grandest painting in the world, but he could not be dissuaded from ordering these poor women to be clothed in this unbecoming drapery. Daniele da Volterra, whom he employed in this office (in the lifetime of Michelangelo), received, in consequence, the name of Il Braghettone (the breeches-maker).”—*Eaton's "Rome."*

“The Apostles in Michelangelo's ‘Last Judgment’ stand on each side of the Saviour, who is not here Saviour and Redeemer, but inexorable Judge. They are grandly and artificially grouped, all without any drapery whatever, with forms and attitudes which recall an assemblage of Titans holding a council of war, rather than the glorified companions of Christ.”—*Jameson's “Sacred and Legendary Art,” i. 179.*

“‘The Last Judgment’ produced to my eye the same sort of confusion that perplexes my ear at a grand concert consisting of a great variety of instruments, or rather when a number of people are talking at once.”—*T. Smollett, Letter xxxiii.*

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## HOW THE ILLUSTRATIONS IN “SELF-CULTURE” WERE MADE; WITH A NOTE ON MOVING PICTURES.

By N. S. AMSTUTZ, MEMBER OF “THE ROYAL PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY,”  
AND “SOCIETY OF ARTS,” LONDON; ASSOCIATE MEMBER “AMERICAN  
INSTITUTE OF ELECTRICAL ENGINEERS,” NEW YORK, AND PRINCIPAL  
“THE INLAND PRINTER RESEARCH DEPARTMENT,” CHICAGO.

### INTRODUCTION.

WHEN about 1839 the famous Talbot in England and Daguerre and Niepce in France made their first photographs, working entirely independent of each other, and yet arriving at the same results at very nearly the same time, they little thought that they had made a discovery which is practically the basis of all that is included in the processes by which reproductions of the famous paintings of the world, not only in black and white, but in color, are to-day so multiplied as to become familiar “from Greenland's icy mountains to India's coral strand,” and by which distant scenes in every quarter of the globe, true to the colors of nature, may be brought before the eyes of every living person. Yet such is the case, and without going into technical details to prove the statement, I will endeavor to tell as briefly as possibly how the illustrations in “Self-Culture” were made.

But before doing so let me point out the immense importance of this wonderful application of photography, in connection with the

Art Education of the people, and especially the Culture of the American youth.

We are the children of a larger growth, and the child who has been made familiar with the simple pictures in our earlier volumes and who has lived with them, will unconsciously become educated to the appreciation of the higher phases of Art which we are enabled to present in the Tenth Volume in such wonderful profusion from so many and such varied sources.

To these marvellous processes we owe also the means of Art Education which is supplied by our periodical literature; and to the color-printing processes, to which we shall refer later, we owe the fact that color has come to stay in illustration.

Black and white illustrations have been made for years because nothing better could be done; but black and white illustrations are really more or less of a makeshift. We do not see in black and white, but we see color everywhere, from the blue sky above us to the green grass beneath our feet: color in the flowers that bloom, in the trees that wave, in the birds which sing, and in every single manifestation of life around us is glorious, joyous color. In color is the highest manifestation of nature's beauty, and in proper color representation is the highest manifestation of artistic power.

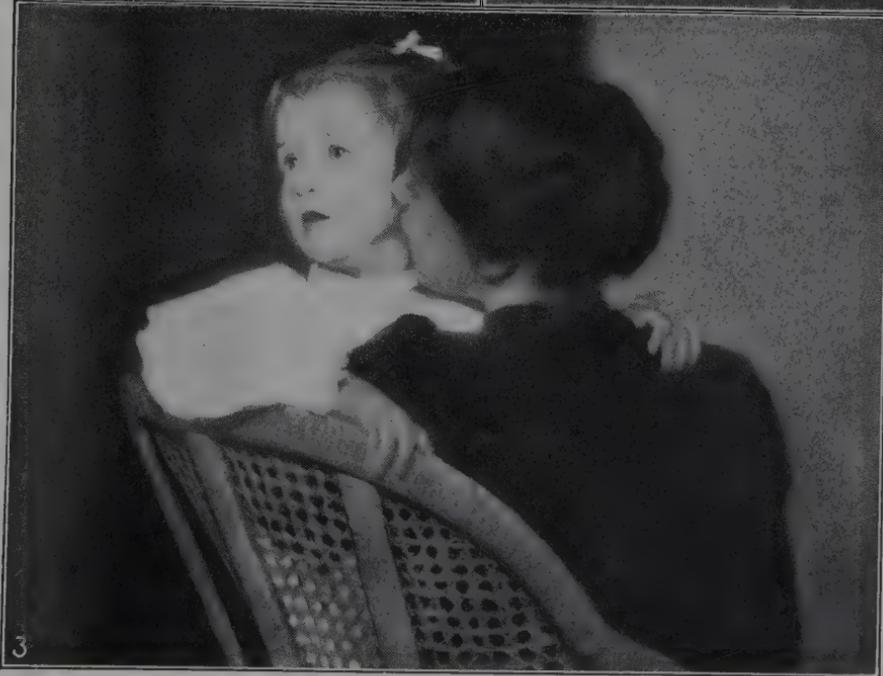
To begin with, the illustrations in "Self-Culture" were made by photography, but by applications of photography such as its inventors, as I have indicated, never dreamed of. The elementary principles of photography may be very briefly described as follows:

#### THE ELEMENTARY PRINCIPLES OF PHOTOGRAPHY.

Many of nature's moods are recorded more or less permanently without the aid of dark rooms or the manipulation of chemicals, in the shape of developers, etc. Such records are found where the leaf of a tree has lain closely against a growing "red" apple. The shadow of the leaf has prevented the sun's rays acting on the skin (film) of the apple, and in consequence a picture of the leaf is produced in a yellowish green color; similarly, the sun's rays will, in winter time, make "pictures" of fences, building shadows, etc., on frozen sidewalks or streets by melting or thawing such portions as are not shaded. The former action is believed to be due to the actinic or chemical (photographic) rays of the sun, and the latter to the heat rays only.

In photography glass plates or films take the place of the frosted ground and the covering of the apple. The coating of the glass plates, *dry plates* as they are ordinarily called, is composed of gelatin and silver salts. The gelatin serves to hold the sensitive silver in place on the glass or film in a *thin* layer.

If certain portions of the sensitized film are subjected to rays of light, the silver is affected so that when the plate is subsequently placed in a developing solution of certain acids, such portions become discolored—darkened,—but where no light has acted on the film



3



MODERN MASTERPIECES BY AMERICAN ARTISTS IN THE  
METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK

1. **Portrait of a Lady in Black.**  
FROM THE PAINTING BY W. M. CHASE.
  2. **The Young Pioneer.**  
FROM THE PAINTING BY DOUGLAS VOLK.
  3. **The Seer.**  
FROM THE PAINTING BY WM. SERGEANT KENDALL.
- 

there the silver salts remain unaffected and no discoloration takes place.

The film is now composed of certain discolored areas and others of unaffected silver, and before the negative, as the plate is called, can be used for other purposes the unacted-on silver must be removed from the gelatin coating so as to leave the portions of the film, which carried this silver, quite transparent, or at any event, but slightly overcast. This is done by soaking the plate, after washing, in a solution of hyposulphite of soda, which acts as a solvent of the unused silver. In order that an image on the negative will be sharp, it is necessary to cause the rays of light from the object to pass through a lens set the proper distance from the sensitive plate as it stands at what is called the focal plane, at one side of a dark box—the camera—and the lens at the other side. When a box is not used a bellows is substituted, the entire purpose being to shield the sensitive plate from all light action, except such as passes through the lens.

The lens pictures the image of the object on the sensitive plate in the same way as one may see the projection of an optical image on the ground glass of a focusing camera or as produced through an ordinary spectacle lens held about a foot, more or less, from a white paper placed on a wall facing a window.

The "optical artist" dexterously forms the image in proper size and shape, some parts being light and others dark, all in their natural colors, but inverted and reversed as to right and left, which error is corrected when the negative is printed on printing-out paper, so that the familiar solar print presents the right-hand side of a house properly placed as to its left-hand portion.

Wherever the very bright portions occur, the action on the silver salts is rapid and the greatest effect is produced; but where the light is weak, as in the shadows of a tree, etc., the effect is least and the negative will be almost transparent, while in the first instance the negative is quite opaque and in intermediate portions it will be partially opaque and partially transparent.

When such a negative is placed film side against a sensitive material, as solio, velox, or blue print paper, the light on passing through it will affect the paper variably, at some places much, at others but a little, and at others not at all. Where the negative is opaque it casts a shadow which prevents the sensitive paper being affected, and where there is no obstruction to its passage the full effect is produced. The unused sensitive material is then removed by washing in suitable solutions and such portions of the print as have been affected by the light are fixed. When this is done the print is finished, ready for personal, family, or business purposes. It is not yet practical to secure the fugitive *colored* image for the amateur or the professional photographer without many manipulative steps which are too complex for any one but an expert in three-color photography. These, as they relate to printing, will be described later.

In photography a negative represents the white portions of the object by opaque or dark areas, and a positive shows them just as they occur in the subject.

So far, then, as to the production and the printing of the ordinary photograph. Something else had to be discovered before the photograph could be employed to print the countless thousands of pictures by machinery, such as those which adorn the pages of "Self-Culture," and of which the last printed copy is practically as good as the first impression. We have been enabled to do this by:

#### THE HALF-TONE PROCESS.

The half-tone pictures, so-called, are produced in the first place by photography. Without entering into precise details, the manner of their production may be briefly described as follows:

In order that any letter, figure, or design can be printed on an ordinary printing press, the surfaces which form the design and which are to be touched by the ink rollers of the press must be raised above those portions which are to appear white, so that the ink will only be applied at the proper places. This means that such raised surfaces must be type-high (.918 inch), so that whatever comprises a "form," the type, engravings, etc., must all come up to the same level, so that the ink rollers will place ink on every raised ridge and not skip any.

The problem is to translate a photograph with its delicate shadings, formed by means of an unbroken flat surface, into a printing face which has raised points that vary in size (not in height) according to the change in light and shade of the photographic print. Such points will receive ink from the rollers and under pressure will transfer it to paper, the process constituting relief printing.

To this end it is necessary to break the tones or shadings up into variable sized printing areas, as points or dots, which, by their difference in size, represent the photograph. These are produced by first copying the original photo through a lens and suitably sized diaphragms or stops placed adjacent to it. The rays of light pass on through the lens and also through a screen before they reach the sensitive plate. The purpose of this screen is to form dots of varying sizes on the sensitive plate so that they may be subsequently carried through onto the metal plate, which is to form the printing surface. They must, however, be quite small so as not to offend the eye by their presence. For different purposes their number per inch varies from 60 for rapid rotary newspaper work to 150 for general book illustration and 300 to 400 for the finest art work. Their diminutiveness may best be understood when it is stated that the actual lineal distance between the centres of adjoining dots, at 60 per inch, is nearly seventeen one-thousandths of an inch; at 100 per inch, ten one-thousandths; and at 400 per inch, only two and one-half one-thousandths of an inch, which is about the average dimension of the proverbial hair's-breadth, yet within such a small dimension the

various sized dots must be formed, ranging from the smallest black ones of the whitest or lightest portion of the print to the smallest white ones of the shadows.

The screen is placed near the sensitive plate so that the light coming from opposite sides of the lens diaphragm opening can form shadows of the screen lines on the sensitive plate of different widths, which, by reason of there being two sets of lines crossing each other, leave a large number of small transparent squares called the screen openings. They allow only twenty-five per cent. of the light to pass through. Where the rays of light are strong, the small image started behind the centre of each screen opening continues to grow larger as the exposure is prolonged and the portions which receive little light will just have started by the time the intensely illuminated parts have grown so much as to cause the opaque dots to join each other. The intermediate light conditions in the same time will have produced opaque dots proportionately large but unjoined; so then, the one plate will contain, if eight by ten inches in size and a 100-lines-per-inch screen has been used, 800,000 opaque dots, varying in size from a "pin point" to the largest ones that join each other in neighborly fashion to form unbroken black cross lines, leaving separated transparent portions that grow smaller where the light action is greater. The negative is developed in the ordinary way so as to make it available for the subsequent operation of transferring the effect onto a copper plate.

A sheet of copper is now polished and coated with fish glue and bichromate of ammonia and when dry it is placed under the film side of the negative, where rays of light are allowed access to the front. These pass through all the transparent openings and cause the fish glue to harden uniformly wherever the light has a chance to act, but the sizes of the transparent parts varying, there will be formed a copy of the negative on the copper, which, after washing in water to remove the unaffected portion of the fish glue coating that was not hardened, is heated sufficiently to change the glue portions which remain, into an "enamel," that will withstand the action of the etching acid.

Such a copper plate will have minute portions uncovered, comparable in size and number to the opaque dots of the negative. The next operation is to put the copper plate into a bath of perchloride of iron, which will eat away the unprotected copper and thus leave those parts that are covered by the "enamel" practically unaffected, thus leaving them stand up as points in relief, which serve to take ink as the ink rollers pass over them in the printing of the half-tone, while they do not touch the etched-out portions of the plate.

The copper plate is next given to the finisher, who makes any required corrections, and then to the mounter, who puts it on a wooden block so as to make the whole type-high.

When photograph relief printing reproductions are required with-

out the regular mathematical placing of the dots, as is noticed in an ordinary half-tone, then a substitute known as the Metzograph screen is used in the same general way as described. Its surface is covered with tiny irregularities formed in the surface of the glass, without the use of opaque filling, that act like diminutive lenses to focus the light in more or less large areas on the sensitive plate according to the variations of the subject.

#### THE PHOTOGRAVURES.

Here photography again does its wonderful work, but the process as above described is to a certain extent modified and the method of printing is found to be just the opposite to that described as applicable to the half-tone, for in this method the printing is done by covering the whole plate with ink by thoroughly dabbing it into *every depression*. The surplus is then wiped off with cheese cloth and finally the palm of the hand is used to wipe off every remnant of adhering ink from the polished ridges, leaving every groove or depression filled with ink. Paper is now laid on the plate and the whole put under a very heavy rolling pressure, which causes the ink to adhere to the paper, thus producing a single print. The operation must be repeated for succeeding impressions. Very frequently an artist-printer can leave the least trace of an ink tint on the polished copper and dexterously remove it from the portions that are to appear pure white in the print, thus giving brilliancy and individuality to the result. Power presses have been perfected which expedite the printing of photogravure plates.

The process of producing the ink-holding depressions in the copper plate by photography, consists in covering a polished copper plate with powdered resins that deposit themselves much like the dust sometimes found on shelves, etc. The plate is heated just enough to fix the resinous particles, then over these is placed a film of gelatin which has been exposed under a positive replica of the negative, having been previously sensitized in a solution of bichromate of potash. The adhering film is next washed from the unexposed side in hot water, when the soft or unaffected parts wash away and the hard or insoluble portions remain. When the washing is completed there is found a gelatin surface that varies in thickness. The plate is then placed in an etching bath of perchloride of iron, when the acid penetrates the gelatin relief, passing through and attacking the bare portions of the copper plate underneath. As it takes some time for the weak acid to get through the gelatin, it will be apparent that where the gelatin is the thickest, the copper will be reached the last, and where thinnest, the first. The acid not only attacks the bare copper surface that lies between the particles of adhering resin powder, but also eats *sidewise* underneath the covering, thus changing the size of the copper that is left untouched according to the time the acid is in action. By this interesting phenomenon there is produced a plate

which has irregular shaped ink-holding depressions that vary in size and depth according to the varying lights and shades of the photograph, thus again producing a printing plate that interprets the continuous tones of the photograph by points or irregular dots. As in half-toning, much skill is necessary to produce good results.

#### THE COLOR PLATES.

These are really the greatest wonder of all. For years men have been expending research and genius and making countless experiments in all directions in order to arrive at the results shown in our pages to-day.

Color effects used to be produced on printed sheets by laboriously painting over the black and white print by means of brushes and water colors. Then, to expedite matters, the colors were brushed over stencil sheets that had certain parts cut out and others forming a protecting covering for such portions of the print as required no color remaining; as many stencil sheets being necessary as there were different colors.

It then was but a step to the making of separate wood blocks that should have the required shape of surface in relief and print the colors on a power press. There were, however, no gradations of color, as each block printed solidly and as many blocks were required as there were different colors.

In time the blocks were engraved so as to give gradation of color, ranging from nothing to its full density. Lithography came to the assistance of a handicapped process by securing more subtle gradation of color than was then possible with the wood blocks. The drawings in Chromo-lithography are made by expert artists upon the lithographic stone. For the finest work as many as 18 to 20 separate stones are necessary, involving as many separate color printings for each sheet. Incidentally, it should be stated that lithography depends on the principle that greasy ink is repelled by moisture. The drawing is made on a porous surface, by means of a fatty ink, the rollers are charged with a greasy color, and the stone with moisture, which acts where there are no lines or stipples, thus keeping such parts pure white, but permitting the ink to adhere where the pores of the stone are covered over by the drawing. Paper laid on such a surface and pressed, forms a lithograph.

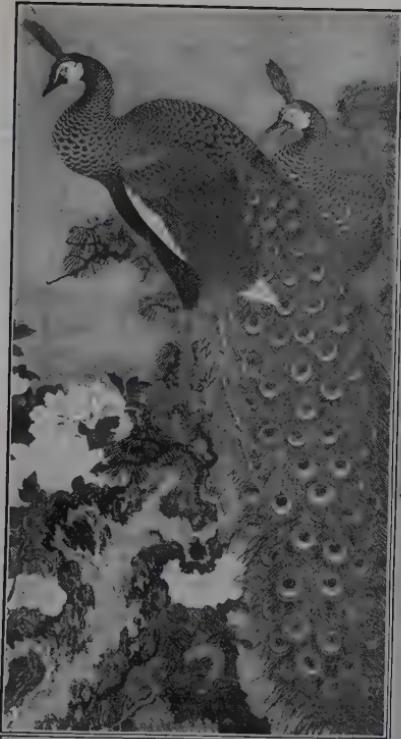
It should be remembered that the 18 to 20 separate printings of chromo-lithography are reduced to three and four, principally three, in the letter-press color work of to-day. In these pages three colors are used, and each sheet passes through the press three times: first for the yellow, second for the red, and third for the blue. (When four colors are used the additional color is a black or dark gray.) Each engraved plate is made in the same manner as described for the production of the regulation half-tone, but the making of the original color records, of which the engraved plates are duplicates, is

one of the most subtle and fascinating procedures in the whole realm of Graphic Arts.

Three separate record negatives of the colored subject are made through separate color filters; from these, three positives are produced, and three engraved plates from them, making nine operations that are required by the indirect method. By the direct method, where the color record negatives are made through the color filters and the half-tone screen at one time, the different steps are but three—one for each color.

Physiologically considered, the faculty of color recognition is alleged to rest in a series of three sets of nerve fibrils present in the human eye. When all are excited at the same time and to the same extent, a "white" color sensation results; and when at rest, black is the dominant condition of "color" stimulus. When those of red susceptibility are excited, a red sensation follows; green institutes green, and violet, consciousness of a violet color. The red, green, and violet are optical colors. In practice it is found that the great majority of three color transparent pigments used are Red, Yellow, and Blue. The red printing plate contains all of the red values of the original in their proper degree; the yellow, the variations of yellow; and the blue, all the changes of this color. Where red and blue combine, violet is produced, and where yellow and blue are printed over each other, green is the result. Variations in the percentage of any of the colors will change the combined color effect accordingly. Theoretically, by using varying proportions of the three primary colors, all the other color mixtures or hues can be produced.

Reasoning backward from the color print, in the case of each color, a red engraved plate for its reddest portion requires a negative for its production which for the corresponding part shows the largest amount of clear glass, or what is called the smallest "pin point" opaque dots, while the portions of least red are represented by the most opaque parts of the negative. Continuing the backward reasoning, the clear parts of the negative represent the greatest red of the engraved plate and of the object, and the semi-transparent parts only red in its varying degrees of strength. A transparent part of a negative is indicative of little or no light action; hence, the red rays from the object have had no effect on the sensitive plate, but the yellow and the blue rays have produced the opaque portions. A filter of green color placed in the camera has sifted out—filtered out, or held back the red rays, while allowing the others to pass through. From which we see that the filter color is complementary to the printing color. In the case of the yellow a similar series of effects follow each other, but this time it is the yellow rays that are held back and the red and blue are allowed to pass through a violet filter, and the blue effects also follow a similar order by being themselves cut off by an orange filter, which only allows the yellow and red rays to pass. In each case advanced workers resort to color bathing for the dry





EXAMPLES OF JAPANESE ART.  
FROM THE BOSTON MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS.

1. Study of a Peacock. (Eighteenth Century.)
2. Study of Deer. (Eighteenth Century.)
3. Study of a Cormorant, by Nishiyama Hogen.
4. White Fox, by Ippo.

In things Japanese this Museum has a collection which is only rivalled in the Japanese Imperial Museum, not only in examples of paintings of nearly every period, but in sculpture and the minor arts.



plates, or they incorporate a color in the sensitive film, as in collodion emulsion work. But for ordinary comprehension of the subject, it is best to only recognize the colored filters which are placed in the camera, either in front of the plate or the lens. By means of this wonderfully simple, though marvellous process, the "optical artist" succeeds in accomplishing with three plates and printings what had up to its actual performance been considered a chimera, and its strongest advocates relegated to the category of dreamers.

But perhaps the most wonderful of the wonders of photography to the uninitiated are the moving pictures, and in a very few brief sentences I propose to close this article with a description of

#### HOW MOVING PICTURES ARE MADE.

The moving picture phase of Photography is made possible by reason of extra rapid lenses, specially sensitive plates, and the inertia of the human eye. If it were not for the fact that the sensation of vision can be cleverly deceived, the production of moving pictures would be impossible. This may be explained by stating that the persistence of vision which prolongs the visual impression after its cause has been removed, enables one to take a large number of photographs immediately following each other, so that the time between them is less than one-tenth of a second, and causing them to pass before the eye at the same speed at which they were made, the eye will hold the impression of one picture, unbroken, long enough until the next image comes into view; hence, the effect on the eyes is that of a steady movement of the object photographed, because each succeeding photograph has depicted the portions of the moving object in a slightly changed position from the preceding one. Suppose the case of a moving arm from a vertical to a horizontal position. Assume the whole movement to require one second and photographs made at intervals of one-twentieth second, then twenty separate pictures would be made showing the arm in twenty different positions. If these are passed before the eye at the same speed the image of the arm will be seen to move in imitation of the original, because the light action through the different photographs is more rapid than the change of impression on the eyes of the observer. If such photographs were shown at a slower speed the eye would detect where one ended and the other began. Even with the best apparatus some movements occur so rapidly that the camera only catches a few positions, from which there follows a series of jerky changes as the images are thrown on a screen.

Some wonderful nature studies have been made possible by this art; and aside from the realm of entertainment, the use of moving pictures in the study of complex mechanical movements has a great value, because the succeeding photographs can be examined individually and the minutiae of each change noted with great facility and exactitude,

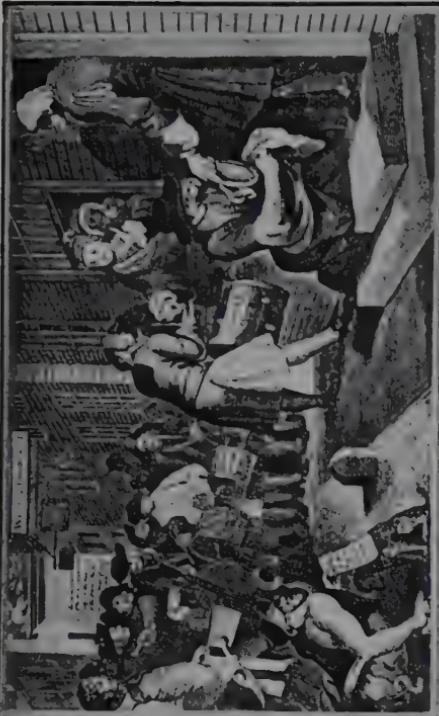
## FAMOUS PAINTERS AND SOME OF THEIR NOTABLE WORKS.

NOTE.—This, of course, is not a complete list of Famous Painters, nor is it a complete list of their works. It is intended to serve as an Introduction to the vast field and to furnish a series of fingerposts for those who would acquaint themselves with the lives and works of the great masters.

- ABBEY, EDWIN AUSTIN.** 1852-. American. *Some Chief Works:* The Quest of the Holy Grail, in the Boston Public Library; The Coronation of King Edward; Richard the Third and Lady Anne; Hamlet. He has also illustrated many books.
- ALMA-TADEMA, SIR LAURENCE.** 1836-. English. *Some Chief Works:* Roman Dance; Bacchante; In the Tepidarium; Antony and Cleopatra; An Audience at Agrippe; A Reading from Homer. *Biographies* by Ebers, 1886; Standing, 1905; Zimmern, 1902.
- ANGELICO, FRA GIOVANNI.** 1387-1455. Italian. *Some Chief Works:* The Coronation of the Virgin, in the Louvre, Paris; Glory, in the National Gallery, London; and many famous frescoes. *Biographies* by Douglas, 1902; Supino, 1902, tr. by Leader Scott; Williamson, 1901; in "Masters in Art," 1902, vol. iv, p. 38.
- APELLES,** flourished about 340-305 B.C. Greek. *Some Chief Works:* Venus Rising from the Sea; Portrait of Alexander.
- BELLINI, GIOVANNI.** 1427-1516. Italian. *Some Chief Works:* Infant Jesus; Holy Virgin; Baptism of the Lord; Christ and the Woman of Samaria. *Biographies* by Fry, 1901; in "Masters in Art," 1900.
- BLAKE, WILLIAM.** 1757-1827. English. His greatest work is Illustrations to the Book of Job. *Biographies* by Story, 1893; Langridge, 1904. Other biographies treat Blake mainly as a poet.
- BONHEUR, ROSA.** 1822-1899. French. *Some Chief Works:* Horses Threshing Corn; The Horse Fair; Straits of Ballachulish; Cattle of Brittany; Denizens of the Highlands; A Noble Charger; An Old Monarch. *Biographies* by Hird, 1904; Peyrol, 1889; Roger-Miles (French), 1900; in "Masters in Art," 1903.
- BOTTICELLI, ALESSANDRO FILIPPI.** 1447-1510. Italian. *Some Chief Works:* Venus Rising from the Sea; Venus Adorned by the Graces; Illustrations of Dante's works. *Biographies* by Ady, 1904, including bibliography; Steinmann, 1901; Streeter, 1903; and in "Masters in Art," 1900.
- BRETON, JULES ADOLPHE AIMÉ LOUIS.** 1827-. French. *Some Chief Works:* Misery of Despair; The Return of the Harvesters; The Gleaners; Blessing the Wheat; Calling Home the Reapers; Evening. *Autobiography*, 1892.
- BROWN, FORD MADDOX.** 1821-1893. English. *Some Chief Works:* Lear and His Daughters; Farewell to England; Work. *Biography* by Hueffer, 1896.
- BUONARROTI, MICHEL ANGELO.** 1475-1564. Italian. For his chief work see the article on the Sistine Chapel, Rome (p. 79). The Last Judgment was his last great work. *Biographies* by Clement, 1891; Grimm, 1888; Holroyd, 1903; Strutt, 1904; Symonds, 1893; in "Masters in Art," 1901.
- CLAUDE-LORRAIN.** 1600-1682. French. Small copies of all his works are contained in his set of books, called The Books of Truth. *Biography* by Grahame, 1895; and in "Masters in Art," 1905.
- CONSTABLE, JOHN.** 1776-1837. English. *Some Chief Works:* The Cornfield; The Valley Farm; The Hay Wain. *Biographies* by Chamberlain, 1903; Henderson, 1905; Holmes, 1901; Windsor, 1903.
- COPLEY, JOHN SINGLETON.** 1737-1815. American. *Some Chief Works:* The Death of Lord Chatham (Pitt); Portrait of John Hancock. *Biographies* by Amory, 1882; and in "Masters in Art," 1904.
- CORNELIUS, PETER VON.** 1787-1867. German. *Chief Work:* The Four Riders of the Apocalypse, in the Royal Mausoleum, Berlin.
- COROT, JEAN BAPTISTE CAMILLE.** 1796-1875. French. *Some Chief Works:* The Flight into Egypt; The Baptism of Christ; and many landscapes. *Biographies* by Holme, 1903; Moreau Mélaton; and in "Masters in Art," 1901.
- CORREGGIO, ANTONIO ALLEGRI.** 1494-1534. Italian. *Some Chief Works:* Night; St. Jerome; The Penitent Magdalene; Christ in the Garden of Olives; Fresco paintings in the Cathedral of Parma, Italy. *Biographies* by Baxter, 1902; Brinton, 1906; Hurl, 1901; Scott, 1902; Moore, 1906; and in "Masters in Art," 1901.
- DAUBIGNY, CHARLES FRANÇOIS.** 1817-1878. French. *Some Chief Works:* Pool of Gylle; Springtime; The Rising Moon; The Vintage. *Biography* in Moltet, "Painters of Barbizon," 1890, vol. II.
- DORÉ, GUSTAV.** 1832-1883. French. *Some Chief Works:* Christ Leaving the Pretorium; The Flight into Egypt; Illustrations of the Bible and "Paradise Lost." *Biography* by Jerrold, 1891.
- DOU, GERARD.** 1613-1675. Dutch. *Some Chief Works:* Portrait of himself; The Hermit; The Evening School. *Biographies* by Martin, 1902; in "Masters in Art," 1903.

- DÜRER, ALBRECHT. 1471-1528. German. *Some Chief Works*: Adam and Eve; Fortune; Melancholy; St. Hubert; St. Jerome; The Revelation of St. John. *Biographies* by Cust, 1897; Knackfuss (in German), 1897; Moore, 1905; in "Masters in Art," 1901 and 1904.
- DYCK, SIR ANTON VAN. 1599-1641. Flemish. *Some Chief Works*: St. Martin Dividing His Cloak; The Crucifixion; The Ascension; The Adoration of the Magi; The Ecstasy of St. Augustine; Christ Crucified Between Two Thieves. *Biographies* by Cust, 1903; Knackfuss (in German), 1896; in "Masters in Art," 1900.
- EYCK, HUBERT VAN (1366-1428) and JAN VAN (1370-1441). Flemish. *Some Chief Works*: The Adoration of the Lamb (H.); Chancellor Rollin Kneeling before the Virgin (J.). *Biographies* by Weale, 1903; and in "Masters in Art," 1904.
- FAED, THOMAS. 1826-1900. Scotch. *Some Chief Works*: The Rustic Toilet; The Old English Baron; Jeanie Deans; The Motherless Bairn; Shakespeare and His Contemporaries.
- GAINSBOROUGH, THOMAS. 1727-1788. English. *Some Chief Works*: The Blue Boy; Portraits of Mrs. Siddons, Mrs. Sheridan; The Market Cart; The Watering Place; The Hon. Mrs. Graham. *Biographies* by Armstrong, 1904; Bell, 1902; Boulton, 1905; Gower, 1903; in "Masters in Art," 1901.
- GIORGIONE, IL (Giorgio Bardarelli). 1477-1510. Italian. *Some Chief Works*: Christ Carrying His Cross; Salome Receiving the Head of John the Baptist; Jesus on His Mother's Knee; The Rural Concert. *Biographies* by Cook, 1900; in "Masters in Art," 1903.
- GIOTTO, AMBROGIOTTO DI BUONDONE. 1276-1336. Italian. *Some Chief Works*: The Navicelli at Rome; Fresco paintings in Florence; The History of St. Francis at Assisi. *Biographies* by Perkins, 1902; Ruskin, 1900; in "Masters in Art," 1902.
- GREUZE, JEAN BAPTISTE. 1725-1805. French. *Some Chief Works*: The Broken Pitcher; Madame Pompadour; Return of the Prodigal; The Marriage Contract. *Biographies* by Armitage, 1902; in "Masters in Art," 1904.
- HALS, FRANZ. 1584-1666? Dutch. *Some Chief Works*: Singing Boys; A Cavalier; A Family Group; Banquet of Officers; The Jolly Topers; The Burgomasters. *Biographies* by Davies, 1902; Knackfuss (in German), 1896; in "Masters in Art," 1900.
- HOBBEWA, MEYNERT. 1638?-1709. Dutch. *Some Chief Works*: Mill; Avenue of Trees; Water Wheel.
- HOGARTH, WILLIAM. 1697-1764. English. *Some Chief Works*: The Rake's Progress; Marriage à la Mode; The Roast Beef of Old England; The Gate of Calais; The Election. *Biographies* by Anstruther, 1902; Brown, 1906; and in "Masters in Art," 1902.
- HOKUSAI. 1760-1849. Japanese. *Biography* by Holmes, 1901; Perzynski? (in German), 1904.
- HOLBEIN, HANS. 1497-1543. German. *Some Chief Works*: The Dance of Death; Family of the Burgomaster Meyer. *Biographies* by Chamberlain, 1902; Knackfuss, 1899; Voltmann, 1872; in "Masters in Art," 1902.
- HOMER, WINSLOW. 1836-. American. Famous for his figure pieces, marines, and particularly his negro studies. *Some Chief Works*: The Lookout, "All's Well"; Fog Warning; Fishing.
- HUNT, WILLIAM HOLMAN. 1827-. English. *Some Chief Works*: The Light of the World; The Scapegoat; Isabella and the Pot of Basil; The Finding of Jesus in the Temple; The Shadow of the Cross; The Afterglow. *Biography* by Williamson, 1902.
- INNESS, GEORGE. 1825-1894. American. *Some Chief Works*: The Delaware Water Gap; American Sunset; Peace and Plenty; River of Life; A Passing Storm; Twilight; The Afterglow. *Biography* by Trumble, 1895.
- JONES, SIR EDWARD COLEY BURNE. 1833-1898. English. *Some Chief Works*: Merlin and Vivien; The Wine of Circe; The Golden Stairs; King Cophetua; The Brazen Tower; The Bottom of the Sea. *Biographies* by Bell, 1895; Mrs. Burne-Jones, 1904; in "Masters in Art," 1901.
- LA FARGE, JOHN. 1835-. American. *Some Chief Works*: The Battle Window in Memorial Hall, Harvard, and many other stained-glass windows. *Biography* by Waern, 1896.
- LANDSEER, SIR EDWIN HENRY. 1802-1873. English. *Some Chief Works*: High Life and Low Life; Jack in Office; The Shepherd's Chief Mourner; A Distinguished Member of the Humane Society; Laying Down the Law; There's Life in the Old Dog Yet; Monarch of the Glen. *Biographies* by Hurl, 1901; Manson, 1902; in "Masters in Art," 1904.
- LAWRENCE, SIR THOMAS. 1769-1830. English. His work was chiefly portraits of the people of his day. *Biography* by Williams, 1831.
- LEBRUN, MME. MARIE LOUISE ELISABETH (VIGEE). 1755-1842. Some *Chief Works*: Portrait of herself and daughter; The Prince of Wales; Lord Byron, etc. Memoirs, 1903. *Biography* in "Masters in Art," 1905.
- LEIGHTON, SIR FREDERICK. 1830-1896. English. *Some Chief Works*: Hercules Wrestling with Death; Daphne Phoria; Music Lesson; Captive Andromache; Ball Players. *Biographies* by Barrington, 1906; Lenbach, 1898 (in German); Williamson, 1902.

- LIPPI, FILIPPINO. 1457-1504. Italian. *Some Chief Works*: Frescoes in the Brancacci Chapel in Florence; The Virgin and the Saints; The Adoration of the Magi; The Vision of St. Francis. *Biography* by Konody, n. d.; Strutt, 1901; in "Masters in Art," 1905.
- MANTEGNA, ANDREA. 1431?-1506. Italian. *Some Chief Works*: Altar-piece in St. Zeno, Verona; The Triumph of Julius Caesar; Madonna della Vittoria; Wisdom Vanquishing Vice; Parnassus. *Biographies* by Crutwell, 1901; Kristeller, 1901; in "Masters in Art," 1905; Yriarte, 1901 (in French).
- MATSYS, QUENTIN. 1480-1529. Flemish. *Chief Work*: The Descent from the Cross, in Antwerp Cathedral.
- MEISSONIER, JEAN LOUIS ERNEST. 1815-1891. French. *Some Chief Works*: The Cuirassier or 1805; Friedland or 1807; French Country, 1814; Illustrations for "Paul and Virginia," and Balzac's novels. *Biographies* by Gerard, 1897; in "Masters in Art," 1904.
- MEMLING, HANS. 1440?-1494. Dutch. *Some Chief Works*: The Last Judgment; Seven Sorrows and Seven Joys of the Virgin; Marriage of St. Catherine; Adoration; Portraits of Sir John Donne and Burgomaster Moreel. *Biographies* by Kunstler, 1899; Weale, 1901; in "Masters in Art," 1904.
- MILLAIS, SIR JOHN EVERETT. 1829-1896. English. *Some Chief Works*: Ferdinand and Ariel; Mariana in the Moated Grange; The Huguenot Lovers; The Black Brunswicker; Ophelia; Chill October; Effie Deans; The Princes in the Tower; Cinderella; Mercy; St. Bartholomew's Day, 1572. *Biography* by Baldry, 1899.
- MILLET, JEAN FRANCOIS. 1814-1875. French. *Some Chief Works*: The Sheep Shearers; The Gleaners; The Sower; The Shepherdess with Her Flock; The Angelus. *Biographies* by Ady, 1898; by Hurl, 1900; Muther, 1905; Staley, 1903.
- MUNKÁCSY, MIHÁLY. 1846-. Hungarian. *Some Chief Works*: The Condemned; Wartime; The Village Hero; Father's Birthday; Milton Dictating "Paradise Lost"; Christ before Pilate; Crucifixion; Mozart's Last Moments. *Biography* by Ilges (in German), 1899.
- MURILLO, BARTOLOME ESTEBAN. 1618-1682. Spanish. *Some Chief Works*: Death of Santa Clara; St. James Distributing Alms; Marriage of St. Catherine; Conversion of St. Paul; John the Baptist. *Biographies* by Knackfuss (in German), 1897; Williamson, 1902.
- ORCHARDSON, WILLIAM QUILLER. 1835-. English. *Some Chief Works*: On Board H. M. S. Bellerophon; Marriage de Convenience; The Duke's Ante-chamber; The Challenge. *Biographies* by Armstrong, 1905; Little, 1897.
- PERUGINO, PIETRO VANUCCI. 1446-1524. Italian. *Some Chief Works*: The Pietà; The Ascension; The Infant Christ; Madonna Enthroned; The Baptism.
- PINTURICCHIO (BERNARDINO DI BETTI). 1454-1513. Italian. *Some Chief Works*: Frescoes in the Sistine Chapel, Rome; Paintings illustrating the life of Pope Pius II; Many altar-pieces. *Biographies* by Phillips, 1901; Ricci, 1902; Steinmann, 1898.
- POTTER, PAULUS. 1625-1654. Dutch. *Chief Work*: "The Bull."
- POUSSIN, NICOLAS. 1594-1665. French. *Chief Work*: Seasons Dancing before Time. *Biography* by Denio, 1899.
- RABURN, SIR HENRY. 1758-1823. Scotch. *Chief Works*: Many portraits of celebrities of his day. *Biography* by Armstrong, 1901; Pinnington, 1904.
- RAFFAELLO, SANTI. 1483-1520. Italian. *Some Chief Works*: The Transfiguration; Madonna di San Sisto; St. Cecilia; The Parnassus; Jurisprudence; Attila; The Deliverance of St. Peter; Entombment of Christ. *Biographies* by Bell, 1891; Crowe and Cavalcaselle, 1882-1885; Knackfuss, 1898; Muntz, 1888; Scott, 1902; Strachey, 1900.
- REMBRANDT, HERMANZOON VAN RIJN. 1608-1669. Dutch. *Some Chief Works*: The Anatomical Lecture; Descent from the Cross; St. Thomas; Tobias and His Mother; The Night Watch; Christ Healing the Sick; Portrait of his mother. *Biographies* by Bell, 1899; Breal, 1902; Knackfuss, 1899; Michel, 1894, including bibliography; Neumann (in German); Rea, 1908.
- REYNOLDS, SIR JOSHUA. 1723-1792. English. *Some Chief Works*: Count Ugolino and His Children; Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse; Master Bunbury; The Strawberry Girl; Simplicity; Portraits of the Duchess of Manchester, Mrs. Blake, Mrs. Crewe, etc. *Biographies* by Armstrong, 1900; Boulton, 1895; Cleeve, 1902; Gower, 1902.
- RIBERA, JOSÉ DE. 1586-1656. Spanish. *Some Chief Works*: Peter Repenting; St. Jerome Hearing the Archangel's Trumpet.
- ROMNEY, GEORGE. 1734-1802. English. *Some Chief Works*: Portrait of Lady Hamilton; Illustrations in Boydell's Shakespeare Gallery. *Biographies* by Cleeve, 1901; Gower, 1904; Maxwell, 1902.
- ROSSETTI, DANTE GABRIEL. 1828-1882. English. *Some Chief Works*: Infant Christ; The Beloved; Dante's Dream; Beata Beatrix; Pandora; Proserpine; The Blessed Damozel. *Biographies* by Hueffner, 1902; Marillier, 1904; Rossetti, 1895 and 1903.
- RUBENS, SIR PETER PAUL. 1577-1640. Flemish. *Some Chief Works*: The Descent from the Cross; Chapeau de Paille; Children Bearing Fruit; Perseus



SCENES FROM WILLIAM HOGARTH'S "INDUSTRY AND IDLENESS."

1. The Idle Apprentice at Play in the Churchyard.
2. The Industrious Apprentice out of his Time and Married to His Master's Daughter
3. The Idle Apprentice Executed at Tyburn.
4. The Industrious Apprentice, Lord Mayor of London.

Hogarth was the greatest original painter of the English life and manners of his time, (1697-1764). It is often said that he has done in pictorial Art what Shakespeare has done in literature, holding the mirror up to nature, and through the eye correcting the heart.

- and Andromeda. *Biographies by Knackfuss*, 1904; Michel, 1899; Rea, 1905; Rooses, 1904.
- TENIERS, DAVID (the younger). 1610-1694. Flemish. *Some Chief Works*: The Prodigal Son; St. Peter Denying Christ; The Temptation of St. Anthony; Card Players in a Tavern; Spring; Summer.
- TINTORETTO, JACOPO ROUSTI. 1518-1594. Italian. *Some Chief Works*: The Crucifixion; Miracle of the Slave; Marriage of Cana; Paradise; Belshazzar's Feast; The Last Supper; The Last Judgment. *Biographies* by Osler, 1882; Stearns, 1894.
- TISSOT, JAMES JOSEPH JACQUES. 1836-1902. French. *Some Chief Works*: Faust and Marguerite; Bible Illustrations. *Biography* by Levy, 1900.
- TIZIANO, VECELLI DI CADORE. 1477-1576. Italian. *Some Chief Works*: The Death of St. Peter; Sacred and Profane Love; Assumption of the Virgin; The Sleeping Venus. *Biographies* by Crowe and Cavalcaselle, 1881; Gronan, 1904; Knackfuss, 1897 (in German); Phillips, 1898; and in "Masters in Art," 1900.
- TEMBULL, JOHN. 1756-1843. American. *Some Chief Works*: Battle of Bunker Hill; The Declaration of Independence. Brief sketch by Weer, 1901.
- TURNER, JOSEPH MALLORD WILLIAM. 1775-1851. English. *Some Chief Works*: The Old Téméraire; Venice; Mercury and Argus; Decline of Carthage; Temple of Jupiter; The Golden Bough. *Biographies* by Armstrong, 1902; Chignell, 1902; Hamerton, 1889; Monkhouse, 1899; Thornburg, 1877; and in "Masters in Art," 1902.
- VELAZQUEZ, DIEGO RODRIGUEZ DE SILVA Y. 1599-1660. Spanish. *Some Chief Works*: Adoration of the Magi; Forge of Vulcan; Joseph's Coat; St. Anthony; Surrender of Breda; Crucifixion; Coronation of the Virgin. *Biographies* by Breal, 1905; Justi, 1889; Knackfuss, 1896 (in German); Stevenson, 1899; Williamson, 1901; and in "Masters in Art," 1900.
- VERE SCHAGIN, VASILY VASIL'EVICH. 1842-1904. Russian. *Some Chief Works*: Family of Jesus; The Resurrection. *Autobiography*, 1887, and *Biography* by Jabel, 1900 (in German).
- VERONESE (PAOLO CAGLIARI). 1528-1588. Italian. *Some Chief Works*: The Marriage Feast at Cana; The Calling of St. Andrew; The Feast of Simon; The Presentation of the Family of Darius; St. Helena's Vision. *Biographies* by Bell, 1904; Meissner, 1897 (in German); and in "Masters in Art," 1904.
- VINCI, LEONARDO DA. 1452-1519. Italian. *Some Chief Works*: The Last Supper; Mona Lisa; Soldiers Surprised; The Battle of the Standards. *Biographies* by McCurdy, 1904; Muntz, 1898; Rosenberg, 1903; and in "Masters in Art," 1901.
- WATTEAU, JEAN ANTOINE. 1684-1721. French. *Some Chief Works*: Judgment of Paris; Clowns. *Biographies* by Mollett, 1883; Rosenberg (in German); Staley, 1902; and in "Masters in Art," 1903.
- WATTS, GEORGE FREDERICK. 1817-1904. English. *Some Chief Works*: Life's Illusion; Sir Galahad; Love and Death; Hope; Judgment of Paris; Fata Morgana; The Angel of Death. *Biographies* by Barrington, 1905; Bateman, 1901; Chesterton, n.d.; Macmillan, 1903; Schleinitz, 1904 (in German); and in "Masters in Art," 1906.
- WEST, BENJAMIN. 1738-1820. American. *Some Chief Works*: Death of General Wolfe; Death on the Pale Horse; Christ Healing the Sick. *Biography* by Jackson, 1900.
- WHISTLER, JAMES ABBOT MCNEILL. 1834-1903. English. *Some Chief Works*: The Artist's Mother; Portrait of T. Carlyle; Sets of Etchings of Paris; The Thames; Venice. *Biographies* by Bell, 1904; Cary, 1907; Durst, 1904 (in French); Eddy, 1903; Menpes, 1904; Way, 1904.
- WILKIE, SIR DAVID. 1785-1841. Scottish. *Some Chief Works*: The Blind Peddler; Rent Day; Rabbit on the Wall; Cotter's Saturday Night; Dunecan Gray; Blind Man's Buff. *Biographies* by Bayne, 1903; Cunningham, 1843; Gower, 1902; Mollett, 1881; Pinnington, n.d.
- ZEUXIS, flourished about 430-400 B.C. Greek. *Some Famous Works*: Helen; Infant Hercules; Zeus in the Assembly of the Gods.

## GREEK SCULPTURE.

BY EDMUND VON MACH, PH. D.

**T**HE spirit of Greek sculpture is synonymous with the spirit of sculpture. It is simple, and therefore defies definitions. We may feel it, but we cannot express it. The reason it has lost its power to-day is that we have listened to what has been said about it instead of coming in contact with it. No amount of book knowledge makes up for the lack of familiarity with original pieces of sculpture. "Open your eyes, study the statues, look, think, and look again," is the precept to all who would learn to know Greek sculpture.

Some introductory helps and guides, to be sure, are not to be despised: they clear one's mind of prevailing misconceptions. Suggestions in this direction, however, often do more than exhaustive discussions, for they stimulate individual thought.

### RAPIDITY OF GROWTH.

Greek sculpture was of remarkably rapid growth, developing under conditions which are not generally believed to be favorable. Few countries ever underwent such rapid changes as Greece, for the suddenness with which the Mycenaean civilization was swept away, perhaps by the Dorians, is unequalled in history. The three or four centuries following upon the Dorian invasion (about 1000 B.C.)—the dark middle ages of Greece—were full of violent political upheavals; and the whole of the historic period of Greece was characterized by unsettled conditions. States rose and fell with startling rapidity. Athens was an insignificant community before the time of Peisistratos, and is hardly mentioned in the Homeric poems (about 800 B.C.). Her ascendancy dates from the Persian wars (490-480 B.C.), but before the century closed, her glory was over. Alexander the Great came to the throne in 336 B.C.; he carried his standards to India, and when he died Macedonia was destined no longer to be a world power. Pergamon came into prominence in 241 B.C. under Attalos I., and disappeared from among the powers of the earth in 133 B.C. America is spoken of as a new country, but it is almost as old as Greece was when she was absorbed by Rome; and more years have elapsed since the American Declaration of Independence than intervened between the rise and fall of Athens.

### THE TRIUMPH OF THE FEW.

Peace and leisure are commonly believed to be the prerequisites for a period of great art. They surely are, but they must not be

From "Greek Sculpture: Its Spirit and Principles." Ginn & Co., Boston. Copyright. By permission.

understood to refer to external conditions only. It is not the surroundings of the people that tell, but their state of mind; nor is it necessary that all share the blessing of a noble character. The fervor of the few has often achieved the triumphs of a nation. It is a mistake to credit all the Athenians, or even the majority of them, with an artist's love of the beautiful. The petty, unjust, middle-class man, as he appears in Aristophanes's comedies and in Plato's dialogues, with his narrow horizon and jealous prejudices, does not explain the sudden rise of Athens, though he may, and probably does, account for her rapid fall. It was in spite of him and his fellows that Athens gained her superiority.

In the field of art, therefore, the importance of the individual artists cannot be overestimated. Sir Robert Ball is on record as saying that scientific discoveries follow the law of necessity, though they may be hastened by the presence of big men. If Watt had not discovered the power of steam, some one else would have done it; and several men were ready to announce to the world Darwin's theory of the survival of the fittest. "But," Sir Robert added, "what would the world of music be, if Beethoven had not lived?" What is true of music is true also of sculpture, or of any of the thought-expressing fine arts. Some of the noblest Greek statues would never have been created if Pheidias had not lived. "Dost thou not know," exclaims an ancient writer, "that there is a Praxitelean head in every stone?" But, it may be added, it takes a Praxiteles to bring it out. Only after the confusing mass of encasing rock has been hewn away does the head reveal its meaning. Most of us, to understand a thought, need its expression. The reality of the thought, however, cannot be denied even when no expression has been vouchsafed it, for it is independent of our conception of it.

#### SMALL RANGE OF SIMPLE IDEAS.

The realm of thoughts expressed in Greek sculpture was circumscribed and far removed from the complexity of modern times. A few simple ideas well expressed form the charm of Greek art. Adequacy of expression, indeed, has at times been considered an essential part of Greek art; and many have spoken of Shelley, Keats, Hölderlin, and others, as Greek, not because these men thought as the ancients did but because they knew how to express their feelings adequately. They were Greek, however, only in part, for they lacked the second quality of ancient art,—simplicity. True simplicity with human beings is rarely spontaneous. The beauty of the Parthenon was the result of much clear thinking and right feeling. It was, therefore, understood by all, and had become in the very year of its completion, as Plutarch says, a classic.

#### THE APPEAL OF A WORK OF ART.

The power to appeal to all classes of men is given to but few artists,

for it requires not only great skill but also a sympathetic knowledge of human nature. This fact is often overlooked. People forget that the appeal of a work of art is directed to the higher faculties of man but that it is made through his eyes. Few things are seen just as they are. The house that we think we see is very different from the pyramidal image of the house that appears on the retina of our eye. The only reason why we are not misled is that we are thoroughly familiar with the house. No such familiarity can be supposed to exist with the work of art. The discrepancy between the imagined object and its realistic representation must be taken into consideration and allowances be made for the peculiarities of human vision. The artist is not permitted to forget that in order to convey his thoughts he borrows shapes from *objective* nature, and that he makes his appeal to human, that is *subjective* nature. He will select of all possible subjects only those that are readily understood, and carve them in a way that is calculated to meet the requirements of the human power of perception. The moral and intellectual development of a race, therefore, requires changes in the selection of suitable subjects and also in the mode of their representation.

#### PERIODS OF GREEK SCULPTURE.

The Greeks worked along these lines. It is therefore not astonishing that their sculpture can be divided into periods to correspond to the several steps in their civilization. The spirit of their art never changed. Not all sculptors, to be sure, were invariably true to it. However correct their ideas were they could not help giving them an individual interpretation. This makes it necessary to distinguish between what a sculptor meant to do and what he actually did. Just here the archaeological treatment of ancient art has erred most. The detail which in the process of creation has detached itself from the whole has been considered by many to be the expression of a new conception. This is a mistake. The Athenian tendencies to over-elaboration, for instance, and the Polykleitean neglect of the nobler side of human nature, are only periodic aberrations. They are entirely outside the even spirit of Greek sculpture, and find their explanation in the passing likes and dislikes of a few men.

Such instances of undue attention paid to one detail or another had, of course, to leave their impress upon subsequent art manifestations. Their influence, however, would have been vastly greater if they had been the intentional introduction of a new conception, and not merely the accidental exaggeration of a minor part. It is well worth noticing that the overgreat delicacy of early Athenian sculpture is followed by Pheidias; and that Polykleitos, with his disregard of man's noblest side, is immediately superseded by Praxiteles and Skopas, who were the greatest masters in the expression of the passions of the human soul.

## GREEK SCULPTURE IN ITS RELATION TO NATURE: THE MENTAL IMAGE.

Greek sculpture exhibits a quality which is strongly opposed to what is termed realism. Since realism and idealism are opposites, Greek sculpture often has been called idealistic. The realist in art endeavors to represent nature as she really is with all her accidentals and incidentals, and is often so far carried away by these minor quantities that he is unable to catch the true, though fleeting, essence of the object. The idealist consciously disregards the apparent details, spending his efforts in emphasizing the idea which he finds embodied in the object selected for representation. Both men work from the visible objects of nature, which they try to reproduce. Not so the Greeks.

Every one has what may be styled a mental image or a memory picture of his familiar surroundings. To represent these mental images accurately was the aim of the Greeks. They endeavored to make real their ideas, and are therefore rather realists than idealists. But since both these terms at the present time are applied to the definite classes of people mentioned above, it is confusing to use them in speaking of the ancient Greeks. This is also true of the modern use of the word "elimination," by which most writers mean "*an intentional omission or suppression of details.*" The absence of unnecessary details in Greek sculpture was not due to conscious eclecticism, but to the fact that such details have no place in one's mental images.

The mental image or the memory picture is the impression left upon one after seeing a great many objects of the same type. It is in the nature of the Platonic idea, purified and freed from all individual or accidental ingredients. At times it may even be strangely at variance with a particular object of the class to which it belongs. The human memory is a peculiarly uncertain faculty, and in its primitive stage, though quick to respond, very inaccurate. The shape of a square sheet of paper is readily remembered, and so is a pencil or any other uniform and simple object. Our mental image of an animal is less distinct. We remember the head and the legs and the tail, and perhaps the body, if it is a prominent part, as in the case of a dog or a horse; but all these parts are *unconnected*, and if a child, for instance, is asked to draw a man, he will remember the head and arms and legs, but will not know how to join them together. His mental image of the man as a whole is too indistinct to guide him. In nature the several parts are united in easily flowing curves—they *grow together*; in our mental image they are simply *put together*.

This process of putting together is entirely unconscious, causing us little concern unless we are compelled to reproduce it on paper or in stone, and are forced to compare it with the actual objects about us. Professor Löwy cites a remarkable instance of a perverse mental image on the part of the crude Brazilian draughtsmen, who were

much impressed by the moustaches of the Europeans and represented them as growing on the foreheads instead of on the upper lips. In the mental image the upper lip is very unimportant, while the broad stretch of the forehead fills a more prominent place. It is on the forehead, therefore, that the moustache is introduced, in spite of the fact that this is contrary to nature and could daily be proved wrong by even the hastiest glance.

It is not necessary, however, to go so far afield in order to realize the peculiar pranks of mental images. Let the reader call to mind pictures of horses, dogs, flies, lizards, and the like. Horses and dogs he will see in profile; lizards and flies from above. If he is shown one of the recent posters of racing horses from above, such a view does not at once agree with his memory image, and requires a special mental effort to be understood, however accurate it may be. The same is true of the picture of a fly in profile, or, perhaps, a dog seen from the front. Neither of these pictures immediately conveys to him the idea of the animal represented, though it probably is more like this particular view of the animal than his own distorted mental image.

On general principles our mental images of familiar objects ought to be the more distinct. This is, however, not always the case. When we see an animal for the first time we carefully observe it; with every succeeding time we give it less attention, and by and by the most cursory glance satisfies us. The ultimate result of such a procedure is that we carry away with us a mental image, the haziness of which in details corresponds to the lack of attention which we finally bestow upon it. Expressed in drawing it will be much further removed from the actual semblance of the animal than another mental image which is penned before the creature has become too familiar to cease to be the interesting object of curiosity. When a primitive draughtsman sketches a wild beast he is apt to show much more individuality than when he is representing his own kind. The features of the Egyptians on old Egyptian wall paintings and reliefs are distinctly less characteristic than those of the Keftiu, or Oriental captives, which often are introduced, and both fall far short of the excellence with which animals are represented.

No mental image is ever reproduced on paper or stone as it actually is. The very attention which is bestowed on it in the endeavor to realize it, robs it of much of its spontaneity; and since it is the result of *unconsciously* observing a great many objects, it will, when consciously expressed, exhibit many gaps and hazy lines of connection, which the artist must fill as best he can.

Another reason why all mental images cannot be accurately reproduced is that the laws of the physical universe to which the objects belong have no binding force in the psychical world of mental images. Löwy cites as an instance of this the fact that the memory picture

of a man in profile may, and with primitive people does, contain two eyes. You cannot, however, draw them both in your picture because of the limitation of space, and are therefore compelled to deviate from your mental image.

Such instances compel the primitive artist to turn to nature for information. This he can do in two ways—either by observing more thoughtfully, and thus gaining a clearer mental image, or by actually copying the missing parts from a model. The latter way, natural though it may seem, is not so readily resorted to as the first, probably because it would introduce an entirely different quality into the work—the individual instead of the type. It is, moreover, a well-known fact that children gifted with the pencil and clever at drawing are often utterly unable to make an intelligible copy of a definite model.

The artist under primitive conditions is the exponent of the general tendencies of his people. When he for the first time expresses his and their mental images, such copies serve a definite end in the development of the race. If the race is sincere and imbued with a craving after truth, the accuracy or inaccuracy of these embodied mental images will be checked by more or less unconscious comparisons with all the many objects of nature, and the result will be a readjustment of the first naturally incorrect mental images. The new ideas will again be expressed by some subsequent artist, and the process of readjustment and renewed expression be repeated. This was the case with the Greeks. The period of historic Greek art was short, but it was long enough to enable the Greeks to advance to the point where mental images of objects suitable for representation in sculpture are so delicate that expressing them is almost identical with copying nature.

The development in Greece was diametrically opposed to what took place, for instance, in Egypt or Assyria. The earliest art expressions in these countries were far ahead of the crude attempts of the Greeks. But instead of using them for the clarification of memory conceptions the mental lethargy of the people rested satisfied with them, and subsequent generations were content to look upon them as binding prototypes. Egyptian or Assyrian statuary in later times can never again be said to be the genuine expression of the ideals of the people. We may take a Greek statue and learn from it the moral and intellectual attitude of the Greeks at the time when it was made; but we cannot do the same with an Egyptian or Assyrian relief—at least, not to the same extent. This is also largely true of sculpture in modern times. The modern artist has the entire wealth of ancient and Renaissance sculpture at his disposal, and is often willing to copy or adapt their types, making only such alterations as the tastes of his own time imperatively demand. American sculpture, for instance, beautiful as it is in some of its phases, shows a rapid

and most remarkable increase in skill, but can hardly be said to reveal the gradual development of the ideals of the people.

It has so far been tacitly assumed that the skill of the artist at every given time enabled him accurately to present his mental images. This was, however, not always the case with the Greeks. Their unusually spirited mental development was such that the technical skill of the artists could not keep step with it, and until toward the autumn days of their art generally fell short of their ideals. Hardly a problem was solved before the growing accuracy of the mental images presented another; and when all the problems of the limited range of subjects which at first were represented had found their solution, new subjects were urgently clamoring for representation. The end of Greek sculpture may be said to have come when all the technical problems had been solved and the mental degeneration of the race, unwilling to accept the moral and religious views of the new era, had no more worthy ideas to suggest.

Defect and excellence in skill, however, have another influence which cannot be overlooked. Since mental images are the involuntary results of seeing a great many objects and seeing them frequently, they are influenced as well by the numerous statues of men as by *men* themselves. This is especially true of modern times, when the Puritanic disregard for the body has brought about a state of affairs where it is difficult to form intelligent ideas of the human body except from statues and pictures. Nobility of mind and of body often are closely connected, and since the noblest people are hardly to be found among the professional models, the noblest bodies are rarely represented. Some of the coarseness of the nude in modern art is perhaps explained by the fact that the artists are obliged to copy accurately the best models obtainable, instead of being able to form by observation of the noblest bodies their own refined mental images.

The effect of statues upon the mental images of the Greeks was probably less powerful than it is with us, because the Greeks were more familiar with nude bodies, both male and female. They had, however, infinitely more statues, and could not possibly remain entirely uninfluenced by them.

An artist, therefore, in the first place expresses the ideas of his people, and then by so doing influences them either for the better or the worse. The next artist who endeavors to express the mental images of his contemporaries finds them no longer the primitive product of crude observation of nature, but a combination of the original conceptions and some new ideas. These new ideas are due partly to the impressions received from the first artist's work and partly to the general change that has taken place in the character of the people, owing to their moral and intellectual advance.

The rapid growth of Greek sculpture is undeniable; the primary

aim of the artists, however, seems to have been always the same—to represent well the clearest mental images of the time.

#### THE APPEAL OF GREEK SCULPTURE.

It is admitted even by materialists of the most extreme type that a world of bare facts and dry bones is uninteresting and needless. Thoughts that come with the stillness of the evening are realities, and few are the men who in the majestic solitude of a forest are not impressed by greater forces than their eyes can see. Such observations are as true of one's most familiar surroundings as of the rare opportunities in every one's life. Our friends mean more to us than the pleasure we get from looking at them. In fact, we rarely examine them accurately. One glance suffices to tell us they are coming, and after this first announcement through the faculty of eyesight, our enjoyment is almost entirely psychical. This does not, however, exclude the possibility of taking also a distinctly physical pleasure in them, provided the lines of their bodies are such that our eyes glide easily and rhythmically over them. What is true of our friends is true also of less well-known persons and even of strangers. Seeing *them* means a great deal more than seeing a table or a chair, for these latter objects generally suggest nothing beyond what is actually seen. No thoughtful man, however, can see a *person* without coming—to some extent—in contact with his personality.

A picture also, which may call for admiration on account of its perfect technique, is valuable as a work of art only if it conveys ideas. The outer form of an object appeals to the vision, its spiritual essence to the imagination. The vision is a purely physical faculty; the imagination, a noble acquisition of the human race. The enjoyment through the one is not, however, entirely independent of the other, for the intricacies of human nature are such that it is impossible to say where the one begins and the other ends. The artist, therefore, must consider both, and since his appeal to the imagination is made through the senses, he must studiously avoid all friction with them. This is perfectly in keeping with the experience of great poets, who cannot successfully transmit their thoughts unless they refrain from offending the ear by harsh cadences.

That the Greek sculptors worked along these lines is clear, for many peculiarities of their art find their explanation only if this is understood. The Greeks always had in mind the nobler side of man, but they were well aware of the fact that an impression upon it is impossible unless the physical side of human nature is also gratified. The work of art fails to carry its message if it is not pleasant to look at. To credit the ancients, on the other hand, with a logical interpretation and knowledge of all the principles which they followed, is a mistake; the most refined people do the proper things unconsciously.

Modern artistic standards are not uniform; the individuality of the spectator is generally lost sight of in the overpowering individuality of the artist, and the complexity of modern times has so far forced the claims of simple human nature to the background that they are almost forgotten. In antiquity these claims were of great importance. Before attempting, therefore, to judge of the allowances made to them by the Greeks, it is necessary to see what they are.

After the unveiling of commemorative statues it is not unusual to hear comments to the effect that the sculptor had well caught the characteristic pose of the dead, and that the statue looked just like him whom it was intended to commemorate; one could believe one saw the man himself; in short, the statue was a great work of art. The statue may indeed be a great work of art, but not for the reasons mentioned; for most of them are applicable with equal force to any fine figure in the Eden Musée, where wax policemen guard the entrance and waxen smiths are working at the bellows.

Few people, however, would be willing to call such figures great works of art. The average wax figure, while it accurately reproduces the material body of a person, pays no attention to his personality. It is meant for a moment's deception of the vision, and makes no appeal to a man's higher faculties;—as a suggestive work of art it is unsatisfactory. If a man wants a bodily memento of his friend, he places a statue or a bust of him in his study, and not a wax figure. A good portrait is more satisfactory than a photograph, though the latter is generally a more accurate copy of the material body. Neither the photograph nor the wax figure transmits the spirit of life which primarily represents the man. In art it is the man, with the multiplicity of his thoughts, who is wanted, and not the mechanical reproduction of the lines of his body. The sculptor works in the tangible material of stone or bronze, and the questions arise, Has he any means at his disposal to satisfy the requirements of art? and What are these means?

The first question may unhesitatingly be answered in the affirmative; for the Greek sculptors, and some great men after them, have demonstrated the existence of such means. The second question is less readily answered, because the means are not only different for different subjects, and different according to the several standards of the race, but also so subtle that they can hardly be expressed in words—they must be felt. It is therefore not only impossible, but also perhaps needlessly presumptuous, to enumerate all the means at the disposal of the sculptor—for who would dare to prescribe to the genius of a great artist? It may be, however, profitable to point out some of the things which the Greeks avoided in their endeavor to meet the claims of an art that could appeal to human nature.

The practically complete absence of subjects taken from inanimate nature is one of the most noticeable traits of Greek sculpture. The





ANCIENT AND MODERN EXAMPLES OF THE SCULPTOR'S  
ART.



1. Minerva in the National Museum, Naples. (Greco-Roman.)
2. Jupiter Olympus at Elis, by Phidias. (60 feet high.)
3. Athena in the Acropolis Museum, Athens.
4. The Farnese Bull in the National Museum, Naples.
5. Apollo Belvedere in the Vatican, Rome. (Greco-Roman.)
6. Venus of Capua in the National Museum, Naples. (Greco-Roman.)
7. Napoleon, by A. Cipriani. (Courtesy of Goodman King, Esq., St. Louis.)
8. Juno Ludovisi in the Villa Ludovisi. (Greco-Roman.)

precept, therefore, has been laid down that sculpture ought to represent nothing but living things. Says Mr. Ruskin: "You must carve nothing but what has life. 'Why?' you probably feel instantly inclined to ask me. 'Must we refuse every pleasant accessory and picturesque detail and petrify nothing but living creatures?' Even so: I would not assert it on my own authority. It is the Greeks who say it, but whatever they say of sculpture, be assured, is true!" And there he and most teachers of art let the matter rest. But this is neither wise nor just. Unless a man sees the correctness of a precept he ought not to accept it, not even on the authority of the Greeks. Fortunately for us it is not difficult to see why the Greeks avoided inanimate matter in sculpture, for the principle which guided them in this respect is at the very foundation of their art.

Since a work of art may be considered to be non-existent unless it is beheld by human eyes, the danger is ever present of having the spectator's consciousness centred in his purely physical faculty of sight. In order to avoid this the Greeks made use of certain devices or "conventions," by means of which the claims of the vision were satisfied without curtailing the scope which was given to the higher human faculties of thought or imagination. This was done by reproducing rather the mental image of the object than the object itself. Care was taken, however, that the reproduction should be neither so completely like the original as to challenge, after the first momentary deception, immediate comparison, nor so unlike the original that it should fail to bear strong points of resemblance; for in both these cases the faculty of eyesight would have become disproportionately prominent.

The sculptor, it may be remarked by way of digression, must observe these principles much more carefully than the painter, because painting, which is restricted to two dimensions,—whereas all objects of nature have three,—does not run the danger of deceiving our vision. Sculpture in the round, however, which can exactly represent not only the appearance but also the bodily form of the object, may easily make such a forceful appeal to the vision pure and simple that it fails of attaining its desired end.

In representing inanimate objects in corporeal form the sculptor meets with practically insurmountable obstacles; for, generally speaking, such objects offer no suggestions of thoughts able to appeal to one's nobler self; it is, therefore, their form pure and simple which is of importance. But since they are represented in full bodily form, even the least deviation from their actual appearance is apt to be noticed—here there is no work of art because there is no appeal to the imagination. The very excellence, on the other hand, of a truthful representation challenges the vision to make a comparison—again there is no work of art. Only when living people are represented does the indicated character, not the outer form, attract attention. The appeal is not to the vision, but through the vision to the higher

mental faculties; for we are, consciously or not, in the habit of reading character in human bodies; and this, of course, cannot be done by the mere exercise of vision. In viewing, therefore, the statue of a man the faculty of eyesight is less consciously active than that of imagination. The best work of art in fact ceases to be an interesting object of sight altogether, making its appeal immediately to the imagination. Artists at all times have striven to accomplish this. The realistic reproduction of nature never does it; neatness of workmanship alone is useless in this respect. Only those workers achieve it who, like the Greeks, pay full attention to the peculiar needs of physical human nature. In sculpture this is impossible unless living creatures are represented.

The idea of life may be enhanced by means of contrast. The ancients, therefore, admitted lifeless things into their compositions as accessories. The principles which ought to govern the use of such secondary subjects are well set forth by Mr. Ruskin, who says: "Nothing must be represented in sculpture external to any living form which does not help to enforce or illustrate the conception of life. Both dress and armor may be made to do this and are constantly so used by the greatest, but," Mr. Ruskin adds, using an instance of modern sculpture, though his inferences are equally true of Greek art, "note that even Joan of Arc's armor must be only sculptured, *if she has it on*; it is not the honorableness or beauty of it that are enough, but the direct bearing of it by her body. You might be deeply, even pathetically, interested by looking at a good knight's dented coat of mail, left in his desolate hall. May you sculpture it where it hangs? No; the helmet for his pillow, if you will—no more."

But how may such a helmet be sculptured, or how must the armor be treated if the hero has it on? Shall we represent it as accurately as possible? Suppose we do, and suppose the statue we make is of bronze; then there is absolutely no reason why the result should not be a second armor so much like the one the hero wore that our vision is deceived into seeing the armor itself. But how about the person that wore it? His bronze statue reproduces the sculptor's mental image of his personality—the man it cannot be; the quality of the accessory is different from that of the figure itself. The one is what it appears to be; the other cannot even appear to be what it is meant to represent, because the very contrast between the real armor and the lifeless form of the man awakens the thought that he is not real. "But," an objector exclaims, "if the armor ought not to be made just like its prototype, the sculptor surely ought not to carve it altogether unlike it." Certainly not; for if he did, the very fact that it was all too little like a coat of mail would at once attract the spectator's attention, and his vision, always on the alert, would be so prominently called into play that the true purpose of the work of art would be lost.

How fully the Greeks appreciated these facts is perhaps best seen in the draperies of their statues, which are always true enough to appear real without ever being correct. Nobody has yet been able to demonstrate from the statues the accuracy of his theories on ancient costumes gleaned from the study of literary descriptions and vase paintings. The painters often attained to a fairly accurate rendering of the garment, the sculptors never. They not only took great liberties with those pieces of the drapery which they represented, but even omitted entire garments. The Sophokles, which is in the Lateran Museum, for instance, is represented as wearing only the outer costume or overcoat, while it is well known from literature that gentlemen never appeared in public in quite so scanty an attire. The warriors from the pediments of the temple of Aigina, with one or two exceptions, are completely nude; they have gone into battle with the helmets on their heads and the shields on their arms, but without one single piece of drapery. The Greeks never entered battle in this way, either at the time the marbles were carved, or at the time which the statues commemorate, or at any other time. Such a partial or complete omission of the drapery can hardly be explained as the unconscious reproduction of a mental image; while the actual treatment of the drapery, as it appears, for instance, in the Nike of Paionios or on the Parthenon frieze, probably is more or less unconscious. Many modern writers use the word "elimination" in speaking of Greek drapery; but this is a mistake, because elimination implies the studied omission of *details*, and cannot, therefore, account either for the omission of *entire* garments or the *unconscious* treatment of actually sculptured costumes.

The eclecticism in Greek drapery may be called one of the devices or "conventions" of Greek sculpture, and may serve to prove that such conventions do not hold good for all times. When Greenough carved his large statue of George Washington in the national Capitol, he omitted the drapery on the upper part of the body, obviously with the intention of drawing the attention of the spectator away from the dress to the person who wore it. He clearly followed in this respect the practices of the Greeks, and more especially the pattern set by Pheidias in his colossal Zeus in Olympia. The Greeks might omit the drapery with impunity, for they were as a race intensely fond of the nude. Greenough, imitating them in the face of very pronounced racial and religious prejudices against the nude, committed the unpardonable mistake of copying not the spirit of a past art but its accidental expression. Instead of accomplishing his end, therefore, by omitting the drapery, he achieved the opposite, for the drapery is "conspicuous by its very absence."

The same considerate spirit which prompted the Greeks to deviate from nature in representing drapery shows itself also in their treatment of rocks, trees, and the like in marble reliefs. Marble is rock,

and nothing is easier than to reproduce the rock accurately, so that the result is not only a picture of the rock, but really a second piece of rock. If this had been done, for instance, on the marble base from Mantinea, the contrast between the actual rock and the representation of Apollo sitting on it would have deprived the god of all semblance of reality. Similar observations may be made with the trees on the frieze of the Athena-Nike temple in Athens, or the stepping-stones on the frieze of the Parthenon.

These instances suffice to show the general attitude of the Greek sculptors toward the public. The public—and of course the artists belong to the public—are not automatic checking machines, but human beings, with all the complexities and inconsistencies that the term implies. They are entitled to consideration, and at the hands of the ancient artists they received it. What is more, the Greeks gave it gladly; for to make allowances for the frailties of human nature was to them not an irksome duty but a welcome privilege, enabling them to introduce into their art a human element of great variety and of unexhausted possibilities.

### SOME SCULPTURES IN THE VATICAN, ROME.

By A. J. C. HARE.

**T**HE 1st Cabinet, of "The Laocoön." This wonderful group was discovered by Felice de' Medici in his vineyard near the Sette Sale on the Esquiline, in 1506, while Michelangelo was at Rome, under Julius II., but it narrowly escaped destruction under Adrian VI., who turned away from it shuddering, and exclaiming: "Idol of the Pagans." The right arm of the father was missing at the time of the discovery, and is a terra-cotta restoration, and is said to be the work of A. Cornacchini, as also are the arms of the sons. There is now no doubt that "The Laocoön" is the group slightly misdescribed by Pliny.

"An original work by Agesander and his sons, of Rhodes."—*Helbig.*

"The fame of many sculptors is less diffused, because the number employed upon great works prevented their celebrity; for there is no one artist to receive the honor of the work, and where there are more than one, they cannot all obtain an equal fame. Of this 'The Laocoön' is an example, which stands in the palace of the Emperor Titus—a work which may be considered superior to all others both in painting and statuary. The whole group—the father, the boys, and the awful folds of the serpents—were formed out of a single block, in accordance with a vote of the senate, by Agesander, Poly-

From "Walks in Rome." London.

dorus, and Athenodorus, Rhodian sculptors of the highest merit."—*Pliny*, lib. xxxvi. c. 4.

" . . . Turning to the Vatican, go see  
 Laocoön's torture dignifying pain—  
 A father's love and mortal's agony  
 With an immortal's patience blending. Vain  
 The struggle; vain against the coiling strain  
 And gripe, and deepening of the dragon's grasp,  
 The old man's clench; the long envenom'd chain  
 Rivets the living links—the enormous asp  
 Enforces pang on pang, and stifles gasp on gasp."

—“*Childe Harold.*”

“The subject of ‘The Laocoön’ is a disagreeable one, but whether we consider the grouping or the execution, nothing that remains to us of antiquity can surpass it. It consists of a father and his two sons. Byron thinks that Laocoön’s anguish is absorbed in that of his children, that a mortal’s agony is blending with an immortal’s patience. Not so. Intense physical suffering, against which he pleads with an upraised countenance of despair, and appeals with a sense of its injustice, seems the predominant and overwhelming emotion, and yet there is a nobleness in the expression, and a majesty that dignifies torture.

“We now come to his children. Their features and attitudes indicate the excess of the filial love and devotion that animates them, and swallows up all other feelings. In the elder of the two this is particularly observable. His eyes are fixedly bent on Laocoön—his whole soul is with, is a part of that of his father. His arm extended towards him, not for protection, but a wish as if instinctively to afford it, absolutely speaks. Nothing can be more exquisite than the contour of his form and face, and the moulding of his lips, that are half open, as if in the act of—not uttering any unbecoming complaint, or prayer, or lamentation, which he is conscious are alike useless—but addressing words of consolatory tenderness to his unfortunate parent. The intensity of his bodily torments is only expressed by the uplifting of his right foot, which he is vainly and impotently attempting to extricate from the grasp of the mighty folds in which it is entangled.

“In the younger child, surprise, pain, and grief seem to contend for the mastery. He is not yet arrived at an age when his mind has sufficient self-possession or fixedness of reason to analyze the calamity that is overwhelming himself and all that is dear to him. He is sick with pain and horror. We almost seem to hear his shrieks. His left hand is on the head of the snake, that is burying its fangs in his side, and the vain and fruitless attempt he is making to disengage it increases the effect. Every limb, every muscle, every vein of Laoc-

oön expresses, with the fidelity of life, the working of the poison, and the strained girding round of the inextricable folds, whose tangling sinuosities are too numerous and complicated to be followed. No chisel has ever displayed with such anatomical fidelity and force the projecting muscles of the arm, whose hand clenches the neck of the reptile, almost to strangulation; and the mouth of the enormous asp, and his terrible fangs widely displayed, in a moment to penetrate and meet within its victim's heart, make the spectator of this miracle of sculpture turn away with shuddering and awe, and doubt the reality of what he sees."—*Shelley*.

"The circumstance of the two sons being so much smaller than the father has been criticised by some, but this seems to have been necessary to the harmony of the composition. The same apparent disproportion exists between Niobe and her children in the celebrated group at Florence, supposed to be by Scopas. The raised arms of the three figures are all restorations, as are some portions of the serpent. Originally, the raised hands of the old man rested on his head, and the traces of the junction are clearly discernible. For this we have also the evidence of an antique gem, on which it is thus engraved. This work was found in the Baths (?) of Titus, in the reign of Julius II., by a certain Félix de Frédis, who received half the revenue of the gabella of the Porta San Giovanni as a reward, and whose epitaph, in the Church of Ara Coeli, records the fact."—*Shakspere Wood*.

The 2d Cabinet contains "The Apollo Belvedere," found in the sixteenth century on a farm of Cardinal Giuliano della Rovere, near Grotta Ferrata, and purchased by Julius II. for the Belvedere Palace, which was at that time a garden pavilion separated from the rest of the Vatican, and used as a museum of sculpture. It is now held certain that this statue, beautiful as it is, is not the original work of a Greek sculptor, but a Roman first-century copy.<sup>1</sup> Four famous statues of Apollo are mentioned by Pliny as existing at Rome in his time, but this is not one of them. Mrs. Siddons said of the Apollo Belvedere: "What a great idea it gives one of God to think that He has created a human being capable of fashioning so divine a form!"<sup>2</sup>

"Or view the Lord of the unerring bow,  
The God of life, and poesy, and light—  
The Sun in human limbs array'd, and brow  
All radiant from his triumph in the fight;  
The shaft hath just been shot—the arrow bright

<sup>1</sup> "The impression of Canova that this statue is a copy of a work in bronze has been since confirmed by the discovery of a bronze statuette, resembling the statue except where a work in bronze would materially differ from one in marble—*i. e.*, in the statuette the leg is not supported by the trunk of a tree, and the drapery falls from the shoulder instead of being brought forward to support the left arm. The left hand of the statuette holds an *egis*, which tends to prove that in the original statue the god was represented as holding an *egis*, and not as an archer who had just discharged an arrow."

<sup>2</sup> Campbell's "Life of Mrs. Siddons."

With an immortal's vengeance; in his eye  
 And nostril beautiful disdain, and might,  
 And majesty flash their full lightnings by,  
 Developing in that one glance the Deity."

—“*Childe Harold.*”

“Bright kindling with a conqueror's stern delight,  
 His keen eye tracks the arrow's fatal flight;  
 Burns his indignant cheek with vengeful fire,  
 And his lip quivers with insulting ire:  
 Firm fix'd his tread, yet light, as when on high  
 He walks th' impalpable and pathless sky:  
 The rich luxuriance of his hair, confined  
 In graceful ringlets, wantons on the wind,  
 That lifts in sport his mantle's drooping fold,  
 Proud to display that form of faultless mould.

Mighty Ephesian! with an eagle's flight  
 Thy proud soul mounted through the fields of light,  
 View'd the bright conclave of Heaven's blest abode,  
 And the cold marble leapt to life a god:  
 Contagious awe through breathless myriads ran,  
 And nations bow'd before the work of man:

For mild he seem'd, as in Elysian bowers,  
 Wasting in careless ease the joyous hours;  
 Haughty, as bards have sung, with princely sway  
 Curbing the fierce flame-breathing steeds of day;  
 Beauteous as vision seen in dreamy sleep  
 By holy maid on Delphi's haunted steep,  
 'Mid the dim twilight of the laurel grove,  
 Too fair to worship, too divine to love.”

—*Henry Hart Milman.*

“It incorporates in the most striking manner what the Greeks called a ‘Theophany,’ i.e., the sudden appearance in the material universe of a hitherto invisible Deity.”—*Helbig.*

### SOME SCULPTURES IN THE CAPITOL, ROME.

**I**N the centre of the room is the statue of the wounded Gaul, generally, though erroneously known as “The Dying Gladiator.” It belonged to a group from Pergamos, in which was probably celebrated the victory of Attalus over the Celtic invaders of his realm (B.C. 240).

From “*Walks in Rome,*” by A. J. C. Hare.

"I see before me the gladiator lie;  
 He leans upon his hand—his manly brow  
 Consents to death, but conquers agony,  
 And his drooped head sinks gradually low,—  
 And through his side, the last drops, ebbing slow  
 From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,  
 Like the first of a thunder-shower; and now  
 The arena swims around him—he is gone,  
 Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hailed the wretch who won.

"He heard it, but he heeded not—his eyes  
 Were with his heart, and that was far away;  
 He reck'd not of the life he lost, nor prize,  
 But where his rude hut by the Danube lay,  
 There were his young barbarians all at play,  
 There was their Dacian mother,—he, their sire,  
 Butchered to make a Roman holiday.  
 All this rushed with his blood—shall he expire,  
 And unavenged? Arise, ye Goths, and glut your ire!"

—Byron, "*Childe Harold*."

It is delightful to read in this room the description in "Transformation":—

"It was that room, in the centre of which reclines the noble and most pathetic figure of the dying gladiator, just sinking into his death-swoon. Around the walls stand 'The Antinous,' 'The Amazon,' 'The Lycian Apollo,' 'The Juno,' all famous productions of antique sculpture, and still shining in the undiminished majesty and beauty of their ideal life, although the marble that embodies them is yellow with time, and perhaps corroded by the damp earth in which they lay buried for centuries. Here, likewise, is seen a symbol, as apt at this moment as it was two thousand years ago, of the 'Human Soul,' with its choice of Innocence or Evil close at hand, in the pretty figure of a child, clasping a dove to her bosom, but assaulted by a snake.

"From one of the windows in this saloon we may see a broad flight of stone steps, descending alongside the unique and massive foundation of the Capitol, towards the battered triumphal arch of Septimius Severus, right below. Farther on the eye skirts along the edge of the desolate Forum (where Roman washerwomen hang out their linen to the sun), passing over a shapeless confusion of modern edifices, piled rudely up with ancient brick and stone, and over the domes of Christian churches, built on the old pavements of heathen temples, and supported by the very pillars that once upheld them. At a distance beyond—yet but a little away, considering how much history is heaped into the intervening space—rises the great sweep of the Coliseum, with the blue sky brightening through its upper tier of

arches. Far off, the view is shut in by the Alban mountains, looking just the same, amid all this decay and change, as when Romulus gazed thitherward over his half-finished wall.

"In this chamber is 'The Faun of Praxiteles.' It is the marble image of a young man, leaning his right arm on the trunk or stump of a tree: one hangs carelessly by his side, in the other he holds a fragment of a pipe, or some such sylvan instrument of music. His only garment, a lion's skin with the claws upon the shoulder, falls half-way down his back, leaving his limbs and the centre front of the figure nude. The form, thus displayed, is marvellously graceful, but has a fuller and more rounded outline, more flesh and less of heroic muscle, than the old sculptors were wont to assign to their types of masculine beauty. The character of the face corresponds with the figure; it is most agreeable in outline and feature, but rounded and somewhat voluptuously developed, especially about the throat and chin; the nose is almost straight, but very slightly curves inward, thereby acquiring an indescribable charm of geniality and humor. The mouth, with its full yet delicate lips, seems so really to smile outright, that it calls forth a responsive smile. The whole statue—unlike anything else that ever was wrought in the severe material of marble—conveys the idea of an amiable and sensual creature, easy, mirthful, apt for jollity, yet not incapable of being touched by pathos. It is impossible to gaze long at this stone image without conceiving a kindly sentiment towards it, as if its substance were warm to the touch and imbued with actual life. It comes very near to some of our pleasantest sympathies."—*Hawthorne.*

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#### THE CITY OF THORWALDSEN.

By T. L. CUYLER, PASTOR LAFAYETTE CHURCH, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

**T**HIS city might well be called *Thorwaldsen*, for it is filled with his presence as Wiemar is with the presence of Goethe and Potsdam with that of Frederick the Great. Not an hour passes in which his name is not heard; not an art-store in town that is not filled with the photographs of his matchless works; and thousands, like myself, come hither mainly to feast their eyes on the marbles which his hand has carved.

Copenhagen is a larger city than one would expect to find as the capital of so small a country as Denmark, for it contains 235,000 inhabitants. Its streets are bustling with business, for these Danes are an active, commercial people, exporting no small amount of grain, tallow, cattle, horses, and very mischievous cherry-brandy. The architecture of Copenhagen is not imposing; not one really

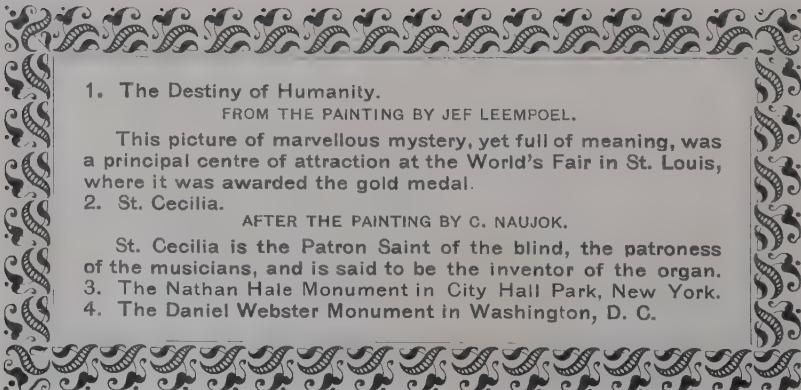
"From the Nile to Norway, and Homeward." New York: R. Carter and Brothers. Copyright. By permission.

grand edifice adorns the squares; its palaces wear a shabby look; and a monotonous uniformity pervades the whole town. How two such beautiful women as the Czarina of Russia and her sister, the Princess of Wales, should have issued from yonder dingy-looking palace is a conundrum. But it is still more remarkable that this prosaic old seaport of the Norsemen should have produced the greatest sculptor of modern times, Bertel Thorwaldsen! We might say the greatest *known* sculptor of any age, for Canova, Dannecker, and Chantrey were not to be compared with him, and we don't know *who* produced most of the masterpieces in marble which have come down to us from ancient times. Thorwaldsen claimed that his ancestors were kings of Iceland, but his own father was a ship-carpenetr; and the boy Bertel early learned to handle the tools with which his father carved figure-heads for Danish merchantmen. He went early to Rome, and for years pursued his studies of art in utter obscurity. By and by he executed that grand statue of "Jason and His Fleece," which I saw to-day, and then he awoke to find himself immediately famous. Thenceforward his chisel was busy for almost forty years; and his native Denmark, proud of his genius, gave a home in one of her palaces to the greatest man she has ever produced.

Yesterday, as soon as I had arrived in Copenhagen, I hastened off to the Museum which was erected expressly to contain the productions of his chisel. It is a gloomy looking edifice on the exterior, and the interior is severely plain. In the hollow square of the quadrangle is the great sculptor's tomb. Four granite slabs enclose a little bed of earth, planted with ivy, and on one of the slabs is the simple name BERTEL THORWALDSEN. The whole building with its treasures is his real monument. On entering the building you see in the vestibule the long Triumphal Entry of Alexander into Babylon, a series of bas-reliefs, executed by order of Napoleon, and worthy of a place on any of the friezes of ancient Athens.

Soon after I went into the smaller cabinets that contain his masterpieces, I began to come upon those exquisite originals whose photographs are hung in thousands of American parlors and libraries. In one cabinet was his famous "Night," with the two cherubs asleep on her shoulder and the owl poised in the air behind her drooping wing. On the opposite wall is "Morning," with the cherub bearing the torch to light up the dawn. A little farther on I came to the bas-reliefs representing "Spring," "Summer," "Autumn," and old "Winter" warming his benumbed fingers over the brazier of coals. Then, a few steps farther on, I encountered the "Ganymede and the Eagle," the "Hebe," and the "Shepherd Boy," and the "Three Graces." All these had long been as familiar to my eye as the City Hall of Brooklyn, or the spire of my own church. Yet the originals are so vastly superior to any photographic copies, that they burst upon me as entirely new revelations of beauty! They were not marble; they seemed like flesh and blood that had turned white. The dog





1. **The Destiny of Humanity.**

FROM THE PAINTING BY JEF LEEMPOEL.

This picture of marvellous mystery, yet full of meaning, was a principal centre of attraction at the World's Fair in St. Louis, where it was awarded the gold medal.

2. **St. Cecilia.**

AFTER THE PAINTING BY C. NAUJOK.

St. Cecilia is the Patron Saint of the blind, the patroness of the musicians, and is said to be the inventor of the organ.

3. The Nathan Hale Monument in City Hall Park, New York.
4. The Daniel Webster Monument in Washington, D. C.

that stands beside the shepherd boy looks as if he could breathe, and you almost expect to hear him bark! The little cupids that are playing their roguish pranks in a "Love-nest" are as individual in the expression of their sweet faces as any half-dozen babies brought into an infant school on anniversary day. It is not art; it seems actual life.

But the sublimest of Thorwaldsen's productions are not contained in this museum. They are in the "Frau Kirk," a Protestant house of worship often attended by the royal family. The building itself is in the Greek style, and is very attractive. On the front of the pulpit is inscribed, in golden letters: "Blessed are they that hear the Word of God, and keep it." That motto ought to be written on every pulpit in America; it would furnish a hint to us ministers as to what we should preach, as well as to our congregations to carry home the truth and practise it.

On the platform at the end of the church is an exquisite kneeling Angel, that holds in her hand an escallop-shell of marble used as a baptismal font. It is a dream of beauty. Behind this figure, in an alcove, rises the somewhat colossal figure of the *Risen Christ*. Above his majestic head is the inscription, "This is my Beloved Son, hear ye him." That glorious form—the only statue of our divine Lord I have ever seen that is worthy of its subject—is immediately before the congregation every Sabbath when they assemble for worship. Along the sides of the nave—about a dozen feet apart—are ranged Thorwaldsen's celebrated "Twelve Apostles." The figure of Paul is commonly accounted the finest; but that of Thomas (who stands with his finger pressed on his lip in an attitude of *doubt*) seemed to me superior to all the others. John has too womanly a beauty for a "son of thunder." Because he was the "beloved disciple" there is no reason to imagine him as either effeminate or seraphic. No one of the group has any more resemblance to any other than would any twelve living men who should meet in a Council or a Presbytery. Thorwaldsen never repeated himself. He had a wonderful instinct in catching the varied expressions of the human countenance, and his five hundred or more different statues are each entirely different from the other. He seemed equally at home, too, in classic and in sacred themes for his chisel. Once he selected himself for his subject, and the noble figure of Thorwaldsen—chisel in hand—by his own consummate skill will always remain as the great artist's best likeness. He must have been a man of commanding nobility of face and presence.

I have devoted the whole of this letter to this extraordinary genius, for several reasons. One is that he is more to every visitor in Copenhagen than all the rest of the city combined. Again; I am sure that hundreds of my readers who have copies of his works in their houses will be gratified to know more about the original masterpieces. But above all, I desire to pay my humble tribute to an artist

who never prostituted his transcendent genius to an impure or demoralizing purpose. Much of the highest art at Florence, Venice, and Dresden is lascivious. Over the walls are sprawled whole shoals of nude goddesses and nymphs and other unclean beasts. But Thorwaldsen portrayed a Love that never degenerated into lust. His chisel was never wanton. His magnificent galleries can be traversed by any father with his daughter at his side. He never profaned even the ineffable Lord of glory when he attempted to portray him in marble; and whether the man were a Christian or not, he consecrated his chisel to a higher and holier purpose than any sculptor in modern times. I am thankful that during a journey that has included Jerusalem and Athens and Wittenberg, I have also seen the peculiar treasures of the *City of Thorwaldsen.*

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#### SOME GREAT SCULPTORS AND SOME OF THEIR NOTABLE WORKS.

NOTE.—*This, of course, is not a complete list of Great Sculptors, nor is it a complete list of their works. It is intended to serve as an Introduction to the vast field and to furnish a series of fingerposts for those who would acquaint themselves with the lives and works of the great masters.*

- BARYE, ANTOINE LOUIS. 1796-1875. French. *Chief Works:* The Seated Lion; The Standing Bear; Crushing a Serpent; Theseus Slaying the Minotaur. *Biographies* by De Kay, 1889; and in "Masters in Art," 1904.
- BEGAS, REINHOLD. 1831-. German. *Chief Work:* Monument to William I. *Biography* by Meyer (in German), 1897.
- BERNINI, GIOVANNI. 1598-1680. Italian. *Some Chief Works:* Apollo and Daphne; Many works in St. Peter's, Rome; A bas-relief figure of Christ.
- BUONARROTI, MICHELE ANGELO. 1475-1564. Italian. *Some Chief Works:* "David"; The Tombs of the Medici; Monuments to Giuliano, Lorenzo de Medici; The Last Judgment; The frescoes in the Sistine Chapel.
- CANOVA, ANTONIO. 1757-1822. Italian. *Some Chief Works:* Venus and Adonis; Hebe; Hercules; Perseus with the Head of Medusa; Hector; Paris; Statue of Washington; Tomb of Alfieri. *Biographies* by Meyer, 1898 (in German); Quatremère de Quincy (in French), and a sketch in English.
- CELLINI, BENVENTO. 1500-1570. Italian. *Some Chief Works:* Perseus with the Head of Medusa; Statues of Christ, of Mars, and of Jupiter. *Autobiography* (various translations).
- CHANTREY, SIR FRANCIS. 1781-1842. English. *Some Chief Works:* The Sleeping Children; Statues of Washington, Pitt, and Canning.
- DANNECKER, JOHANN HEINRICH. 1758-1841. German. *Some Chief Works:* Ariadne on the Panther; Ceres; Bacchus.
- DONATELLO (DONATO DI NICCOLA DI BETTO BARDI). 1386-1466. Italian. *Some Chief Works:* The Zuccone; Penitent Magdalene; Statues of St. George, St. John, David, and St. Cecilia. *Biographies* by Lord Lindsay, 1903; Meyer, 1903; Rea, 1900; and in "Masters in Art," 1903.
- FLAXMAN, JOHN. 1754-1826. English. *Some Chief Works:* Designs for Wedgwood Pottery; Cephalus and Aurora; Psyche; The Archangel Michael and Satan.
- FORD, ONSLOW. 1852-1901. English. *Some Chief Works:* The Singer; Folly; Echo.
- FRENCH, DANIEL CHESTER. 1850-. American. *Some Chief Works:* The Minute Man of Concord; The Republic; Statues of General Cass, Rufus Choate, John Harvard, Thomas Starr King; The Angel of Death.
- GIACOMA DELLA QUERCIA, JACOPO. 1374-1438. Italian.
- GIBSON, JOHN. 1791-1866. English. *Some Chief Works:* The Wounded Amazon; The Hunter and His Dog; Helen; Proserpine; Sappho.
- GILBERT, ALFRED. 1854-1903. Biographical sketch by Hatton.
- GOUJON, JEAN. 1530-72. French. *Chief Work:* The Huntress Diana, in the Louvre, Paris.
- HILDEBRAND, ADOLF. 1847-. German. *Biography* by Hellmeyer, 1902 (in German).
- HOUDON, JEAN ANTOINE. 1741-1828. French. *Chief Work:* The Statue of Washington, in the State Capitol, Richmond, Va.
- JOHNSON, ALBERT SIDNEY. American. *Chief Work:* The Blind Girl.

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- LEIGHTON, SIR F. 1830-1896. English. *Chief Works*: Athlete Strangling a Python; Sluggard. For *Biographies* see Painters.
- LYSIPPOS, flourished about 372-316 B.C. Greek. *Some Chief Works*: The Statue of Alexander the Great.
- MACMONNIES, FREDERICK WILLIAM. 1863-. American. *Some Chief Works*: Statue of Nathan Hale (see p. 125); Shakespeare, in Library of Congress; Victory, on the Battle Monument, West Point.
- MEUNIER, CONSTANTIN. 1831-1905. *Biography* by Gensel, 1905 (in German).
- MINO DI GIOVANNI DA FIESOLE. 1430-1484?. Italian.
- MOSES, EZEKIEL. American. The Homeric Group.
- MYRON, about 500-440 B.C. Greek. *Chief Work*: Figure of a Cow Lowing.
- PHIDIAS. -432 B.C. Greek. *Some Chief Works*: The Olympian Zeus; The Athena. *Biographies and Studies* by Collignon, 1886 (in French); Waldstein, 1885; in "Masters in Art," 1902.
- PIGALLE, JEAN BAPTISTE. 1714-1785. French. *Chief Work*: Tomb of Marshal de Saxe.
- POLYCLEITUS. 452-412 B.C.? Greek. *Some Chief Works*: The Spear Bearer; The Statue of Hera (Juno). *Biography* by Mahler, 1902 (in German).
- POWERS, HIRAM. 1805-1873. American. *Some Chief Works*: Statue of Eve; The Greek Slave Fisher Boy; California; America; Busts of Washington, Webster, and many other famous Americans.
- PEAXITELES. 390-332 B.C.? Greek. *Some Chief Works*: The Labors of Hercules; The Apollo Sauroctonos; Hermes. Sketch in "Masters in Art," 1902.
- RAUCH, CHRISTIAN DANIEL. 1777-1857. German. *Some Chief Works*: Monuments of King Frederick William the Third, Frederick the Great; The Figures of Victory; Moses with Aaron and Hur. *Biography* by Mrs. Cheney, 1893.
- ROBBIA, ANDREA DELLA. 1435-1525. Italian. *Chief Work*: Madonnas and Child.
- ROBIA, LUCCA DELLA. 1400?-1482?. Italian. *Some Chief Works*: Angels and Dancing Boys; Tomb of the Bishop of Fiesole. *Biographies* by Cruttwell, 1902; Burriamacchi, 1900; Mrs. Van Rensselaer, 1890; Schubring, 1905 (in German); and in "Masters in Art," 1901.
- RODIN, AUGUSTE. 1840-. French. *Some Chief Works*: Busts of Hugo and Balzac; Apollo; The Young Girl; The Kiss. *Biography* by Mauclair, 1905.
- RUDE, FRANÇOIS. 1783-1858. French. *Chief Work*: Group on the Arc de Triomphe, Paris.
- SAIN'T-GAUDENS, AUGUSTUS. 1848-. American. *Some Chief Works*: Hiawatha; Adoration of the Cross; Statues of Farragut, Randall, and Lincoln; The Shaw Monument; General Sherman.
- SANSOVINO, JACOPO. 1487-1570. Italian. *Some Chief Works*: Tombs of Cardinals Rovere and Sforza; Baptism of Christ; Madonna and Child.
- SCHADOW, JOHANN GOTTFRIED. 1764-1850. German. *Some Chief Works*: Monument on the Dorothea Church, Berlin; Statues of Ziethen, Frederick the Great, Leopold, Luther, Blücher; The Quadriga over the Brandenburger Thor in Berlin.
- SCOPAS. Born about 420 B.C. Greek. *Some Chief Works*: Achilles Conveyed to Leuce; Sculptures in the Mausoleum of Halicarnassus.
- SIEMERING, RUDOLF. 1835-. *Biography* by Daun, 1906 (in German).
- STEVENS, ALFRED GEORGE. 1817-1875. English. *Chief Work*: The Monument of Wellington in St. Paul's Cathedral.
- STORY, WILLIAM WETMORE. 1819-1895. American. *Some Chief Works*: Statues of Edward Everett and of Prescott; Semiramis; Jerusalem; The Sibyl; Busts of Judge Story, Lowell, and Bryant. *Biographies* by Henry James, 1903; Phillips, 1897.
- THORNCROFT, HAMO. 1850-. English. *Some Chief Works*: The Mower; Statues of General Gordon, John Bright, Queen Victoria, and a bust of Coleridge.
- THORVALDSSEN, BERTEL. 1770-1844. Danish. *Some Chief Works*: The Colossal Lion near Lucerne; Statues of Galileo and Copernicus; The Four Great Prophets; The Twelve Apostles. *Biographies* by Plon, 1873; Rosenberg, 1896 (in German); Thiele, 1869.
- TECK, CHRISTIAN FRIEDRICH. 1776-1851. *Biography* by Hildebrandt, 1898 (in German).
- VERROCCHIO, ANDREA DEL. 1435-1488. Italian. *Chief Work*: Statue of Colleone, Venice. *Biographies* by Cruttwell, 1904; Mackowsky, 1901 (in German), and in "Masters in Art," 1905.

## THE GREAT STYLES OF ARCHITECTURE.

BY RUSSELL STURGIS.

MANY centuries before the Christian era there grew up in Egypt, on the banks of the great river Nile, a wonderful architecture. The buildings which remain to us are of sandstone in some cases, of limestone in other cases, with granite used in a few instances only. There are tombs, some excavated in hill-sides or even wholly underground, and others built upon the surface; and these, though without exterior effect, are beautiful within—richly carved on walls and ceilings and elaborately painted. There are also still greater tombs, the famous pyramids, of which traces of fifty or more exist still along the western bank of the Nile; and of these three are of great celebrity—the famous pyramids of Ghizeh. The pyramids, however, have seldom any architectural character more than that given to them by their vast size; they are imposing as a hill is imposing, and not as works of art. There are also very wonderful temples, and these are the most important things for us in all very ancient art, because they are often admirably preserved, with beautiful colonnades, and stately halls with their roofs still in place and their decorations hardly injured. The dates of all these are difficult to fix: but we know very nearly the dates of the most beautiful and the best preserved temples. Near the modern villages of Luxor and Karnak, on the eastern bank of the Nile, are groups of temples, and smaller separate shrines, and these were built from 2200 to 1500 B.C. Again, on the western bank, are the buildings called the Ramesseum, from its builder, Rameses II, and the temple near Medinet-Habou: and all these, on both shores, are included in the vast ruined city which we call *Thebes*, following the Greek travellers of much later times. Much more recent temples are at Edfu and at Denderah, farther up the Nile: and of all the temples that of Edfu is in the most admirable preservation. Some of these buildings are of the time when the Grecian dynasty of the Ptolemies governed Egypt: others again were built under Roman emperors, when Egypt was a province of the Empire: but the marvellous thing is that the ancient Egyptian style remained, almost unaffected by foreign influence, while everywhere else in the Mediterranean lands the Roman style of building had complete control.

The Egyptian buildings are of astonishing beauty, and their extraordinary preservation makes them most worthy to engage our attention. This preservation they owe to their system of building, for upright piers, walls, and columns all carry horizontal lintels, beams, and flat ceilings made of stone slabs, and this method of construction assures the greatest possible stability. In fact, nothing can injure such buildings as these, except earthquakes and the violence of man—

when a temple is used as a quarry by later inhabitants of the soil, even its solid structure will not last long.

The same general system of building was used by the Greeks, those famous inhabitants of the little peninsula called the Peloponnesus or the Morea, and of about as much land north of it, reaching to the mountains of Thessaly. The Greeks were colonizers, which the Egyptians never were; and wherever a city was built by people of Grecian blood, temples arose worthy to compare with those of the mother country itself. In Sicily, both on the northern and on the southern shore, and again on the straits of Messina; in southern Italy on the western coast near Naples, and on the southern coast facing the Gulf of Taranto; in Asia Minor along that mountainous coast, facing westward, which was known formerly as the Ionian coast from the number of Greeks of that race that were settled there, in the islands of the eastern part of the Mediterranean Sea, those beautiful temples remain for us in very great numbers, and with enough of their early character to give us most striking and most interesting ruins, although so much of their original character is gone. They are nearly always less complete than the best preserved of the much older Egyptian temples. Their sculpture has been taken away and put in museums; their painting, which was once very elaborate and rich, has disappeared with time; their roofs, which were of wood, are completely gone, so that authorities differ as to the real nature of these roofs; and no one temple has preserved its interior arrangements intact. Their refinement and beauty of design are still visible; and are of especial importance because the Roman conquerors of the Mediterranean world shaped their own architecture very largely upon the models set by the Greeks; and because modern artists down to our own time have agreed in considering the Greek work as the type of all perfection. Of these buildings the most famous is the Parthenon, which stands on the lofty, isolated, rocky hill in Athens which we call the Acropolis. This temple is of the Doric style or of the Doric order, though that term applies more accurately to the system of the columns and the structure upon them than to the building itself—its shape or character. The majority of the famous temples which remain to us are Doric, also; generally less splendid and varied than the Parthenon must have been, but no less valuable in an architectural sense. The best preserved are in Athens (the Theseion); at the place called Pesto, a few miles south of Naples, where stood the Roman town of Pæstum; and at Selinunte in Sicily.

All along the Ionian coast the great temples were of the Ionic style, and these were still larger than the largest Doric temples (with one remarkable exception) and even more elaborate in their sculptured adornments and in their cost and splendor. They are all in ruins, generally from the effect of earthquakes; but they have been most carefully studied by modern archæologists, and trustworthy plates of them as they are, and as they were in their perfection, drawn out

and published. Still, however, the most beautiful ruins of an Ionic building that we have is that of the small double temple on the Athenian Acropolis, known as the Erechtheion. As to the Corinthian style, with its splendid capitals covered with leafage studied from the acanthus, a kind of thistle which grows freely in Greece, there were very few buildings of pure Grecian type built in that style, although it was surely invented by the Greeks. It was left for the Romans, those diligent pupils of the Greeks, to perfect that rich and splendid style of antiquity.

Grecian houses are but little known to us: and even the public buildings, other than temples, have disappeared for the most part. Therefore we are very ignorant as to some important matters. Did the Greeks use windows? Did they know what a fireplace was? a chimney? They were ingenious as well as intellectual; and if they had lived in a cold and rainy land those things would have been created; but life on the Mediterranean shore was less exacting.

In the course of the second century B.C. the Roman republic became all-powerful in Greece; and from that time on, until the empire declined in power and significance, five hundred years later, Grecian thought was the leading influence in philosophy, poetry, and art throughout the western world. The Roman State seemed to have taken upon itself the task of preserving and spreading the knowledge of Greek achievement in the intellectual field. In the world of politics the Greeks had little skill, while the Romans were at home in it; and in military matters, of course, the feeble states of Greece were of no importance; but in abstract thought and in thought applied to literature and art they were recognized as supreme.

In architecture, as in all the arts, the Greeks were considered supreme. Here, however, the Roman world had need of buildings of many kinds and many ways of building never asked for by the Greeks; and moreover the Etruscans, a people of northern Italy, had taught the Romans to build freely with the arch—a thing neither Egyptians nor Greeks had ever used except for underground drains and the like—never for monumental buildings. The buildings in Italy and in the provinces of the Empire came thus to have a twofold character; they were built freely, with arches for doorways, with masonry vaults for the roofs, even of very large halls, with buildings several stories in height, with great diversity of plan, having windows to light small and large rooms—all of these being foreign to the Grecian ideas of building. But these structures of novel form and purpose were decorated by the columnar architecture of the Greeks. This fact of the mingled character of Roman architectural design removes it from the list of complete and exemplary architecture. All very great architecture is simple, its construction and its design springing from the same source; and we cannot class Roman art with that of Egypt, of Greece, of the Gothic architects as described below. And yet the great skill shown by the Roman engineers and their

ready dexterity as builders and, as employers of painters, sculptors, mosaic workers, caused that one style to spread over the whole Mediterranean world. From that time to the present the people of Europe and of European descent have been copying and recopying Roman models either consciously or unwittingly.

Important Roman buildings which have preserved their general form and character are found as far as the Syrian desert, as at Baalbek, where are two vast temples, with great courts and colonnades; as at Gerasa, as at Damascus, and even in the desert itself, as at Palmyra. They are rather numerous in Asia Minor, and especially on the coast of Western Asia; although the magnificent buildings of the later Greek princes, the successors of Alexander the Great, made it less important that the Roman governors should build. In Egypt alone are there no monuments of Roman style of any consequence. The overwhelming artistic strength of that Egyptian architecture preserved it almost intact, in spite of Roman political and social control. In Greece, however, the Roman engineers built freely, sometimes rebuilding ancient structures of Greek foundation, sometimes carrying out the orders of public-spirited Roman princes. Instances of this are seen in Athens itself, where the great temple of the Olympian Zeus, begun six centuries before and never completed, was now built anew in a completely Romanized form in the second century; and again in the musical theatre (Odeion) which, though due to the liberality of an Asiatic monarch, is that of the Roman period and of Roman design.

The whole of the Mediterranean coast of North Africa, the whole of the Spanish peninsula, the whole of Gaul from the Pyrenees to the Baltic, southern Britain, western Germany, the whole Balkan peninsula where now are the Turkish empire and some minor states, and the southern districts of Hungary and Transylvania, are all dotted thickly with the remains of Roman buildings, many of which were almost perfect in times not very distant, while some of them remain recognizable and imposing at the present day. In Italy itself and particularly in the neighborhood of Rome, these remains are especially numerous, more perhaps because of the less rapid advance of modern Italy in the ways of industrial progress than from the comparative abundance of the buildings in antiquity. It has been the principal hindrance to our study of the architecture of the past that modern wealth and modern energy sweep away the buildings which remain to us, or if they spare them here and there, still alter them out of recognition.

In the fourth century A.D. the strong hold of the Grecian orders over the Roman designers was much shaken. In the time of Augustus (governed 31 B.C. to 14 A.D.), and of Hadrian (governed 117 to 138 A.D.), a stately doorway would be built by means of an arch springing from two pilasters, and an elaborate piece of columnar architecture—two or four great columns carrying an entablature—enclosing and

adorning this doorway. There was always a tendency to break away from this "Roman Order" and to spring arches from the capitals of pilasters or the capitals of columns, completing the design in this way and abandoning altogether the larger columns and their entablature. In the time of Diocletian (governed 284 to 305 A.D.) this tendency is more strongly marked, and the building constantly cited as showing it in the most marked way is the great palace built by that prince on the shores of the Adriatic near the ancient town of Salona. The modern Spalato (or Spalatro) is built within and around the remains of that great structure. We may call this, if we please, the beginning of Romanesque architecture; for the word Romanesque means simply that which would be Roman if it could—imitation Roman—or at best nearly Roman. This is in no way a reflection upon that most attractive and beautiful style, or group of styles, which prevailed throughout Europe from the fifth to the twelfth century; but the name reflects very exactly the feeling of the people who created that style. The builder of a Roman basilica like that of St. Agnes outside the walls, or St. Clement in the city, or of a half-eastern basilica like either of the two churches of St. Apollinare at Ravenna, or the round church of St. Costanza at Rome, or that in the little town of Nocera in southern Italy, may be considered—every one of them—as attempts to build as the Romans of the great Empire had built. The very different conditions, the poverty of the little States into which Europe was divided, the small power and energy of nobles and princes, the loss of engineering and technical skill, all acted together to compel the introduction of a new style, while the builders were most earnest in their desire to retain the old. Even the thick walls which we moderns admire come of the feebleness of the builders, for they did not know how to make a thin wall strong, nor did they know what their successors in the thirteenth century found out for themselves, how to throw the weight of their stone roofs upon piers and pilasters, leaving the walls merely to serve as screens against the weather.

The great Byzantine style is really that form of Romanesque which arose in the East—within the limits of that Byzantine empire which carried on the traditions of the Roman world even until the fifteenth century. This style is so important in itself and has such strong characteristics that we seldom think of it when we say "Romanesque"—the name Byzantine is dignified enough. The great distinction between the styles, at least to one who is considering the plan and appearance of the buildings rather than their structure, is this—that the Romanesque church of western Europe was long and narrow, divided lengthwise by rows of columns, and having its roof of wood except where the bisho<sup>p</sup> was strong and energetic enough to have it vaulted in stone; whereas the Byzantine building was roofed with domes and had therefore what we call a central plan—that is to say, it radiated from a great cupola in the middle and had often

smaller cupolas covering the four arms of a cross. Where the roof was not a cupola it was almost of necessity a wagon vault—tunnel vault or barrel vault, as it is often called; so that the whole church would be roofed with masonry, generally of brick and mortar. Then, the Byzantine churches were rich in color, the inner facing being of richly veined marble and mosaics of small cubes of glass or stone; while the western churches were much plainer, and had for their adornment generally paintings on the surface of plaster or wood. In the East and the West alike the exterior was, before the twelfth century, of little importance as compared with the inside effect. Bell towers, indeed, interested the church builders; and they used them for defense against roving plunderers or pirates landing on the coast. The tower itself protected the single entrance to the church. In the twelfth century the use of sculpture had gained such strength and freedom, especially in what is now France, but also in the British Isles, in Spain and in Rhenish Germany, that the western front of a great church was often a wonderful display of sacred subjects in carving of human and animal forms mingled with vegetation. This carving would seem grotesque if we should take one piece at a time and compare it with Greek, or with Roman, or with fine modern sculpture; but its effect as a part of the architecture is wonderful, and no modern design can approach it for a moment.

The Romanesque of western Europe would be of more consequence also in its own capacity, were it not for the extraordinary style which grew out of it as its natural culmination. This is the style which we call, by a universally accepted fiction, Gothic. The name was applied to it when the architects of the fifteenth century wished to return to what they thought would prove a Roman way of design, and the name was chosen as meaning barbarous (much as we speak of vandalism, from the Vandals, so the fifteenth century men spoke of Gothic, from the Goths—these two being the two most formidable enemies of classical civilization). But there is nothing barbarous about the style except in its diversity and picturesqueness, in which, indeed, it is strongly contrasted with the calm majesty of Grecian work. The origin of Gothic is this—that the vaulted roofs of churches were found easier to build by the simplest process of building, first, strong ribs of stone. Each of these ribs was an independent arch; or at least was half an arch, because in many cases a rib would spring from the capital of a column and rise to a ring or keystone in the middle of the space to be roofed; and four or five or six of these ribs might combine in such a way that no one could say where a single complete arch was found. These ribs, then, divided up the space to be covered into triangles, and any one of these triangles could be vaulted by any village mason. Few of these triangles were too large to allow of a wooden centring for the vault, such a centring as might be built by a village carpenter; while the master stone-cutter himself knew enough from the teaching of his apprenticeship and his earlier practice to

show the carpenters how to build and the masons how to shape their stones. In this way vaults of the most extraordinary shapes were built with perfect ease. This discovery dates from the years 1165-1200, during which time it was elaborated chiefly in the art of northern central France not very far from Paris, though the people of Normandy also took a pleasure in the work. The results of it were certainly unexpected in their variety and in their beauty. The builders were led to build with a lightness never before attempted, for their skill as stone-cutters grew with every day's experience; and as their purpose was to include the greatest interior space possible, they naturally pushed their arches higher and their vaulted roofs higher still, one town vying with another, each bishop seeking to outdo the bishop of the neighboring diocese, until the vaults, 130 feet above the church floor in Amiens Cathedral and even more than that in a few other churches, were reached; and although the nave of such a church is less than one-third of its height, yet to the nave is to be added the width of aisles, one on each side and often more than one. These buildings have proved themselves perfectly durable, always provided that they are cared for; but they have this one weak point—that the vaults must be protected from the weather. A wooden roof covered with lead must needs conceal and cover the vault of every nave, choir, aisle, or chapel, under penalty of the rain destroying the cohesion and the strength of the stone vault. This is the one inferiority of the Gothic work to, for instance, the Roman building in which, in the best examples, the vault is perfectly homogeneous, its outside shedding the rain water or bearing the burden of snow, while the inside forms the rich ceiling within.

Gothic architecture reached its culmination of constructional and artistic merit toward the close of the thirteenth century; but for two hundred years more it followed a glorious development; though, as always happens in such a case, this development led away from severe good taste and in the direction of great richness and variety. The latest buildings which can still be called Gothic, like the famous town halls of Belgium (Ypres, Brussels, Louvain, Tournai, and Courtrai); the Palace of Justice at Rouen, Normandy; the church of Brou near Bourg in French Savoy; the chapel of King's College in Cambridge, England; and scores of other buildings worthy to be named with these, are buildings which may be classed together as Florid Gothic. This style had admirable features peculiar to itself. Thus in England the fan vaulting of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, in France the flamboyant tracery in which the window-bars took the shapes suggestive of flames or clouds, the rich statuary which covered the Flemish and other northern buildings, and the magnificent lace-work of the tracery everywhere, as in the porch of Albi Cathedral in the south, and the flank of Beauvais in the far north of France, are open to the charge of excess in richness; but this does not prevent their being of wonderful interest. The most curious thing about all this

is that at the very time that northern Europe was going wild in its joy over this excess of picturesqueness, in Italy the world was turning from its mediæval course of thought and going back as near to the high Roman fashion as their minds and their conditions would allow.

The Italians had never really cared for Gothic architecture. That style is essentially the work of the northern masons, and the Italians, though for two hundred years they built with pointed arches and ribbed vaults, never used the style with hearty freedom. They were ready, as soon as the revival of learning had well begun, and there were scholars to teach them how to read Latin and Greek manuscripts and printers to print them, to turn to the study of that classical art which was everywhere in Italy; and then much more perfect than now. So it was that what the Italians call the Risorgimento, and the French the Renaissance, began about 1420 A.D. The first building recognizable as being of the classical revival is the chapel of the Pazzi attached to the church of Santa Croce (or Holy Cross) in Florence. This Italian Renaissance style flourished in a moment all over Italy, its most attractive early buildings being found even now in towns as far from one another as Venice in the far northeast and Palermo in Sicily. In its full early development it is as charming as any style can be, for the huge mass and weight of the Roman buildings are not—could not be—copied, and were replaced by lightness and grace of design. The lesson learned of the later Romanesque and the Gothic styles combines the charm of the north and of the south—the charm of combined mediæval variety and classical purity of taste. Buildings of this character are the church of San Zaccharia, and the dwelling house of Ca'Dario in Venice; the famous front of the church in the Certosa (Carthusian monastery), near Pavia in Lombardy; and churches and palazzi (large private town houses, as of wealthy nobles) in the cities of Lombardy and Venetia, Tuscany, Umbria, and all the country to the southern points of the peninsula as well as in Sicily.

There were exceptions, however, for the Florentine style was more grave and massive, and the Neapolitan style had a peculiar richness of sculptured legend, reminding us strongly of the Gothic sculpture of two centuries earlier. The style went on to a richer and statelier development, producing in the seventeenth century magnificent buildings of less charm perhaps, but of superior dignity; and contemporaneous with these was the building up in the north of a style founded partly upon the Italian Renaissance and partly upon the independent study of the architectural styles by the northern architects themselves. Thus in France such palaces as those of Écouen and Bussy, and the famous manor-house at Warengerville in Normandy, are of the years between 1525 and 1575, and therefore are contemporaneous with such stately Italian buildings as the library of St. Mark's in Venice and the famous palace designed by Paladio in Vicenza. These buildings belong to what is called in Italy the

Classicismo, or the completed neo-classical epoch; and they are grave and sedate, somewhat cold in effect, and as nearly Roman as modern Italians could make them. The French buildings are comparatively picturesque in treatment. By the beginning of the eighteenth century or even as early as 1675, this revived classical style had spread over the whole continent, and western Europe, from Edinburgh to Naples and Vienna, was building in nearly the same general style of architecture.

This was the latest of the great styles. A noble gravity inspired the better buildings of the eighteenth century, and although there was a great deal of what is called rococo and even what is called baroque in much of their decorative design, it is easy enough to find most interesting buildings even as late as the reign of Louis XV (reigned 1715-1774) in France, which were free from this fault. It is the latest great style; because since that time there has been no prevalent way of designing strong enough to control an epoch, or a nation, or a body of artists. The French Revolution (beginning 1789) scattered and disarranged the thoughts of Europe, and since the close of the Napoleonic wars (1815) there has been no prevalent style anywhere. Any architect has been free to design in any one of the styles which we have passed in brief review, studying them from books, and nowadays from photographs, more commonly than from the buildings themselves. Even such outlying schools as those of Asia, great in themselves but foreign to European requirements and European habits of thought, have been dragged into service, and it has been a fancy at different times to build in what was thought to be the Chinese or the Indian manner—experiments which end in nothing but confusion. Our own time, with its immense expenditure upon costly commercial buildings, great State houses and legislative palaces, knows no way of designing these great edifices other than by the copying of the work of more fortunate epochs. We build a Gothic church, a Roman State capitol, and a Romanesque business building side by side, trying in each case to preserve some of the vanished spirit of the ancient work we are copying; while the great business buildings of the cities are carried up through twenty stories and to three hundred feet of height and cost millions in their completion, without having as yet developed any system of design which saves them from the commonplace.

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WHEN we build let us think that we build for ever. Let it not be for the present delight nor for the present use alone; let it be such work as our descendants will thank us for, and let us think, as we lay stone on stone, that a time is to come when these stones will be held sacred because our hands have touched them, and that men will say as they look upon the labor and wrought substance of them, "See this our fathers did for us."—*J. Ruskin.*



WASHINGTON INS. HEADQUARTERS  
AT NEWBURG



MORRIS MANOR



LIVINGSTON MANOR



## EXAMPLES OF EARLY AMERICAN ARCHITECTURE

1. Washington's Headquarters at Newburgh.
2. The Morris Manor
3. The Livingston Manor.

## DUMB STONE AND MARBLE.

BY ELIZABETH HARRISON, CO-PRINCIPAL CHICAGO KINDERGARTEN COLLEGE.

NEVER will I forget an experience which came to me during the World's Fair at Chicago. I was sitting one late afternoon in June in the Court of Honor dreamily drinking in its indescribable charm, when my attention was suddenly arrested by the face of a shabbily-dressed, hungry-looking little man whose body was deformed and twisted beyond hope of remedy. He stood, motionless, gazing at the scene before him. The white columns of the peristyle stood out strong and distinct against the darkening blue of the lake beyond, while the setting sun gilded the long colonnade of the Agricultural Building, the lengthening shadows giving an added touch of almost superhuman beauty to the scene. The look of radiant happiness upon the poor man's face was so exalted that I, as well as he, forgot the external defects of his body, forgot all limitations; and for the time being my spirits rose to that sublime height which is our surest evidence of immortality. Such is the power of beauty upon the human soul.

The fair white city has vanished, as does the outer form of many a noble creation, but its influence, like that of a great life, remains with us.

The silent language of beautiful architecture has been heard by the American people—and will never again be forgotten. For architecture is a language as much as is music. It has been most significantly called "frozen music," in that it catches in the same undefinable way the emotions of the artist and transmits them to the beholder. As we are lifted up by great music, we know not how, to the lofty mood of the composer, so, too, in the lines and forms of truly great architecture we may feel the greatness of the minds that created it. Aye, if studied aright, these stone autobiographies of great souls tell us of the spirit of the age in which they were built as surely as do the laws of the literature of the same era.

In Egyptian architecture the huge Pyramids raise themselves above the level plain, but the beholder feels that it is a hindered effort to reach skyward. The mighty pile is not yet freed from the heaviness of its building material. Does not this clinging to earth, so manifest in the temples and tombs of Egypt, correspond with the idea of immortality held by Egypt's people? It is not a freeing from the body, but a return to the body after a certain lapse of years. Even their columns are heavy and suggestive of weight rather than support. In the same subtle story that comes to us when we look upon

From "Some Silent Teachers." Copyright by Elizabeth Harrison. By permission. The Sigma Publishing Co., Chicago.

the crouching lion body of the Sphynx, with its human head, the commingling of the bestial and the divine. Herodotus tells us of this same dual nature of Egyptian civilization; and the story of Joseph lets us catch glimpses of the Pharaohs and a nation of slaves. The silent testimony of art is as true as is the record of the court, or the chronicles of the priesthood. The point is uplifted, the head is human—a despot rules! The mass of the building lies close to earth, as do the majority of the nation! The analogy is striking.

In the early Asiatic architecture we see everywhere a vague, undefined massiveness. Their temples are hewn out of the living rock, but are not yet separated from the source of their being. Is not this the external picture of the religious belief that scorns delight of this life and dreamily longs for oblivion in the beyond by the merging of the individual into the divine? Are they not "Nirvana," uttered in stone? The intricate, endless tracery of their façades tallies with the endless details of the ceremonies of their religious and social life. It must be so, for the same stage of human development conceived them both.

If we pass on to the architecture of China, their pagodas tell, in unmistakable language, of the caste idea, which has held China in bondage for ages; each story is distinct and separate, a bearer of the story above it. No thought now of the man for whom all labor, as in Egypt, nor of the vague mystery of East Indian thought, but story distinctly built upon story, each unalterable and in its own place—divided, separate, distinct every time. The everlasting fiat of caste in human society is here proclaimed by the silent architecture. As each man must follow the calling of his forefathers or die, so, too, the bottom story must remain a bottom story, no reaching up of lines from earth to heaven as we see in later buildings.

When we turn to the more pleasing and beautiful architecture of Greece, we can read again in its glistening marble the same spiritual utterances of its people that we find in its immortal literature and its enduring forms of government. Here the individual is distinctly brought out—pillar after pillar stands in perfect equality, all bearing the superstructure, which protects and shelters all. The rhythm, poetry, symmetry, and beauty of Greek life and Greek thought are fairly sung by her marble temples, even in their ruined condition of to-day. Greek balance and harmony are proclaimed by these lasting monuments. Even Greek logic is told, in that there is no part of her buildings which is not for a purpose. No useless pillars and superfluous arches such as we find in later architecture. Is not this the same contentment that we find manifested in the Greek character as sketched for us by her great poets? Happy and serene, yet not grossly enamored of life, willing to die for a principle as shown by the Trojan war—and yet Achilles, the heroic soul of that war, meets Ulysses in the under world and tells him that he longs to be on earth again. "Be beautiful on this earth and do not attempt to leave it, nor rise

too far beyond it," whisper the Greek temples, and Greek ethics and Greek religion go no further. Even in the enlarged and modified form of Greek architecture which the Columbian Exposition gave to us, we felt a longing to live with it rather than to rise above it.

Rome gives us her two phases of civilization in her buildings as clearly and as distinctly as in her laws and her literature. A Roman basilica, a court of justice, is straight, angular, stern, and uncompromising, fit home for that code of justice which moulded the world-consciousness into respect for those laws that have become the laws of all civilized nations. But Rome was the colonizer, the all-conquering empire, also, and unconsciously shall we say, the overreaching dome rose into prominence with its supporting ribs coming from every point in the compass to the one crowning centre, true symbol of imperial Rome to which all roads were said to lead. Dr. Denton-Snider has explained so clearly the significance of the Roman dome in his "World's Fair Studies," that any words of mine would add but little to the thought. Roman architecture proclaims the spirit of a proud, strong, great, all-embracing people, yet content for the most part with the things of this earth. The dome does not soar as do the spires and towers of a later civilization.

In Gothic architecture we see rising the spirit of the middle ages. The dreaming of another and a higher life. The longing to be freed from the body. The vast stone cathedral, with its pointed windows and perpendicular lines and soaring spires, was, to again quote from Dr. Snider, "like a huge giant lying prone upon the ground with long arms upstretched toward heaven, struggling and striving to rise, yet seemingly unable to lift himself up, of the earth earthy." Here we have the sinner and the saint contending in the souls of men who build these cathedrals. The creed that pronounced man to be a worm in the dust, and yet an archangel, is here written in unalterable lines. Do they not tell to us, with the eloquence that marble alone can use, the whole history of that civilization which caused man to flee from society and shut himself up in convents and monasteries? The sense of the weight of sin is here—and yet the aspiration of faith that could remove mountains is also here. The whole struggle of the early Christian thought is poured forth in these poems of stone that it took hundreds of years and generations of loving, devoted artists to complete. No wonder that we bow our heads in reverence when we enter a Gothic cathedral!

The great revival of learning which swept over Europe and brought men back to the study of Greek thought and a larger life than the middle ages had permitted, is recorded by the architecture of the Renaissance as clearly as by the writings of that brilliant era, or by its new forms of political activity; but the record of Architecture has this advantage, the ideals built into stone and the emotions carved upon marble could not be warped by the translator, nor misunderstood.

by the historian. They stand unaltered, exactly as they were left by their makers.

Thus we see that every great civilization has shown itself to be a united whole by leaving to mankind a distinct and characteristic record of itself in the silent but enduring witnesses of stone and marble that stand upon its hilltops, or in its marts, witnesses which tell in unerring language, of the spiritual exaltation or debasement of the era! For architecture is the art that appeals most to national, as well as municipal pride. It is the art in which all the people can participate. It is therefore the one that gathers up and reflects most truly the taste and degree of culture of a nation.

Music and the Drama enchant for a brief hour. Paintings are shut within the great galleries or cathedrals. Literature is for the reading public only. Sculpture, alas, is hidden within walls; but a noble building stands for hundreds of years abiding amidst changing humanity; it silently influences generations as they come and go. It is, as it were, an ever present poem, an inspiring sermon, or solemn dirge! Architecture has a language of its own—which all must read either consciously with keen enjoyment, or unconsciously with a duller kind of pleasure. By day and by night, for high and for low, it utters its message. Its influence, either perceptibly or imperceptibly, is felt by all.

The very fact that we apply terms of the spirit to forms of architecture shows that man has felt the subtle connection between the two. The language which we use in speaking of it is perhaps the surest sign of its influence upon us. We talk of "gentle curves," or "stubborn lines," of "refined or voluptuous styles," of "noble buildings," and of "a religious feeling," or "debased eras of architecture." Is it not a suggestive analogy that in Holy Writ the paradise of unconscious innocence is represented as a garden, planted by the Lord, whereas, the paradise of conscious holiness is represented by a city of beautiful architecture?

The abstract lines of architecture are copies of nothing in nature, but are the deliberate expression of the highest creative mood of the artist and are, therefore, the soul of man speaking to the soul of his fellow man in a language created by the soul, not borrowing any intermediate terms from the forms or sounds of earth. When we begin to realize this we know why it is that a beautiful building affects us so strongly; why great cathedrals stir and uplift us; why noble domes cause noble emotions to awaken within us; and why quiet, well-built rows of houses are satisfying to the peaceful citizen.

Architecture more than any other art is the property of all classes, as has already been said. It still stands when the concert is over or the opera is ended. It is not shut within walls, but stands in the open air that every sunbeam and shadow may play upon it, that every passing cloud may change the tone of its beauty. For the great architect takes into consideration the painting which the sunlight and

shadow will give to his work as does the musician the use of volume and tone expressing his emotions. Therefore the location of a building has much to do with its form and detail. If it is rightly built, that is built sincerely to express in a noble way the real purpose for which it is built, and is rightly placed, it stands a beautiful, silent, and majestic poem in stone or marble to influence and ennable each passing generation of the children of men.

Mr. Henry Van Brunt even goes so far as to assert in his most helpful and interesting book, "Greek Lines," that "lines are made to tell the story of the soul." He says the architectural growth of the past may be divided into three distinct, though related, eras, namely: the Egyptian, the Greek, and the Roman, including under the latter head the Roman, Byzantine, Mohometan, Mediæval, and Renaissance; and that the chief inner characteristic of each of these periods is illustrated by a single line. First, the perpendicular, uncompromising straight line represents the stern, inflexible simplicity of the tombs and obelisks in Egypt. The same lines are repeated in the drawings upon the walls of these monuments representing the death, judgment, and doom of mankind. The stern soul of Egypt thus speaks through a single line. Nor is the line by which the architecture of Greece is designated less significant. We see it in the graceful but restrained curve of so many of the Greek temples, statues, and urns. It tells of Greek freedom and ease, but also of Greek self-control. It was part of the civilization of Pericles and Plato, of Euripides and Apelles; and was lost sight of when the philosophy and literature of the same era were silenced. Again, when Roman arrogance and self-assertion made quality yield to quantity we see the rounding swell of the quarter circle joined to similar quarter circle swelling in the opposite direction, so often found in the arcades and triumphant arches, in the vaulted halls of the baths and palaces of Rome. It is true that Greek architecture was carried to Rome. But, to use Mr. Van Brunt's eloquent simile, it "was chained to the triumphant car of the Roman conquerors; the beautiful Greek pillars no longer supported the shelter of the temple of the gods, but stood as useless ornaments at the doors of Roman palaces—servants in livery!" In no case was the gracious but reserved freedom of Greek art allowed to interfere with "the expression of insolent prodigality, of vehement and sensuous splendor which the Roman empire desired to express in all its works as a matter of public policy." Roman civilization changed the beautiful Greek pillar into the sumptuous Corinthian order and created the still more gorgeous Composite. "These Rome established as the official standards of her luxury, and with them she overawed the barbarians in the remotest colonies of her empire." What chance had the quiet beauty of the Greek line in such a civilization? It appeared, but was like a "song of liberty sung in captivity."

Even a slight acquaintance with good etchings shows that hurry and confusion are expressed by short, sharp lines, whereas, quiet and

harmony are told by long flowing lines much as similar emotions in music are expressed by quick, sharp sounds, or by the long drawn out quiver of the bow across the strings. Even the common wall papers create discord or harmony according to the beauty or the ugliness of their lines.

Fascinating and delightful as is the study of lines and their influence, not only upon all of the other arts, but, also, upon all of the industries, we must not enter into it here. Let us concentrate our attention upon the subject-matter in hand, inasmuch as architecture is the highest and at the same time the most potent expression of this great language of form. For the language of form is as great as is the language of music, and must be studied with the same intelligence and devotion if its subtle charm and indescribable beauty are to be mastered.

One cannot go far in the study of architecture without soon perceiving that different materials are required to express different styles of architecture, as in music different kinds of instruments are required to express differing emotional tones. Indeed, we find that the great master builders created new material as the great musicians have devised new instruments. We cannot make this subject clearer than by citing once more from Henry Van Brunt:

Granite (the material natural to Egypt when the nearest mountain ranges supplied the only building materials) gives naturally buildings where the beauty and nobility depend most upon the strong, single outlines, rather than details; where the carvings are few and large.

Sandstone and Limestone (so much used in Mediæval France and England because they are the natural material of the locality) allow of more carving and moulding, such as can be seen on the cathedral doors and spires of that period.

Marble (the material used by Greece, whose marble quarries are the best in the world) permits exquisite carving of a delicacy and refinement impossible to rougher materials.

Onyx, agate, and other semi-precious colored marbles (such as are seen upon the buildings of Venice and Florence) bring naturally the art of Mosaic decoration or plain surfaces into prominence. Carvings and mouldings are not needed where richness of color gives vent to true emotions.

Terra Cotta (such as is used in Northern Italy) allows full play to the moulding genius of such artists as the Della Robbia.

Coarse conglomerate (where no more staple materials offer themselves, or where the skill of man is somewhat limited) is used by such nations as the all-conquering, all-pervading Romans and later on by the Spanish explorers and conquerors of the New World. These rough, pebbly surfaces are made smooth by plaster and thereby can be decorated by beautiful mouldings, and suggestive and satisfying coloring.

The last two of the above mentioned materials show the power of the architect to create the materials needed to express his thought.

While this subject of the use of right material is under consideration, I cannot refrain from re-emphasizing it by quoting once more from the same author. He says: "It has been discovered that in every great era of art, material has been used according to its natural capacity: by the constant use of such natural capacities, the arts have approached perfection: by their abuse they have inevitably declined. Thus as regards architecture in a district which produces granite alone, the prevailing style would submit to certain modifications to suit the conditions of the material; the mouldings would be few and large, the sculpture broad and simple, depending rather upon outline, than upon detail for its effect. In places where the stone was easily worked, the mouldings and carvings would be more frequent. Where fine marbles were available, the architecture would be delicately detailed, and affect a quality of refinement impracticable under other conditions. Where colored marbles abounded the wall surfaces would be veneered with them, in patterns, and designs in Mosaic would become frequent. Where clay only prevailed, there would arise an architecture distinctly of brick and terra cotta. If the stone of a district was coarse and friable, it would be used in rough walls, covered with a finish of cement or plaster, which in its turn would create a modification of style priding itself upon its smoothness of surface, its decoration by incisions and fine moulding and applied color."

"Thus, Egyptian art was, in some of its most characteristic expressions, an art of granite; the mediæval arts of France and England were mostly arts of limestones and sandstones of various qualities; the art of Greece was an art of fine marble; that of North Italy was an art of baked clay; that of Venice and Florence was distinguished for its inlay of semi-precious marble; that of Rome, as her monuments were part of her political system, and were erected all over the Roman World as invariable types of her dominion, was an art of coarse masonry, in whatever material, or of concrete covered with plaster or with thin veneers of marble. In like manner, forms executed in lead were different from forms executed in forged iron. Forms cast in moulds were different from forms forged or wrought with the chisel. Forms suggested by the functions and capacity of wood were quite different from any other."

Thus we see that the mind of man makes plastic the materials of nature on the one hand, and the materials of nature restrict the form of expression on the other hand, but never the content of art. The soul of the true artist will express its highest in whatever it is compelled to work.

Such is the record of the past! What does the architecture of to-day tell us of man's spiritual condition?

The crowded city, growing more and more crowded each year, is undoubtedly the most distinctive fact in the civilization of the present

time. We may regret this fact, but we cannot deny it; or we may proudly rejoice in it, seeing through it the closer coming together of mankind, the nearer approach to a practical realization of the solidarity of the race.

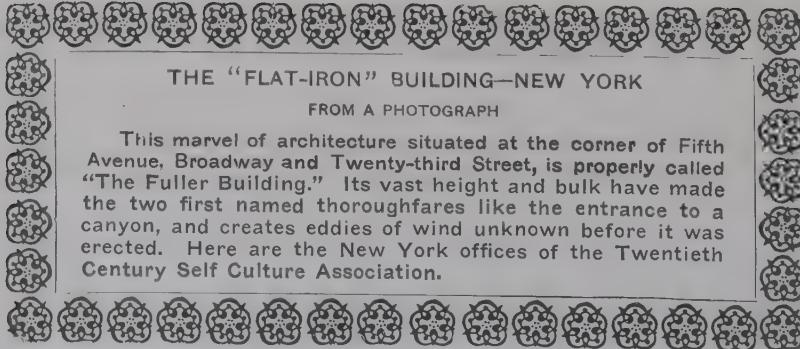
"Am I my brother's keeper?" may be asked when wide miles of space intervene between me and that brother. But when his ignorance of the laws of health has allowed filth to accumulate at his back door until a breeding-bed for disease germs has been established and we know that these germs will float in at our window not fifty feet away, we begin to understand that we are his keeper. When his neglected children, growing up amidst squalor and vice, seduce or corrupt our idolized and carefully protected child, in anguish of heart we confess that we are all of one blood, and that we must care for humanity's children, as for our own. When our brother's hunger-crazed brain accepts anarchy as the only solution of his wretchedness, and our lives and liberty are threatened thereby, we no longer ask the question, we know that we are his keeper.

Therefore, the crowded city, to the earnest, thinking mind is not altogether a sign of degeneracy. Disagreeable as it may be to the man or woman of culture to live amidst jarring sounds and jostling crowds, it is nevertheless a step forward in the race-consciousness of its high destiny. The country boys and girls who eagerly leave their quiet, comfortable country homes to rush into our great cities, and perhaps be crushed and trampled under foot by the unheeding crowd, feel this new stage of the life of the race even when they cannot explain it. Here all humanity offers its good and its evil to them. More of these country town boys and girls come to the cities for the added life they find there, than for the added wages which they hope to earn.

The time comes when the higher types of humanity, who have been trained by this city life, return to the country, where their knowledge of improved machinery and scientific agriculture enables them to live as masters rather than as slaves to the soil. Their artistic training and literary culture furnishes the needed stimulation to heart and brain, such as is now sought by uncultured minds in commingling with the crowd. Rapid transit, rural delivery, long-distance telephones, and similar inventions of to-day all predict the increase of this restoration of man to his normal condition, and hence to his best environing influences. But for the present—and for years to come—the large majority of people will congregate in our large cities. We are in the midst of the growing urban civilization.

Let us now turn to our Architecture, and see if it is writing the true record of our spiritual condition. Is the new form of architecture that is coming into existence to-day a genuine expression of the new meaning we are trying to give to life? It must inevitably be so. How could it be otherwise? The mind of man is a unit, and the mental state that would call for a life in a crowded city would neces-





THE "FLAT-IRON" BUILDING—NEW YORK  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH

This marvel of architecture situated at the corner of Fifth Avenue, Broadway and Twenty-third Street, is properly called "The Fuller Building." Its vast height and bulk have made the two first named thoroughfares like the entrance to a canyon, and creates eddies of wind unknown before it was erected. Here are the New York offices of the Twentieth Century Self Culture Association.

sarily demand an art expression in the form-world that would correspond to the crowd-seeking tendency of this age. We are no longer Asiatic, vaguely dreaming of a sensationless existence in which all individuality is lost; nor are we Greeks, rejoicing in this life merely; nor are we mediæval ascetics, striving and praying to be released from this body. We are a new people with a new idea. We are the comingling of many peoples, yet all united under the thought, not only of the dignity and freedom of each, but of the solidarity of the race, not as the Greeks felt it, but with the added consciousness of "the social whole." What then may we expect to be the silent revelation of our civilization in dumb stone and marble?

As we turn to our architecture we see this new spirit of the time writing a new record, we find "the great stone giant," which in the cathedrals of Europe lay prostrate upon the earth with only his arms and fingers stretched upward as if crying for help, now standing erect upon his feet. Having cast off the heavy garment of stone, he rises fifteen, twenty stories high in his new and lighter clothing of terra cotta and brick. "He no longer points upward," says Dr. Snider in a lecture on American architecture, "but stands erect and looks outward. He can bend before the gale, yet withstands the mightiest storm"—true symbol of the Democracy that has created him!

If art is the expression of a nation's highest ideals in sensuous form, can we not read the new thought of the race in this sudden change in all that has hitherto been accepted as the standard of beauty in buildings? America to-day calls across the waters of the deep: "We are all one common brotherhood. There shall be no more class or caste! The humble shall be exalted and the lowly shall be lifted up! The rail-splitter shall sit in the president's chair, and the Vermont village boy shall become the hero of Manila."

And the great inevitable Spirit-of-the-times writes the joyful message in the strong, light, airy skyscraper of to-day, using the very dust of the earth for its storm-defying coat! Have you ever thought of how significant the fact is that man had first to conquer fire, and then by means of fire has been able to make of mud a fire-proof material? Is not this "negative negating itself" in very truth before our eyes?

But to return to our subject. The older civilizations are slowly answering the call of America. It is not man's greed alone that has brought into existence our twenty-story buildings. It is the crowded condition of our cities that has created them. They would have been morally as well as materially impossible in an earlier stage of the world's history. Their framework is steel, plus nineteenth century intelligence, and their covering of terra cotta is mud mixed with nineteenth century brains. But is it not also true that the best business locations, the best sanitary conditions, the best electric appliances, and the best elevator services are now demanded by the multi-

tude as well as by the few? And our giant skyscrapers are the answer to this demand. They have been most truly called "the statue of the crowd," inasmuch as they most expressively represent in line and contour the inner meaning of the crowd.

The question now is, "What shall we do with our crowd?" It has projected its inmost nature upon our vision. We can no longer misunderstand it or its needs. Here it stands self-assertive, shutting out our light and sunshine, arrogant, lean and hungry, oftentimes ugly and offensive to the artistic eye—and yet with a certain simple dignity and an unmistakable aspiration which demand our respect.

No prophet of old ever called more eloquently to his people to return to the worship of the God of Righteousness than do these tall, gaunt giants of dumb stone and marble. This is one of the messages of Architecture, oftentimes not fully realized until the message has ceased to be needed, and the terrible consequences of sin have come, or the glorious opportunities of awakening aspiration have gone.

What shall we do with this crowd, bereft of reverence which the silence and solitude of country life brings, drifting away from the self-respect which honest labor implants in the human breast, and slowly but surely losing the quiet dignity which comes from simplicity of life? What shall we do with this ever present crowd which has already shown itself strong enough to reflect itself in Art? It has reached an art era, and Art itself must be our answer. A new beauty must be forthcoming, a beauty that shall be so appealing, so uplifting, so soul-satisfying, that it compels a forgetting of small selfish aims, and unites and harmonizes unconsciously the jarring and conflicting elements of mankind. Does this seem to claim too much for Art? Watch a crowd stirred by music; observe closely a body of people as they witness a fine drama; or study an audience that has been thrilled by some gifted orator; you will no longer question the transcending power of Art. And of all arts, architecture is the art of the crowd; as has already been said, it stands silent and suggestive upon the public highway for all the people, at all hours of the day and night. If we doubt the power of form and line to uplift or debase, let us turn to a study of some of the buildings about us to-day, and see if they do not individually speak a language of their own, and yet one which may be easily mastered by any observer, and which teaches us daily, whether we know it or not, to be shallow and false, or noble and sincere.

When we exclaim, "What a barn-like place! I am glad I do not have to live there!" or, "This is such a home-like house, I like it," what do we mean? Is it not that the former, in its bad proportions, is assertive and commonplace, untrue to our ideal of a home? Whereas the latter suggests individuality, privacy, and quiet comforts, three essentials of a true home? Who has not experienced a pleasurable sensation, when arriving at a wayside railway station, on observing the roof to be the preponderating feature of the building,

whose chief office is to shelter people, temporarily, at the same time giving them freedom of access and egress? Had massive walls enclosed the station they would have destroyed the real meaning of the building.

Could anything be more appropriate to the generous sheltering of large throngs of people than the beautiful Union Depot at St. Louis? So far as my knowledge extends, it is the ideal depot of the world. As charming as is every detail of this handsome building we should not care to use it for a church, an art gallery, or even an assembly hall. Its purpose is to welcome the coming and speed off the parting guest with grace and ease and dignity. It would be an untruth in architecture if used for any other purpose, and this untruthfulness would be felt by every beholder even if he could not analyze the cause of his dissatisfaction.

Again, can one conceive of a more perfect packing-box than the Marshall Field wholesale dry-goods building in Chicago? Here are strength, solidity, compactness, and security in every line of this building, equally as beautiful as the St. Louis Union Depot, though it is a wholly different form, as is right, for a wholly different purpose.

Who has not felt the majesty of a great city's welcome as he or she has ascended the few marble steps that lead to the spacious entrance of a fine museum or art gallery? Recall the feeling that you were entering upon a grand festival which the façade of the Grand Opera House in Paris gave to you. Did it not tell of a nation which knew the value of recreation, without forgetting the charm that courtesy lends? Think of the quiet dignity of greeting which the English people give to the world by means of the entrance to the National Gallery; and then think of the insignificant little green doors through which a Chicago public is hustled off the sidewalk into the Auditorium, and you will realize how far the great metropolis of the middle west is from a right comprehension of Art forms worthy of so great comprehension.

On the other hand, you who have stood before the National Library at Washington, or walked through its superb interior, know the glow of satisfaction that has stirred within your hearts as you realized how great must be the spirit of a nation which would choose to make so fitting a casket for her priceless treasury of thoughts. Need I multiply examples to prove that we, the American people, are slowly but surely learning the great and beautiful language of Architecture and its powerful influence in the ennobling of a nation? When the day comes in which we read its full significance we will surely cease to disfigure the streets of our cities and make coarse and commonplace our towns and villages with disproportioned, ugly, and self-assertive buildings. As the daily accumulations of filth are now made away with, as a matter of course, so, too, some day, when the language of form is understood, inharmonious and false architecture will be forbidden.

Much is already being done by some of our leading newspapers and magazines in offering prizes for the best designs of simple homes, schoolhouses, civic halls, etc., and also the widespread publication of the more artistic of these designs. Such enterprises are heralding the approach of the day when we shall cease to admire Greek porticoes stuck on to the plain-looking American house, staring helplessly at us "with strange alien look." Even if our colonial forefathers did blunder thus in their early struggle for beauty, why need we repeat this misapprehension of Greek pillars? At one of our recent National Educational Associations, where the largest body of educators in the world was assembled, a resolution was passed as follows:

"We believe that the standards for school architecture should be as definite as the standards for teaching. The law should fix the dimensions and all other requirements of school buildings as well as the size and character of school grounds."

Still more is being done by our great railroads. They are doing architecturally for the present day what the great cathedrals did for the middle ages, by planting beautiful buildings in the midst of our Western towns and villages, thereby teaching the people at large to admire solidity, fitness of form, significance of line, and harmony of color, as much as they do with promptness and business enterprise. One of the suggestive lessons of the World's Fair at Chicago was that of a smokestack transformed into a tall and stately tower which added dignity to the building to which it belonged, as well as beauty to the landscape.

This is an age of utility, but we are fast learning that the useful may be made beautiful also, and our land may in time become a land of worship as well as a land of work. The present effort to make our national capital the most beautiful city in the world is but the foreshadowing of the cities of the future, after we have learned the great value of beauty. Our frequent expositions are doing far more than displaying the wealth and resources of our modern civilization. They are visions of the possibilities of beauty and harmony and joy that may be expressed even where the vast crowd jostles and pushes. They are as yet the dreams of artists, but will some day become glorious realities, the investments of patriotic citizens in that which is more precious than gold.

If you are in prophetic mood rejoice with every thoughtful lover of mankind at the dawning evidence of another era of true appreciation of Art and its great mission to mankind. If you are doubtful, turn your thoughts once more to the "Fair White City" that stood for a moment, as it were, on the shore of Lake Michigan,—coming and going like a heavenly vision of the cities yet-to-be, and will you realize the greatness and significance of the language of form?





THE CITY HALL—PHILADELPHIA  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH



This is said to be the largest building in the country. It is of white marble and granite; it contains 520 rooms, and including a courtyard 200 feet square, in the centre, stands on 4 1/2 acres. The central tower is 547 feet high, on the top of which is a colossal statue of William Penn, 37 feet in height.

## THE COLUMN AND THE ARCH OF TRAJAN IN ROME.

By A. J. C. HARE.

THE beautiful "Column of Trajan," the justest of Roman princes, called Columna Cochlis, from its winding stairs resembling the spiral of a shell, was erected in his honor by the senate and people of Rome, A.D. 114, to show the height of the mound levelled by the emperor—*ad declarandum quantae altitudinis mons et locus sit egestus*. It is composed of thirty-four blocks of Luna marble, and is adorned with a spiral band of bas-reliefs illustrative of the Dacian wars, increasing in size as it nears the top, so that it preserves throughout the same proportion when seen from below. The reliefs include over two thousand figures. It was formerly crowned by a statue of Trajan, holding a gilt globe, which latter is still preserved in the Hall of Bronzes in the Capitol. The statue had been carried off by Constans, or had fallen from its pedestal long before Sixtus V. replaced it by the existing figure of St. Peter. At the foot of the column was a sepulchral chamber, in which, preserved in a golden urn, in a "cella," were placed the imperial ashes.

"Apostolic statues climb  
To crush the imperial urn, whose ashes slept sublime."  
—Childe Harold, cx.

The triumphal "Arch of Trajan," which formed the entrance to the forum, was destroyed in 1526. Its site was near the present Pastorria Traiana.

"The forum of Trajan comprised seven different sections: namely, the propylaia, or triumphal arch of the emperor; the square itself, with the equestrian statue in the middle; the Basilica Ulpia; the Bibliotheca Ulpia; the two hemicycles; the monumental column; and the temple of Trajan. The *ensemble* of these various sections was considered not only the masterpiece of Roman architecture of the golden age, but one of the marvels of the world. Let me quote the words with which Ammianus Marcellinus (xvi. 10) describes the impression felt by the Emperor Constantius at the first sight of the group. 'Having now entered the forum of Trajan, the most marvellous invention of human genius,—*singularem sub omni coelo structuram*,—he was struck with admiration, and looked round in amazement, without being able to utter a word, wondering at the gigantic structures,—*giganteos contextus*,—which no pen can describe, and which mankind can create and see only once in the course of centuries. Having consequently given up any hope of building himself anything which would approach, even at a respectful distance, the

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work of Trajan, he turned his attention to the equestrian statue placed in the centre of the forum, and said to his attendants that he would have one like it in Constantinople.' These words having been heard by Hormisdas, a young Persian prince attached to his court, he turned quickly towards the emperor, and said: 'If your Majesty wants to secure and keep such a horse, you must first provide him with a stable like this.'—*Lanciani, "Ancient Rome."*

It was while observing the monuments in this forum that Gregory the Great, noticing one of the marble groups which told of a good and great action of Trajan, lamented bitterly that the soul of so noble a man should be lost, and prayed earnestly for the salvation of the heathen emperor. He was told that the soul of Trajan should be saved, but that to ensure this he must either himself undergo the pains of purgatory for three days, or suffer seven different diseases and then die. He chose the latter, and immediately went lame. This incident is narrated by Paul Diaconus and John of Salisbury, and is picturesquely recounted by Dante in the 10th canto of the "*Purgatorio*" (v. 73-83).

The forum of Trajan was partly uncovered by Pope Paul III. in the sixteenth century, but excavated in its present form by the French in 1812. Behind the houses on the Quirinal side of the forum, remains of curvilinear buildings may be seen belonging to one of the two hemicycles which opened on to each side of the forum, and were designed to hide out the scrapings made in the Hill behind, on the north side, and the poorer houses on the opposite, or southern side. There is much irrevocably buried under the streets and gigantic neighboring houses.

"All over the surface of what once was Rome it seems to be the effort of Time to bury up the ancient city, as if it were a corpse, and he the sexton; so that, in eighteen centuries, the soil over its grave has grown very deep, by this slow scattering of dust, and the accumulation of more modern decay upon her older ruin.

"This was the fate, also, of Trajan's forum, until some papal antiquary, a few hundred years ago, began to hollow it out again, and disclosed the whole height of the gigantic column, wreathed round with bas-reliefs of the old emperor's warlike deeds (rich sculpture, which, twining from the base to the capital, must be an ugly spectacle for his ghostly eyes, if he considers that this huge, storied shaft must be laid before the judgment-seat, as a piece of the evidence of what he did in the flesh). In the area before the column stands a grove of stone, consisting of the broken and unequal shafts of a vanished temple, still keeping a majestic order, and apparently incapable of further demolition. The modern edifices of the piazza (wholly built, no doubt, out of the spoil of its old magnificence) look down into the hollow space where these pillars rise.

"One of the immense gray granite shafts lies in the piazza, on the

verge of the area. It is a great, solid fact of the Past, making old Rome actually visible to the touch and eye; and no study of history, nor force of thought, nor magic of song, can so vitally assure us that Rome once existed, as this sturdy specimen of what its rulers and people wrought. There is still a polish remaining on the hard substance of the pillar, the polish of eighteen centuries ago, as yet but half rubbed off."—*Hawthorne.*

## THE BASILICA OF ST. PETER'S CATHEDRAL IN ROME.

By A. J. C. HARE.

**W**E now push aside the heavy double curtain and enter the Basilica.

"Hilda had not always been adequately impressed by the grandeur of this mighty cathedral. When she first lifted the heavy leathern curtains at one of the doors, a shadowy edifice in her imagination had been dazzled out of sight by the reality."—*Hawthorne.*

"The interior burst upon our astonished gaze, resplendent in light, magnificence, and beauty, beyond all that imagination can conceive. Its apparent smallness of size, however, mingled some degree of surprise, and even disappointment, with my admiration; but as I walked slowly up its long nave, empanelled with the rarest and richest marbles, and adorned with every art of sculpture and taste, and caught through the lofty arches opening views of chapels, and tombs, and altars of surpassing splendor, I felt that it was, indeed, unparalleled in beauty, in magnitude, and magnificence, and one of the noblest and most wonderful of the works of man."—*Eaton's Rome.*"

"St. Peter's, that glorious temple—the largest and most beautiful, it is said, in the world—produced upon me the impression rather of a Christian pantheon than of a Christian church. The æsthetic intellect is edified more than the God-loving or God-seeking soul. The exterior and interior of the building appear to me more like an apotheosis of the Papedom than a glorification of Christianity and its doctrine. Monuments to the popes occupy too much space. One sees all round the walls angels flying upwards with papal portraits, sometimes merely with papal tiaras."—*Frederika Bremer.*

"The building of St. Peter's surpasses all powers of description. It appears to me like some great work of nature, a forest, a mass of rocks, or something similar; for I never can realize the idea that it is the work of man. You strive to distinguish the ceiling as little as the canopy of heaven. You lose your way in St. Peter's; you take a walk in it, and ramble till you are quite tired; when divine

From "Walks in Rome." London.

service is performed and chanted there, you are not aware of it till you come quite close. The angels in the Baptistry are enormous giants—the doves, colossal birds of prey; you lose all sense of measurement with the eye, or proportion; and yet who does not feel his heart expand when standing under the dome and gazing up at it?"—*Mendelssohn's Letters*.

"But thou, of temples old or altars new,  
Standest alone—with nothing like to thee—  
Worthiest of God, the holy and the true.  
Since Zion's desolation, when that He  
Forsook His former city, what could be  
Of earthly structures, in His Honor piled,  
Of a sublimer aspect? Majesty,  
Power, Glory, Strength, and Beauty—all are aisled  
In this eternal ark of worship undefiled.

"Enter: its grandeur overwhelms thee not;  
And why? it is not lessened; but thy mind,  
Expanded by the genius of the spot,  
Has grown colossal, and can only find  
A fit abode wherein appear enshrined  
Thy hopes of immortality; and thou  
Shalt one day, if found worthy, so defined,  
See thy God face to face, as thou dost now  
His Holy of Holies, nor be blasted by His brow."

—Byron, "*Childe Harold*."

"In this church one learns how art as well as nature can set aside every standard of measurement."—*Goethe*.

"The temperature of St. Peter's seems, like the happy islands, to experience no change. In the coldest weather, it is like summer to your feelings, and in the most oppressive heats it strikes you with a delightful sensation of cold—a luxury not to be estimated except in a climate such as this."—*Eaton's "Rome"*.

On each side of the nave are four pillars with Corinthian capitals, and a rich entablature supporting the arches. The roof is vaulted, coffered, and richly gilded. The pavement is of colored marble, inlaid from designs of Giacomo della Porta and Bernini. In the centre of the floor, immediately within the chief entrance, is a round slab of porphyry, upon which the mediæval Emperors were crowned.

The proportionate size of the statues and ornaments in St. Peter's does away with the impression of its vastness, and it is only by observing the living, moving figures that one can form any idea of its colossal proportions. A line in the pavement is marked with the comparative lengths of the other great Christian churches. According to this, the length of St. Peter's is 613 1-2 feet; of St. Paul's,

London, 520 1-2 feet; Milan Cathedral, 443 feet; St. Sophia, Constantinople, 360 1-2 feet. The height of the dome in the interior is 405 feet; on the exterior, 448 feet. The height of the baldacchino is 94 1-2 feet.

The first impulse will be to go up to the shrine, at which a circle of eighty-six golden lamps is always burning around the tomb of the poor fisherman of Galilee, and to look down into the "Confession," where there is a beautiful kneeling statue of Pope Pius VI. (Braschi, 1785-1800) by Canova.<sup>1</sup> Hence one can gaze up into the dome and read its huge letters in purple-blue mosaic on a gold ground, each six feet long.<sup>2</sup> "Tu es Petrus, et super hanc petram ædificabo ecclesiam meam, et tibi dabo claves regni celorum." Above this occur four colossal mosaics of the Evangelists from designs of the Cav. d'Arpino; the pen in the hand of St. Luke is seven feet in length.

"The cupola is glorious, viewed in its design, its altitude, or even its decorations; viewed either as a whole or as a part, it enchants the eye, it satisfies the taste, it expands the soul. The very air seems to eat up all that is harsh or colossal, and leaves us nothing but the sublime to feast on—a sublime peculiar as the genius of the immortal architect, and comprehensible only on the spot."—*Forsyth*.

"But when, having traversed the length of the nave without uttering a word, he passed from under the gilded roofs, and the spacious dome, lofty as a firmament, expanded itself above him in the sky, covered with tracery of the celestial glories, and brilliant with mosaic and stars of gold; when, opening on all sides to the wide transepts, the limitless pavement stretched away beyond the reach of sense; when, beneath this vast work and finished effort of man's devotion, he saw the high altar, brilliant with lights, surmounted and enthroned by its panoply of clustering columns and towering cross: when all around him, he was conscious of the hush and calmness of worship, and felt in his inmost being the sense of vastness, of splendor, and of awe;—he may be pardoned if, kneeling upon the polished floor, he conceived for a moment that this was the house of God, and that the gate of heaven was here."—*John Inglesant*."

#### SOME GREAT ARCHITECTS AND SOME OF THEIR FAMOUS WORKS.

NOTE.—*This is not, of course, a complete list of famous Architects, nor is it a complete list of their works. It is intended to serve as an introduction to the vast field and to furnish a series of fingerposts to those who would acquaint themselves with the lives and works of the great masters.*

ADAM, ROBERT. 1728-1792. English. *Biography* by Fitzgerald, 1904.  
ALBERTI, LEONE BATTISTA DEGLI. 1404-1472. Italian. *Chief Work:* Front of Santa Maria Novella, Florence.  
ALESSI, GALEAZZO. 1502-1572. Italian.

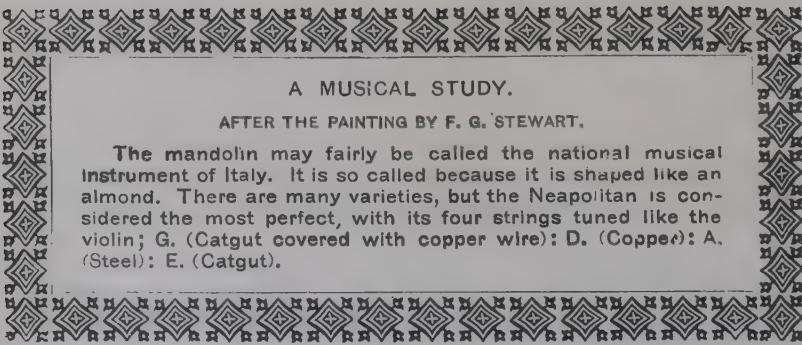
<sup>1</sup> The Pope, on the third Sunday in Advent, used to go down and perform a service in the confessio seated in *subsellio*. See *Ordo Romanus Benedicti* in Mabillon, *Mus. Ital.* ii. 152

<sup>2</sup> These letters are in real mosaic. Those in the nave and transepts are in paper—to complete them in mosaic would have been too expensive.

- BARRY, SIR CHARLES. 1795-1860. English. *Chief Work*: The Houses of Parliament, London. *Memoir* by Alfred Barry.
- BERNINI, GIOVANNI LORENZO. 1598-1680. Italian. *Some Chief Works*: The Palace Barberini; The Campanile of St. Peter's.
- BONO, BARTOLOMEO DI GIOVANNI. 15th century. Italian.
- BRAMANTE (DONATA D'AGNOLA). 1444-1514. Italian. *Chief Work*: Cancellaria; Plan of St. Peter's.
- BRUNELLESCHI, FILIPPO. 1377-1446. Italian. *Chief Works*: Cupola of Santa Maria del Fiore. *Biography* by Mrs. Baxter (Leader Scott).
- BULFINCH, CHARLES. 1763-1844. American. *Chief Work*: The Massachusetts State Capitol, Boston. *Life and Letters*, 1896.
- BULLANT, JEAN. 1515-1578. French.
- BUONARROTI, MICHEL ANGELO. 1475-1564. Italian. *Chief Work*: Dome of St. Peter's, Rome.
- BURGES, WILLIAM. 1827-1881. English. *Chief Work*: Cork Cathedral.
- CHAMBERS, SIR WILLIAM. 1726-1796. English. *Chief Work*: Somerset House, London. *Biography* by Hardwick in his "Treatise on the Decorative Part of Civil Architecture," pages, 37-51.
- DE L'ORME, PHILBERT. 1515-1570. French. *Chief Work*: The Tuilleries, Paris.
- ELIOT, CHARLES. 1859-1897. American. *Biography* by C. W. Eliot, 1903.
- EMEY, MATTHEW GAULT. 1818-1901. American. *Biography* by Cox, 1904.
- GAMBARELLI, BERNARDO DI MATTEO. 1409-1463. Italian.
- GIBBS, JAMES. 1674-1754. English.
- ICTINUS. Flourished about 450-430 B.C. Greek. *Chief Work*: The Parthenon.
- JONES, INIGO. 1573-1652. English. *Chief Work*: Banquet Hall, Whitehall, London. *Biography* by Cunningham, 1848; and Loftie, W. J.
- KEMP, GEORGE MECKLE. 1795-1844. Scotch. *Biography* by Bonnar.
- KEYSER, HENDRICK CORNELISZOOON DE. 1565-1621. Dutch.
- MANSARD, I. H. 1646-1708. French. *Chief Work*: Dome of the Invalides, Paris.
- MCKIM, C. F. American. *Chief Work*: Public Library, Boston.
- PALLADIO, ANDREA. 1518-1580. Italian. *Some Chief Works*: Basilica of Vicenza; Church of Il Redentore, Venice. *Biography* by Fletcher.
- UGIN, AUGUSTUS W. N. 1812-1852. English. *Recollections* by Ferrey.
- RICHARDSON, HENRY HOBSON. 1838-1886. American. *Some Chief Works*: Trinity Church, Boston; All Saints' Church, Pittsburg. *Biography* by Mrs. Van Rensselaer.
- ROOT, JOHN W. 1850-1891. American. *Biography* by Monroe.
- SANGALLO, GIULIANO DE. 1445-1516. Italian. *Chief Work*: The Farnese Palace, Rome.
- SANSONINO, GIOCOPPO TATTI. 1479-1570. Italian. *Chief Work*: The Library, Venice.
- SCHINKEL, KARL FRIEDRICH. 1781-1841. German. *Biography* by Ziller.
- SCOTT, SIR GEORGE GILBERT. 1811-1878. English. *Some Chief Works*: Town Hall, Hamburg; National Liberal Club and National History Museum, London. *Recollections* by Sir Gilbert Scott.
- SEMPER, GOTTFRIED. 1803-1879. German. *Some Chief Works*: The Royal Theatre, Dresden; New Museum, Vienna.
- SMIRKE, SIR ROBERT. 1781-1867. English. *Memoirs* by Edward Smirke.
- SOANE, SIR JOHN. 1753-1837. English. Founder of the Soane Museum. Short sketch by Donaldson.
- STREET, GEORGE E. 1824-1881. English. *Chief Work*: The Law Courts, London. *Memoir* by A. E. Street.
- VANBRUGH, SIR JOHN. 1666-1726. English. *Some Chief Works*: Castle Howard; Blenheim Palace, England. *Biography* by Lovegrove, 1902. Other biographies treat him mainly as a dramatist.
- VIGNOLA, GIOCOMO BAROZZI DA. 1507-1573. Italian. *Chief Work*: Villa Caprcola, Rome.
- VITRUVIUS POLLIO. 83?27? B.C. Roman. *Chief Work*: Basilica Justian. Observations by Ussing Brown.
- WATERHOUSE, ALFRED. 1830-1905. English. *Chief Work*: Town Hall, Manchester, Eng.
- WILLIAM OF SENS. (Circa 1158.) French. *Chief Work*: Canterbury Cathedral.
- WILLIAM OF WYKEHAM. 1324-1404. English. *Chief Work*: Gloucester Cathedral. *Biographies* by Chandler, 1842; Lowth, 1777; and Moberly.
- WREN, SIR CHRISTOPHER. 1632-1723. English. *Chief Work*: St. Paul's Cathedral. *Biographies* by Elmes, 1852; Loftie, 1893; Phillimore, 1881; and Stratton, 1897.



FG Schattke



#### A MUSICAL STUDY.

AFTER THE PAINTING BY F. G. STEWART.

The mandolin may fairly be called the national musical instrument of Italy. It is so called because it is shaped like an almond. There are many varieties, but the Neapolitan is considered the most perfect, with its four strings tuned like the violin; G. (Catgut covered with copper wire): D. (Copper): A. (Steel): E. (Catgut).

## MUSIC AND POETRY.

BY SIR JOHN STAINER, LATE ORGANIST OF ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL,  
LONDON.

THE true poet must ever be attracted by the charms of Music: he must sing of her; he must perforce chant her praise. For he cannot but realize how much the two arts, Poetry and Music, possess in common. Both reach their highest excellence when they are characterized by lofty thought, graceful rhythm, and melodious diction: the thought which teaches and edifies; the rhythm which appeals to our love of regularity; and the melody which gives emotional pleasure. Yet these sister arts do not always live quite happily, as it were, under the same roof. For it rarely happens that the finest specimens of poetry receive an adequate expression when set to Music, and it is not improbable that the most thoughtful among poets would admit, if pressed, that he should prefer to dispense with the help of a musical setting, which certainly would share with the hearer the interest of his poem, if it did not actually absorb it; and on the other hand, the musician loves to wind his way, and hold his meditations, among the intricate paths of pure instrumental composition where words, aye, even the words of the poet, can no longer interpret his feelings nor stand as signs of thought.

Here, among sweet sounds of various pitches, qualities, and strength, molded by the mind of genius into harmonic combinations, sometimes majestic and bold, sometimes tender and plaintive, through which a melody or many deftly interwoven melodies are heard flowing ever onward in rhythmic waves, here, indeed, he feels his soul stirred to its very base by crowds of hurrying emotions, which press upon each other so rapidly that time for interpretation were wanting, even if the means were within reach. Thus snatched away from the ordinary course of thought and feeling, the musician may well believe that he is listening to the whisperings of unknown beings whose language is understood by the more spiritual side of his nature, while his common every-day mind stands looking on in wonder.

But cannot Poetry produce equally strange results? In some respects it can, but the answer to this question cannot be an unqualified affirmative. From one point of view Poetry stands inferior to Music, from another it is superior. Music after a long and slow process of development has constituted itself into a recognized method of expression, in short, into a language—speaking of or speaking to the emotions, yet one which cannot be spoken or heard without the subtle aid of intellect, which is as necessary an ingredient of the

genius who creates the language of Music as of the hearer who hopes to understand it.

But the intangibility and indefiniteness of the language of Music, whilst allowing the most cultivated and refined among its hearers to soar into far-off regions of imaginative pleasure, addresses the untutored and ignorant: that is, (alas!), the majority, in an absolutely unknown tongue. To these it is merely a not unpleasant collection of sounds. They may perhaps have enough knowledge to trace the different kinds and qualities of tone, but they learn nothing from, and find no meaning in, such a variety; it is of no more mental import to them than a succession of sweet smells would be. In other words, Music can only call up slumbering or latent emotions, feelings already in potential existence: it cannot create new emotions for us and drive them into the soul through the ears; it can only awake vibrations among heart-strings already attuned and ready to throb in sympathetic pulses.

Poetry, on the other hand, has for its plastic material, words of known meaning and common use, and when addressed to the ordinary mass of people, it is therefore less likely to be misunderstood or to convey no meaning at all. It would, however, be fallacious to jump to the conclusion that the uneducated and vulgar are capable of gathering the full meaning of the best Poetry. Of course not: the more hidden beauties both of thought and diction will be missed by them, and lost. It must be feared even by the most pronounced optimist that there will ever be swine before whom the very pearls of Poetry and Music may be thrown; only, the ancient proverb is in these days illustrated in a rather remarkable way, it is found now that the two-legged trampers-under-foot consider themselves highly qualified critics. But happily for the progress of humanity the pearls last on, to be admired and cherished for long ages; the criticism often dies with the critic.

The two higher beauties of Poetry which are missed by the uncultivated are—the ideality of the thought, and the Music of the diction. The upward flight of the noble mind, struggling ever onwards to attain something still more beautiful and more nearly perfect, cannot be watched or traced by the half-trained eyes of one of the common folk; such eyes as his must be shaded from the blaze of sunlight; so is the ideality of the great poet unseen and unknown but to the few.

The Music of Poetry consists in the presentation to the ear of successive sounds which satisfy our natural craving for rhythmical proportion, whilst tempering the regularity of rhythm by frequent contrasts; the taste must be carefully cultivated before it is keen enough to gauge such delicacies of construction or form. But every word which has just been said about the due appreciation of Poetry may be equally applied to the art of Music; indeed, the elements and characteristics of the two arts are so interwoven that they can with

difficulty be unravelled. Has a man no Music in him? he will never become a poet; has he no Poetry in him? he will never become a musician. The old writer uttered a deep truth when he quaintly defined Poetry as "Reason joined with Musick"; and we may justly add that Music is "Poetry and Painting in sound"; Poetry, because its merit lies in the ideality of its aims and the beauty of proportion in its construction and form; Painting, because it enables us to call up vividly scenes which painters have ever essayed to put on canvas, though they have, perhaps, never realized them to the fullest. Great poets and musicians are of "the few who enoble the many," and they probably do more than any other artists to save humanity from a saddening and pessimist view of life, of the dread struggle for existence going on around us. They have, of course, easier means of exerting widespread influence than other artists. A beautiful piece of music or a beautiful poem may conceivably be listened to or read in every home throughout civilized life at the same moment of time, but the master-picture of the all-but-living piece of sculpture remains stationary on one spot. If such are to be enjoyed, their whereabouts must first be discovered, and thither all (who can!) must take a pilgrimage.

These lovely twin-sisters, Poetry and Music, have, therefore, much cause for mutual congratulation, and I call upon all of you who, when listening to a sonata or symphony, have had poetical thoughts of inexpressible beauty suggested to you by sister Music, to turn to the pages of the poets and hear how tunefully Poetry can repay her sister's love. To you who know and love the beauty of Poetry, but to whom the highest meanings of Music are hidden, I would say, read Poetry's praise of her sister Music; if you do so, I doubt not you will earnestly desire to enter into that new realm of thought and emotion, from which it is in her power alone to draw aside the veil, and into the joys of which she alone can grant you admittance.

## GREAT THOUGHTS OF GREAT MINDS ON MUSIC.

LORD BEACONSFIELD.

**O**MUSIC! miraculous art, that makes the poet's skill a jest, revealing to the soul inexpressible feelings by the aid of inexplicable sounds! A blast of thy trumpet, and millions rush forward to die; a peal of thy organ, and uncounted nations sink down to pray. Mighty is thy threefold power! First, thou canst call up all elemental sounds, and scenes, and subjects with the definiteness of reality. Strike the lyre! Lo! the voice of the winds, the flash of the lightning, the swell of the wave, the solitude of the valley! Then thou canst speak to the secrets of a man's heart as if by inspiration. Strike the lyre! Lo! our early love, our treasured

hate, our withered joy, our flattering hope! And, lastly, by thy mysterious melodies thou canst recall man from all thought of this world and of himself, bringing back to his soul's memory dark but delightful recollections of the glorious heritage which he has lost, but which he may win again. Strike the lyre! Lo! Paradise, with its palaces of inconceivable splendor and its gates of unimaginable glory!

GEORGE ELIOT.

Even as in Music, where all obey and concur to one end, so that each has the joy of contributing to a whole whereby he is ravished and lifted up into the courts of heaven, so will it be in that crowning time of the millennial reign, when our daily prayer will be fulfilled, and one law shall be written on all hearts, and be the very structure of all thought, and be the principle of all action. . . .

We do not hear that Memnon's statue gave forth its melody at all under the rushing of the mightiest wind, or in response to any other influence, divine or human, than certain short-lived sunbeams of morning; and we must learn to accommodate ourselves to the discovery that some of those cunningly-fashioned instruments called human souls have only a very limited range of Music, and will not vibrate in the least under a touch that fills others with tremulous rapture or quivering agony. . . .

Surely the only courtship unshaken by doubts and fears must be that in which the lovers can sing together. The sense of mutual fitness that springs from the two deep notes fulfilling expectation just at the right moment between the notes of the silvery soprano, from the perfect accord of descending thirds and fifths, is likely enough to supersede any immediate demand for less impassioned forms of agreement.

SIR GEORGE GROVE.

For when one does hear an artist who combines good singing with intelligible pronunciation and dramatic power, who feels both words and Music—what immense increase to one's pleasure, and one's profit! A thing, once heard, never to forget! Then one recognizes that one is listening to fine poetry, clothed and decorated with a robe which the poet himself with all his imagination and his skill was powerless to weave—which the musician alone could construct for him. Then one sees how words which as you read them seem to fly to Heaven are by the Music induced with still more celestial colors and a still swifter flight made to grasp still more firmly and deeply the chords of the human heart. Then one realizes that fine singing is only fine speaking; and that the great function of Music is to intensify and enoble the emotions and aspirations which the poet had put into the words.

## AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE.

The statue of Memnon poured out its song of joy, when the rays of the morning sun fell upon it: and thus when the rays of divine Truth first fall on a human soul, it is scarcely possible that something like heavenly Music should not issue from its depths. The statue, however, was of stone: no living voice was awakened in it: the sounds melted and floated away. Alas, that the heavenly Muse drawn from the heart of man should often be no less fleeting than the song of Memnon's statue. . . .

Song is the tone of feeling. Like poetry, the language of feeling, art should regulate, and perhaps temper and modify it. But whenever such a modification is introduced as destroys the predominance of the feeling,—which yet happens in ninety-nine settings out of a hundred, and with nine hundred and ninety-nine taught singers out of a thousand,—the essence is sacrificed to what should be the accident; and we get notes, but no song. If song, however, be the tone of feeling, what is beautiful singing? The balance of feeling, not the absence of it. . . .

After listening to very fine Music, it appears one of the hardest problems, how the delights of heaven can be so attenuated to our perceptions as to become endurable for their pain.

## THE REV. H. R. HWEIS.

Has not Music taken your own turbulent emotions, and expressed them for you in the storm, leaving you sublimely elevated and yet sublimely calm at the close? . . . Music is an emotional Medium, fitted to express the mystic and complex emotions of that hidden life made up of self-analysis, sensibility, love, prayer, trance, visions, ecstasy, which gives to the human soul that inner and intense quality of spiritual independence which stamps and qualifies all human progress. . . . Let the heaven-born art of Music spread: let it bless the homes and hearths of the people; let the children sing, and sing together: let the concertina, the violin, or the flute be found in every cottage. . . . And while Music refines pleasure, let it stimulate work. Let part songs and sweet melody rise in all our crowded factories, above the whirl of wheels and clanking of machinery; thus let the factory girl forget her toil and the artizan his grievance, and Music, the civilizer, the recreator, the soother and purifier of the emotions, shall become the Music of the future.

## CARDINAL NEWMAN.

Let us take another instance of an outward and earthly form, or economy, under which great wonders unknown seem to be typified; I mean musical sounds, as they are exhibited most perfectly in instrumental harmony. There are seven notes in the scale; make them fourteen; yet what a slender outfit for so vast an enterprise! What Science brings so much out of so little? Out of what poor ele-

ments does some great master in it create his new world? Shall we say that all this is exuberant inventiveness, is a mere ingenuity or trick of art, like some game of fashion of the day, without reality, without meaning? We may do so; and, then, perhaps, we shall also account the science of theology to be a matter of words; yet, as there is a divinity in the theology of the Church which those who feel cannot communicate, so is there also in the wonderful creation of sublimity and beauty of which I am speaking. To many men, the very names which the science employs, are utterly incomprehensible. To speak of an idea or a subject seems to be fanciful or trifling, to speak of the views which it opens upon us to be childish extravagance; yet, is it possible that that inexhaustible evolution and disposition of notes, so rich yet so simple, so intricate yet so regulated, so various yet so majestic, should be a mere sound, which is gone and perishes? Can it be that those mysterious stirrings of heart, and keen emotions, and strange yearnings after we know not what, and awful impressions from we know not whence, should be wrought in us by what is unsubstantial, and comes and goes, and begins and ends in itself? It is not so; it cannot be. No; they have escaped from some higher sphere; they are the outpourings of eternal harmony in the medium of created sound; they are echoes from our Home; they are the voice of Angels, or the Magnificat of Saints, or the living laws of Divine Governance, or the Divine Attributes; something are they besides themselves, which we cannot compass, which we cannot utter—though mortal man, and he perhaps not otherwise distinguished above his fellows, has the gift of eliciting them.

#### WALTER PATER.

All art constantly aspires towards the condition of music. For while in all other works of art it is possible to distinguish the matter from the form, and the understanding can always make this distinction, yet it is the constant effort of art to obliterate it. That the mere matter of a poem, for instance, its subject, its given incidents or situation; that the mere matter of a picture—the actual circumstances of an event, the actual topography of a landscape—should be nothing without the form, the spirit of the handling; that this form, this mode of handling, should become an end in itself, should penetrate every part of the matter:—this is what all art constantly strives after, and achieves in different degrees. . . .

It is the art of music which most completely realizes this artistic ideal, this perfect identification of form and matter. In its ideal, consummate moments, the end is not distinct from the means, the form from the matter, the subject from the expression; they inhere in and completely saturate each other; and to it, therefore, to the condition of its perfect moments, all the arts may be supposed constantly to tend and aspire. Music, then, and not poetry, as is so

often supposed, is the true type, or measure of perfected art. Therefore, although each art has its incommunicable element, its untranslatable order of impressions, its unique mode of reaching the "imaginative reason," yet the arts may be represented as continually struggling after the law or principle of music, to a condition which music alone completely realizes; and one of the chief functions of æsthetic criticism, dealing with the products of art, new or old, is to estimate the degree in which each of those products approaches, in this sense, to musical law. . . .

It is to the law or condition of music, as I said, that all art like this is really aspiring; and, in the school of Giorgione, the perfect moments of music itself, the making or hearing of music, song or its accompaniment, are themselves prominent as subjects. On that background of the silence of Venice, which the visitor there finds so impressive, the world of Italian music was then forming. In choice of subject, as in all besides, the Concert of the Pitti Palace is typical of all that Giorgione, himself an admirable musician, touched with his influence; and in sketch or finished picture, in various collections, we may follow it through many intricate variations—men fainting at music, music heard at the pool-side while people fish, or mingled with the sound of the pitcher in the well, or heard across running water, or among the flocks; the tuning of instruments—people with intent faces, as if listening, like those described by Plato in an ingenious passage, to detect the smallest interval or musical sound, the smallest undulation in the air, or feeling for music in thought on a stringless instrument, ear and finger refining themselves infinitely in the appetite for sweet sound—a momentary touch of an instrument in the twilight, as one passes through some unfamiliar room, in a chance company.

In such favorite incidents, then, of Giorgione's school, music or music-like intervals in our existence, life itself is conceived as a sort of listening—listening to music, to the reading of Bandello's novels, to the sound of water, to time as it flies. Often such moments are really our moments of play, and we are surprised at the unexpected blessedness of what may seem our least important part of time; not merely because play is in many instances that to which people really apply their own best powers, but also because at such times, the stress of our servile, every-day attentiveness being relaxed, the happier powers in things without us are permitted free passage, and have their way with us. And so, from music, the school of Giorgione passes often to the play which is like music; to those masques in which men avowedly do but play at real life, like children "dressing-up," disguised in the strange old Italian dresses, particolored, or fantastic with embroidery and furs, of which the master was so curious a designer, and which, above all the spotless white linen at wrist and throat, he painted so dexterously.

And when people are happy in this thirsty land, water will not be

far off; and in the school of Giorgione, the presence of water—the well, or marble-rimmed pool, the drawing or pouring of water, as the woman pours it from a pitcher with her jewelled hand in the *Fête Champêtre*, listening, perhaps, to the cool sound as it falls, blent with the music of the pipes—is as characteristic, and almost as suggestive, as that of music itself.

**PLATO.**

Musical training is of a more potent instrument than any other, because rhythm and harmony find their way into the secret places of the soul, on which they mightily fasten, imparting grace, and making the soul graceful of him who is rightly educated, or ungraceful of him who is ill educated; and, also, because he who has received this true education of the inner being will most shrewdly perceive omissions or faults in art and nature, and with a true taste, while he praises and rejoices over and receives into his soul the good, and becomes noble and good, he will justly blame and hate the bad, now in the days of his youth, even before he is able to know the reason why; and when reason comes he will recognize and salute her as a friend with whom his education has made him long familiar.

**FREDERIC LOUIS RITTER.**

None of the arts is encumbered with so many prejudices as music. Though accessible to every human being, its right position in the family of arts is, in many cases, underrated; its philosophical and æsthetic meaning entirely overlooked, or not understood at all. About none of the other arts has so much nonsense been written as about music. . . .

In our day, as in earlier times, we find mankind making music the vehicle of all that is good and bad. Now it is prescribed for medical purposes; then it has to serve as a means for educating our ill-tempered youth; now it has to inspire the timid soldier with patriotic fire; then it is invoked as a help-meet by the frivolous, etc. But worse than all, here appears an esteemed author, who does not find anything of the sort in music, and who declares that it expresses nothing at all: it is merely a combination of agreeable sounds to please our sense of hearing, and to tickle our nerves more or less. "It does not refine," he says; "it does not elevate; it does not strengthen. It leaves the moral nature quite untouched. It has no moral—nay, no intellectual influence."

While we possess many technical and æsthetical works on architecture, sculpture, painting, and poetry, within the comprehension of the general public, music has, as yet, to struggle, in order to find its due and true place. That which, in a great measure, accounts for this state of things is the one-sided education of our musicians themselves—in general, at least. Their whole attention is directed, in most instances, towards the technical side of musical art. Their

Appreciation of the history, the philosophy of their art is a dark indistinct understanding and presentiment, and many of the false theories about music are due, in a great extent, to their want of a more general knowledge and logical power. Thus, the aesthetical side of music is entirely in the hands of the philosophers and speculative authors, who have, unfortunately, not the necessary technical musical education, and whose theories, therefore, are built on sand. Or else it rests in the hands of amateur authors, who write about the art as their fancies lead them. . . .

Music is not an isolated art. It forms a most necessary link in the great family of arts. Its origin is to be looked for at the same source as that of the other arts. Its ideal functions are also the same.

How important is it, for the understanding of our modern art-culture (if a sound and reliable judgment is to be gained), to possess a fair knowledge of the growth and development of musical forms. Besides the instruction this study affords, what a source of intellectual and artistic enjoyment it presents. We, at the same time, follow and observe the different changes of forms which the human mind creates in order to express its feelings and emotions as influenced by the current thoughts of particular times. Music is a great and, in many respects, a reliable guide in the study of human progress and development. No art is more closely connected with the inner life of man than music, whose magic power steps in at precisely the point where the positive expression of language fails. The very essence of man's existence, it participates in his struggles, triumphs, reverses, and necessarily in its forms and expressions resembles those different phases.

#### THE REV. CANON SHUTTLEWORTH.

There is one branch of art which has always been recognized as foremost among means and helps to devotion. We broke the sculptured figures and painted glories of the saints, that formerly looked down upon the kneeling congregations; but we still sang psalms. We covered over the old frescoes upon the church walls with whitewash and plaster; but we developed a noble English school of anthem and service-music. Even poetry was banished from our Prayer-book, so far as that was possible, when the old hymns were dropped out of it. But music has always remained. The practice of the cathedrals and the larger parish churches, carrying out as it did the express direction of the rubrics in the Prayer-book, witnessed to the original intention of the Reformers, and to the ineradicable instincts of the people. Our English church service was meant to be a musical service: and, however imperfectly, the tradition has always been preserved among us. We rejected painting; we destroyed sculpture; we would have none of the divers colors of needlework; we preferred the prosaic and halting measures of Tate and Brady, to the wealth

of poetry enshrined in the ancient Latin hymns. But we kept our music. English psalm-tunes are the noblest Church melodies in the world; English cathedral music is a development purely national, of the highest artistic value and the deepest religious interest, if scarcely through any other, the beauty of the Lord our God has been upon us.

1. Music is, in the first place, the voice of God to the soul. There are other ways, my friends, of preaching the Gospel than by speaking from a pulpit. A singer filled with the power and the pathos of some great spiritual song, can touch the hearts of men who would listen unmoved to the most eloquent of sermons. The voice of the organ or of the orchestra, interpreting the consecrated thought of a great composer, has carried home, often and again, the message of the Gospel of Christ. The strange, uplifting power of a mighty chorus is familiar to us all; not one of us but has felt it; most of us have known it in this place. And in the passion of the singer, in the manifold voices of strings or keys, in the great brotherhood of choral song, we reverently recognize that voice which pleads in every heart, but which uses human means to win the human race; the voice of the Most High God. The beauty of the music, which so strangely stirs us is a "broken light" of that eternal beauty, a gleam of which surely shone upon the dying eyes of Charles Kingsley, as he murmured at the last, "How beautiful God is." My brethren of these gathered choirs, is it not a great thought for you, that through the music of your voices God speaks to the souls of men? that in your measure and in your sphere, you, too, are preachers of the glorious Gospel of Christ? If the priest's lips should keep wisdom, so, surely, should the chorister's. If it is ours to set an example, it is also yours. The white robe of our office is shared with you; we sit side by side in the sacred precincts of the sanctuary; and, in the old time, the singer was in orders as well as we; the difference one of degree, scarcely of kind. And thus you will banish all light unworthy thoughts of your office and your work as church singers. You will consecrate your lives by prayer and communion; you will ever be mindful of the meaning of your white dress. You, too, are of those through whom the beauty of the Lord our God comes upon your fellow men.

2. And music is, in the second place, the voice of the heart's aspiration towards God. It is the speech of the spirit, the language of the soul. What we cannot utter, but only dimly feel, that music seems to say for us. It is the voice of our unshaped and unspoken prayers; its heavenward strains are the wings of our dull and flagging devotion. The melody of a hymn is often for us the expression of a spiritual emotion; a phrase from oratorio or anthem, wedded to some text of Scripture, some verse of a psalm, calls up and tells forth a mood of penitence, an aspiration after a Christ-like life, an utterance of abiding hope, or the expression of fervent faith.

Who can hear, for instance, the opening chords of the "Dead March," without a sudden solemnizing of the spirit as if in the presence of the dead? Who can listen to the characteristic phrase of Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise," and not dart up an unspoken but deeply felt Alleluia to the throne of God? Music is not merely a mode of preaching; it is a form of prayer. So he who saw the vision of the City of God in the Apocalypse has told us that music is the highest symbol of the eternal life of the blessed; that unbroken and unspoiled harmony is the truest likeness of the rest and the activities of heaven. If it is much, my brethren of the choirs, to speak to men's souls, it is perhaps an even higher privilege to speak for them; to voice the most sacred emotions of their inmost being; to find utterance for the feeling which in them is too deep for words. Oh, what a high and holy service is this of the chorister! Let him remember how, in regard to a sister art, it has been said that no painter ever lived a base or a careless life without showing deterioration in the delicacy and purity of his color. Can a chorister be indifferent or conceited, sensual or selfish, coarse-minded or unspiritual, without tainting and defiling the freshness and sweetness of his song? I know not. What a man is, that must of necessity color and characterize his work. Let earnestness, reality, following after the Lord Jesus Christ, be the dominant motives which rule your lives. So shall they enter unconsciously into your music, and the beauty of the Lord your God be upon you, and upon us.

## LEO TOLSTOI.

What is music? What effect does it produce? And in virtue of what does it produce the effect that we see it produce?

Music forces me to forget myself and my true state, it transports me to some other state which is not mine. Under its influence I fancy I experience what I really do not feel, that I understand what I do not comprehend, that I am able to do what is completely beyond my power. I explain this by the supposition that music acts like yawning or laughing; thus, although not sleepy, I yawn if I see others yawning; although I see nothing to laugh at, I burst out laughing simply if I hear others laughing. Music instantaneously throws me into that state of feeling in which the composer of it found himself when he wrote it. My soul blends with his, and together with him, I am transported from one frame of mind to another. But why I am so ravished out of myself I know not. He who composed the piece—Beethoven, for instance, in the case of the Kreutzer Sonata—knew perfectly well why he was in that mood; it was that mood that determined him to do certain things, and therefore for him that state of mind has a meaning; for me it has absolutely none. This is why it is that music only causes irritation, never ends anything. It is a different thing if a military march is played: then the soldiers move forward, keeping time to the music, and the end is attained.

If dance-music is played, people dance to it, and the object is also accomplished. If a Mass is sung, I receive Holy Communion; and here, too, the music is not in vain. But in other cases there is nothing but irritation, and no light to act during this irritation. Hence the terrible effects that music occasionally produces. In China music is a state concern, and this is as it should be. Could it be tolerated in any country that any one who takes the fancy may hypnotize any one else and then do with him whatever he has a mind to, especially if this magnetizer is—Heaven knows who—an immoral character, for instance?

It is indeed a terrible weapon in the hands of those who know how to employ it. Take the Kreutzer Sonata, for example: is it right to play that first presto in a drawing-room to ladies in low dresses? to play that presto; then to applaud it, and immediately afterwards to eat ice creams and discuss the latest scandal? Such pieces as this are only to be executed in rare and solemn circumstances of life, and even then only if certain important deeds that harmonize with this music are to be performed. It is meant to be played and then to be followed by the feats for which it nerves you; but to call into life the energy of a sentiment which is not destined to manifest itself by any deed, how can that be otherwise than baneful?

#### MISS SUSAN WOOD.

We must not forget that music, like poetry, has more power to sway the emotions of the middle-aged than of the young. This is true at any rate of the more complex and subtle compositions. You often hear a complaint made that a child does not play "with expression." Expression of what? I ask. How can she express feelings if the music has excited no feeling in her? Let her first live; when she has lived and felt, she will play with "feeling." Let her first seek to play truly, to play as the composer directs his work to be played; and to do this let her study, not merely the exact force of all the symbols of musical notation, but let her be well aware of all that the composition involves. In a word let her study the laws of rhythm and of harmony, and that from the very first lesson, both with the voice and on the musical instrument. But harmony, it will be objected, is a dry study; surely we shall find it difficult to excite the interest of young children in it. It is because it is made usually a matter of paper work only, that older people find it dry. But if it were taught, as it is not, in connection with the practical part of instruction, each would throw light on the other, and it would be felt that neither is complete without the other.

## AMERICAN MUSIC.

BY ARTHUR FARWELL, COMPOSER; LECTURER ON MUSIC; AUTHORITY ON INDIAN FOLK-LORE AND MUSIC.

THE increasing frequency with which the subject of American music is brought to our attention by writers in many parts of the country indicates a general national awakening to native musical possibilities which is of more than passing interest. That the subject is continually nibbled at and not dealt with fundamentally is due to the fact that most commentators are sectional and not broadly American in their sympathies. In their search for premature artistic requirements they overlook the rough but vital native musical elements that must be hewn into shape before even the foundations of our musical art will be thoroughly established. The foundations of our technic are already laid by the composers whose names are too well known to need mentioning. But with an East affording a technical appreciation coupled with a thwarting indifference to national artistic influences outside of itself, and a North, a South, and a West rich with an inexhaustible supply of raw material but without the means of adequately refining it, we are well-nigh at a deadlock. Not that the East, within itself, is not developing a notable musical art, but such an art, however highly it be developed, is foredoomed to a Europeanization that must always tend to alienate it from the American people as a whole, and to prevent it from representing in music what America, as a whole, represents in human development.

That we stand in a significant and critical moment in our musical development there can be no doubt. But there is nothing difficult, complicated, nor mysterious in our solution of this crisis if we will but take a sufficiently broad view of the situation. In fact, it is being solved for us, day by day, and needs but a large sympathetic understanding on our part, and a slight initiative to remove all obstacles to the broadest musical development of which America is capable.

Of fundamental importance is it to recognize that now is the moment of breaking away from that in the past which is thwarting to present growth, from the special styles and forms of music that have expressed the individuality of other lands, to forms that shall express the individuality of our own. Undoubtedly the magnitude, the largeness of spirit, the seriousness of the great works of the past are to be retained, but not their outgrown meaning for the race, nor their outgrown technical system. It will no longer be a virtue that an American musical work shall tally the outlines and colors of the works of the German or of the Russian or French masters. We have passed the Imitative stage and have entered upon the

Creative, when our musical works must stand by the possession of qualities not shared by works of any other time or place. For, failing this, individuality fails, and failing individuality, we can have no significant nor dynamic musical art. For it is the establishment of an appropriate and vitalized individuality that insures universal significance in any art. Excellence in imitation, however great, cannot lead us out of the Egypt of lifeless provincialism into the promised land of creative art.

Every country that has had the will to do anything in music has had first to face our problem, which, rightly looked at, is no problem at all, but a normal step in growth. We know that Thespis succeeded in the overripe lyrical atmosphere of Athens with his development of the Hellenic Wild West show, the Dionysus chorus—but we no longer take into account, in our reckonings, the discussions, the oppositions, the organizations, the public and private argumentations which must have occurred in the process of the Athenian broadening, which made possible the greatest art work of Greece. It is the very virtue of the past that its ugliness dies in favor of its beauty. We are no longer conscious of the wrenchings and twistings with which early German music must have broken away from the enthralment of the Italians. The developments inaugurated by Beethoven and carried on by the later German romanticists, inevitable as they were, did not prevail easily or without multitudinous organization and action in their behalf. The creator himself may keep out of the fray, as did Beethoven, or enter it, as did Schumann and Wagner. But human action there must be always, on the part of some one or some group, in the carrying of progressive ideas.

Russia is a noteworthy example of the result of concerted action, both toward the development of individuality in its musical art, and toward gaining recognition for that individuality. The Germanic tradition threatened Russia's musical existence, and Russia's musical will to live carried its national musical art through the crisis, not to that unthinkable "universality" that is being asked for on some hands in American music, but to a normal national individuality, which has made it an intimate present factor in modern musical civilization. From Gade to Grieg in Norway, and from Smetana to Dvorak in Bohemia, are examples, dangerously trite to be sure, of the manner in which nations step out of a feeble or a respectable provincialism into a national art of universal interest and significance. Modern French music, looked up to by so many as the highest point attained in modern music, possesses above all other things a distinctive individuality, an individuality which is certainly not German, nor Russian, nor Chinese, and which we must probably be compelled to recognize as French.

The solution of the situation in America lies in work, not alone on the part of the composer,—he has already been at work long enough to keep the rest of us busy for some time,—but, as well, on the part

of every individual man or woman who cares. First of all, theory as to what American music will be or should be, will have to be put wholly aside, for it interferes fatally with an understanding of what American music is. American music is, and will be, just what the composers of America make it; it cannot by any possibility or chance be anything else. Therefore we must watch, react upon and encourage the composer as he is, if we wish him to become constantly better. But as to the subjects and themes which stimulate him, there we must allow him the completest liberty, knowing that the artist will work out his self-development most swiftly and surely, in proportion as he works on themes of his own choice, which will make his brain work better and his heart beat faster than any themes of our choosing to which we may try to hold him.

Every corner of America to-day has its appropriate musical expression, and it matters little whether that expression be in a primitive or in a more highly developed condition. It is enough that these forces are alive, growing, and characteristic. If we will live the whole musical life of our country, sympathizing with and enjoying its every aspect, rougher and more refined, wherever beauty and truth of expression are found, we must realize that a musical democratization of our natures alone will enable us to do so. There must be a willingness on our part to be, in our imaginations or our sympathies, at a moment's notice, a cowboy ranging the plains, a Southern planter taking his leisure or his slave at work, an Omaha chief watching the approach of the Thunder god; or with equal readiness we are to share the idealizations of these motives through the tonal medium of our more immediate fellow man, the composer,—or still other motives, nameless, innumerable, expressible only in tone, revealing the peculiar sense of beauty or of spiritual aspiration of our time.

In short, our national musical individuality is, paradoxically, various, as it should be, and comes to us through two channels, through direct new inventions of the American composer, and through American folk-song of all kinds. The only difference between our development of a characteristic musical art and that of the European nations, is that we are organized as a nation at a time when musical evolution is in full swing, and secondly, that we gain our characteristic folk-song through the sympathetic contact of a democratic civilization instead of through direct racial inheritance. This situation leads to two dangers, imitation and scorn of native resources; but it presents also two signal advantages, a working-system of technic already developed, and an inexhaustible mine of new material. The true nature of this situation cannot be taken too deeply to heart if we are to share in the upbuilding of American musical art as a whole.

Of direct new invention by American composers there is a greater quantity than we imagine. The significant American composer is beginning to lift his head in Illinois, in Missouri, in California.

Evanston (Illinois), not to mention Chicago, is producing its own string quartettes, quintettes, its choruses and cantatas, with full knowledge of the highest modern standards. San Francisco has its annual native music-drama of Wagnerian proportions, produced every summer at Guerneville in the open of the redwood grove of the Bohemian Club. The shelves of our composers everywhere are filled with manuscripts which should be aired and relegated to oblivion, or placed where they belong in the activities of our musical life. Much of true inventive value has been incorporated in works in small forms by our composers, largely because such forms offer less discouragement to the composer in bringing them to a hearing. A type of such work, a "Verlaine Mood," by Henry F. Gilbert, was heard in a piano recital by Félix Fox, in Boston, and it was of interest to note the readiness of the critics to give it serious consideration beyond other works on the programme. This should happen more frequently, and especially with works in larger forms. It is stultifying and distorting to all art growth that the artist should pile up unknown and unheard works on his shelves while proceeding to the creation of new ones. A free channel between artist and public should be maintained along the margin of progress as well as in the field of past and present achievement.

Of American folk-song there is a quantity so vast, and of so poetic and appealing a quality, that it is safe to say that its possibilities of development will endure as long as there remain possibilities of development in American civilization. By reason of the composite nature of America's humanity, all the world's folk-song might be regarded as legitimate material for development by native composers. But among the many branches of folk-song that thrive in different parts of the land, owing to the various nationalities of our pioneers, certain varieties predominate in quantity and in the extent of their absorption into and influence upon American life. But first we must consider our indisputable native folk-song, the popular street music, "ragtime." Antonin Dvorak said that no nation in the world has such interesting street music as ourselves. "Ragtime" prevails in every city and town of the United States to-day. It is not only the musical utterance of the uncultured, it is the determining factor in the musical life of almost the entire nation of educated American youth to-day. Look on the pianos of a thousand American homes, chosen at random, of the rich and the poor, the cultured and the ignorant, wherever there are young people—you will find always the sonatas of Beethoven, placed there by the music teacher, and a goodly assortment of ragtime, placed there by the pupil, who plays the Beethoven laboriously or indifferently, and the rhythmic intricacies of the ragtime with incredible ease and unbounded spirit. Whatever this phenomenon may signify, it is at least to be reckoned with. Ragtime has vital and sparkling rhythms, wholesome and invigorating melodies, and lacks only seriousness of treatment as

folk-song capable of being artistically developed, to let its freshness stand forth shorn of its present insignificant and trivial setting. Nor are our composers wholly unaware of this. Several "Ragtime Studies," by Harvey W. Loomis, while too surprising to be grasped at once in their true significance, offer a fascinating and not too easy task to the trained musical perception.

Of the other departments of American folk-song, the Indian, the Negro, and the Spanish-American occupy perhaps the largest spheres. Beyond these are the folk-songs of the cowboys, the Tennessee mountaineers, the Maine woodsmen, the sailors, the Creoles, and still others. As the Indian has stamped his romance upon every State in the Union, his folk-lore has the broadest claim to general national interest. Of his folk-songs, probably ten thousand are now accessible in written or phonographic records, and many times that number could probably be obtained by research among the existing tribes. The dignity and poetic breadth of the Indian melodies qualify them most naturally for orchestral treatment, and it is likely to be in this form that they will find their most significant use.

It would be difficult at this day to express the life and spirit of the South in music without, unconsciously at least, having recourse to the Negro melody or its type. It is already an ineradicable factor in American musical life, and its serious study and development have already begun.

The Spanish-American folk-song, with its distinct sub-species, the Spanish-Indian song, is inseparable from the romance of the Southwest, and in quantity and quality affords a surprise to the one who is rash enough to begin a study of it. There is an embarrassment of thematic riches awaiting the future California symphonist. The first practical application of this inexhaustible material, so far as is known, was made by the writer in preparing the incidental music for a dramatic performance of "Ramona," which took place in Los Angeles.

The cowboy folk-song is less known, but presents the hitherto unsuspected existence of a purely American folk-song of the plains, of which we will know more in time.

Viewing these many possibilities it seems as if there never was a time so providentially favorable to the creation of a diverse yet characteristic musical art of unlimited potency. But not until now has the moment been ripe for the birth of a definite movement which shall take advantage of this situation, and make a constructive use of its latent forces. The organization of a society for this purpose, the study and development of American music as a whole, recently effected in Boston, is timely in the extreme, and will give American composers, music lovers, and students an impulse and an opportunity not afforded by any other city.

In all work for national progress we must be true to the immediate needs and forces of our own time. Ends are not gained by seizing

the ideal at once, but by approaching it normally. And may it not be that the greatest, the most vital need of the moment is that we should take the most all-embracing, the most liberal and democratic view of the situation? Perhaps on no other ground can we foster a growth broad enough for the requirements of the American spirit.

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### OUR NATIONAL AIRS.

By LOUIS C. ELSON.

**W**AR is almost impossible without songs, and the music of "Yankee Doodle" being played by the British troops marching to Lexington, it was adopted by the patriots under the name of the "Lexington March." It had been introduced into Boston nearly ten years before by the British army and used to insult the pious Puritans on Sunday, with various doggerel verses containing local thrusts. "'Yankee Doodle' began and ended the Revolution," for the victorious Americans, remembering Lexington, played it while Cornwallis' troops marched out of Yorktown. It was, perhaps, first officially recognized as a national American air at Ghent, at a banquet given in honor of the American treaty commissioners in 1814, when Henry Clay's colored body-servant whistled it for the bandmaster, who harmonized and reproduced it.

"America" or "God Save the Queen" really belongs to England, but it certainly has the qualities of a national anthem, for it has been adopted by no less than six nations, and Handel's Austrian hymn is reminiscent of it, although written with the avowed purpose of giving that country something which should be distinctive and fill the same place for the Austrian that "God Save the King" did then in England. It had several American settings before its present one by Mr. Smith.

"Hail Columbia" is regarded as the American national song by Europeans, and this is not unfitting, as both words and music are native. It was written as a march and called the "President's March" before Hopkinson fitted words to it for an actor friend during the political excitement of 1798. "The Star-Spangled Banner" is sung to the tune of a jolly English drinking song, "To Anacreon in Heaven," and the author himself fitted it to the music. Other American settings had been given to the music before, one by Robert Treat Paine, Jr., on "Adams and Liberty," a political song.

The war of 1812 produced a crop of crude but dashing sea songs, one of which recites the tale of the fight of the Constitution and the Guerrière. The Civil War produced many songs, but few of any par-

From an address by Louis C. Elson, author of "History of American Music," "Our National Music and Its Sources," etc., etc. By permission.

ticular merit. It is a curious fact that "Dixie," the greatest of the war songs, was of northern origin, and "John Brown" was a southern Sunday-school air transplanted to Fort Warren, where its original words were supplanted by a satire on a Scotchman of the Twelfth Massachusetts. Then "John Brown's Body," as it had become, was carried southward by the moving regiment, and was caught up in New York and elsewhere. It has become one of the great marching songs of the world and is sung everywhere; it cheered Kitchener's soldiers in the Soudan, and was heard on the battlefields of South Africa.

While Dr. and Mrs. Howe were in the South they heard the soldiers, just after a skirmish, singing "John Brown's Body." Rev. James Freeman Clarke, who accompanied them, said to Mrs. Howe: "You ought to write some better words for that." She answered: "I will try," and the result was "The Battle Hymn of the Republic."

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### PLANTATION MELODIES.

BY CARL HOLLIDAY, M. A., INSTRUCTOR IN ENGLISH LITERATURE IN THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA.

DOUBTLESS the most spontaneous outburst of song known to modern days is found in the plantation melodies of the American negro. Unfortunately for our poetry at least, the United States sprang into existence, a civilized, intelligent, prosaic nation, almost entirely devoid of the national body of folklore which every great European people considers a priceless treasure of antiquity. And in the years which have followed that sudden appearance of a new commonwealth there have been among the whites—with the possible exception of a few ballads found among the mountaineers of Kentucky, Tennessee, and North Carolina—no melodies unique and springing from the people. The conditions that led to an *Iliad*, a *Beowulf*, a *Nibelungen Lied*, a *Song of Roland*, an *Arthurian Legend*, or a *Robin Hood Ballad* have never been present to bring forth a song of America's birth and childhood. Of all the builders of the nation the negro alone has created a species of lyric verse that all the world may recognize as a distinctly American production.

The black men are undoubtedly the best *natural* musicians and orators among modern peoples. Under the stress of religious emotion the most illiterate of their preachers may startle the listener by a wonderful power in word-painting, while their ear for music is so true as to enable them to form without a moment's hesitation correct

harmonies for almost any melody. Song is to them the very soul of life; it is an ever-present companion; it is a helper in toil, a pastime in idleness, a comforter in times of sorrow. Sometimes amidst the city's hurrying throng a long line of negroes may be seen silently and doggedly working on the track or in the trench. Suddenly above the multitudinous sounds of the quivering street there will burst forth a strange great chord like the peal of a mighty organ; scores take it up, a hundred, five hundred, all along the far-stretched line of bended backs; and, as the picks clink and the shovels grate, a chorus is lifted that carries the soul far away from the hot walls and echoing pavements. How strange, how weird is that harmony, so unmodern, so redolent of an age long past! And down on the gray, sweltering dock and far away at the cabin door by the cotton-field, the same melodies are arising—the folk-songs of a people united by their love of music. Suddenly, while the soul is in the midst of such meditations, the chorus ceases, and once more the listening ear hears among the babel of sounds, the clink of the picks and the grating of the shovels.

Perhaps the song was some mournful refrain bearing the memories of a pagan religion of fear:

“I am sinking,  
I am sinking,  
I am sinking  
Down in death!  
Lord have mercy,  
Lord have mercy,  
Lord have mercy  
On my soul!”

Perhaps it was the more triumphant theme of *Roll Jordan, Roll*:

“My bruddah sitting on de tree of life  
An’ he hyeah when Jordan roll.  
Roll, Jordan,  
Roll, Jordan,  
Roll, Jordan, roll:  
Oh, march de angel march,  
O my soul, rise in Heaven, Lord,  
For to hyeah when Jordan roll!”

Again, it may have been that crooning lyric, *Swing Low, Sweet Chariot*, with its drawn-out refrain:

“Oh, de good ole chariot swing so low,  
I don’t want to leave me behine,  
Oh, swing low, sweet chariot,  
Swing low, sweet chariot,  
I don’t want to leave me behine.”

But whatever the song, there is ever a quaintness, a sense of something not belonging to this age and place,—a something that fills the unfamiliar listener with an emotion of pity. In the words, indeed, the melody may be a reckless, rollicking one, such as the old *Savannah Freeman's Song*:

“Heave away, heave away:  
I'd rathah court a yellow gal than work fah Henry Clay:  
    Heave away, heave away!  
    Yellow gal, I want to go,  
I'd rathah court a yellow gal than work fah Henry Clay!”

But the minor key so suggestive of mourning, and the weird ending, ceasing, as it always does, on just the note least expected and thus causing us to wait involuntarily for the next,—these turn every song into a thing of strange pathos.

However, the theme is seldom of such a rollicking nature as that in the example just given. Religion has been the most fascinating subject that ever held the attention of the black man; and to the ante-bellum negro, especially, it constituted the ruling passion of life. The revival, the “protracted meeting,” the soul-terrifying conviction of sin, the shouting conversion, and the religious trance were to him, never shams and hypocrisies, but rapturous realities. But even here sadness prevails:

“Bending knees aching, body racked with pain,  
I wish I was a chile of God, I'd git home bimeby!  
    Keep praying, I do believe,  
We're a long time wagging o'er de crossing;  
    Keep praying, I do believe,  
We'll git home to heaven bimeby!”

Again, notice the cheerful conception of death in such lines as these:

“No mo' peck of corn fah me,  
    No mo'; no mo';  
No mo' peck of corn fah me,  
    Many thousand go!

“No mo' auction-block fah me,  
    No mo'; no mo';  
No mo' auction-block fah me,  
    Many thousand go!”

And what longing for Heaven—the old-time bejewelled, glittering, material Heaven—found expression in these rude chants! As with all primitive races, the Scriptural figures of speech are taken literally, and the home over yonder is a place of surprising wealth.

"I ain't been thah,  
 But I've been tolé  
 (Histe the window, let the dove come in!)  
 The gates am pearl,  
 The streets am gole,  
 (Histe the window, let the dove come in!)"

Heaven is also a land of meetings, of eternal union with loved ones:

"I have a fathah ovah yondah,  
 I have a fathah ovah yondah,  
 I have a fathah ovah yondah,  
 Way ovah in de promis' lan'  
 Bimeby I'll go to see him,  
 Bimeby I'll go to see him,  
 Bimeby I'll go to see him,  
 Way ovah thah!"

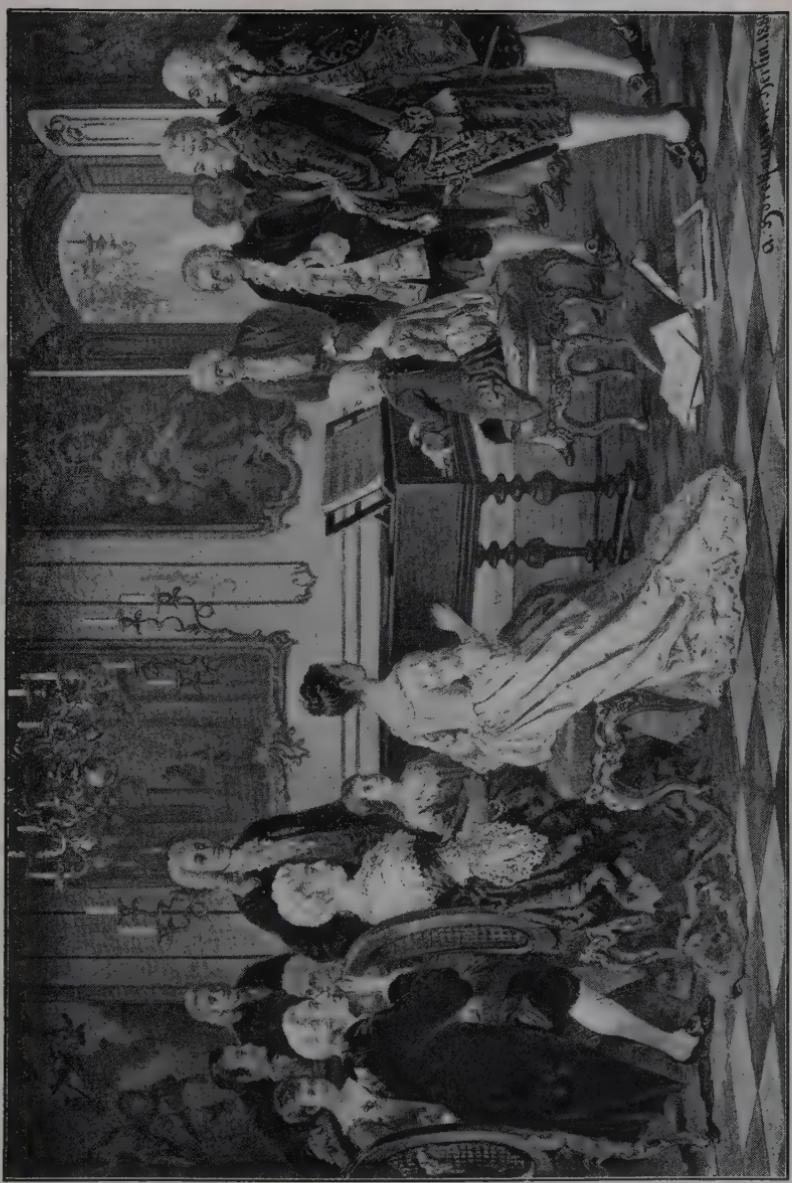
And thus the family death-record continues until the mother, sisters, brothers, wives, sons, daughters, and sometimes even the nephews and cousins have been remembered aloud.

Judgment Day was the inexhaustible subject of the ante-bellum negro exhorter, and, once under its influence, his imagination ran riot. The thunder of Gabriel's trumpet resounded; the lightning flashed; the moon and the stars turned to blood; the sun went out; the earth shrivelled as a parchment; and the dead of all ages arose and walked in their funeral shrouds. In all seriousness, some of the sermons on this subject as preached by negroes even of the twentieth century are so startlingly vivid as to compel sympathy with the groaning and hysterical audience. In speaking thus of the sermons, we likewise describe the songs of resurrection.

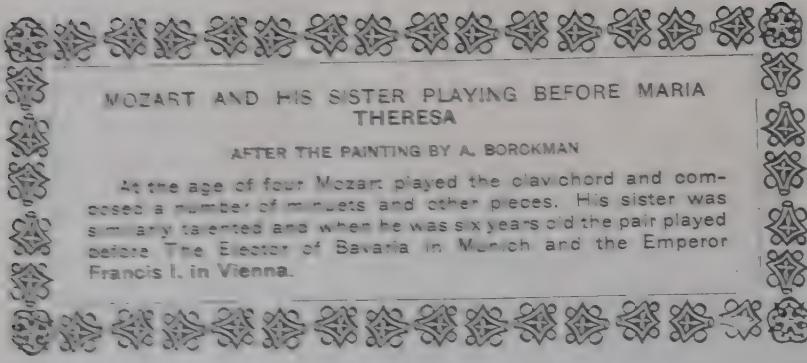
"Gabriel, blow youah trumpet,  
 Lord, how loud will I blow it?  
 Loud as seven peals of thundah,  
 Wake de sleeping nations,  
 Den you see po' sinnaha rising,  
 See de dry bones a-creeping,  
 In dat great gitting-up morning.  
 Fare you well! Fare you well!"

It is a time of tumult. Phrases must express the meaning of whole sentences:

"In de morning,  
 In de morning,  
 Chil'en? Yes, my Lord!  
 Don't you hyeah de trumpet sound?  
 If I had a-died when I was young,  
 I nevah would had de race fah to run.  
 Don't you hyeah de trumpet sound?"



Agostony... Julian 1902



MOZART AND HIS SISTER PLAYING BEFORE MARIA  
THERESA

AFTER THE PAINTING BY A. BORCKMAN

At the age of four Mozart played the clav chord and composed a number of m<sup>u</sup>n<sup>e</sup>t<sup>s</sup> and other pieces. His sister was s<sup>m</sup>ilarly talented and when he was six years old the pair played before The Elector of Bavaria in Munich and the Emperor Francis I. in Vienna.

Such were the melodies born of slavery. In them are the heart-cries of a nation living under a cloud, the vague, half-conscious gropings for something unattained. The note of sadness is sincere. Here is indeed little of the character found in the counterfeit "coon-song" so popular in these first years of the twentieth century; the two are not of the same spirit. Nor are the beautiful lyrics, *Suwanee Ribber*, *Old Kentucky Home*, and others composed through the art of the white man, in the same class as the real plantation songs. In their half-expressed thoughts, their minor keys, their swaying rhythm, and their unexpected endings, they are absolutely unique; they defy imitation; and musical instruments founded upon the prevailing tonic scale cannot repeat their harmonies. They seem destined, therefore, to perish with their quaint and melodious singers. In them America has had a rich but now, alas! surely vanishing treasure.

### HEART SONGS FOR THE HOME.

**O**F course, the number of these is legion, and to give a complete list of the best would require a volume by itself. The following list, however, of some of those which have endeared themselves the most to the hearts of the people, will, doubtless, be found welcome as a suggestion or reminder to many. They have been sung to many of us by our fathers and mothers, to whom they were endeared by their strong human interest. Their titles and their words have entered into our language and have become part of our literature, and they have had an influence upon the mind and the heart of our race such as probably nothing else has exercised. They will bring back to the memory the sweet time when we first heard them at mother's knee: they will recall the songs our sisters and our brothers sang; and the list will furnish a suggestion of the good old songs which it will do us all good to sing around the piano in the homes which we shall one day make for ourselves.

This is a part of "Self-Culture" which we cannot afford to neglect; for the home, after all, is the most favorable hot-bed of "Self-Culture."

A Life On the Ocean Wave	Russell.
Allan Percy	English Air.
Anchor's Weighed	Braham.
Annie Laurie	Dunn.
A Place in Thy Memory, Dearest	Smith.
Auld Lang Syne	Willis.
Auld Robin Gray	Lindsay.
Away with Melancholy	Mozart.
Believe Me if All Those Endearing	Old Irish Air.
Ben Bolt	Kneass.
Bloom is on the Rye	Bishop.
Blue Bells of Scotland	Scotch Air.
Blue Eyed Mary	English Air.
Blue Juniata	Sullivan.
Bonnie Doon	Scotch Air.

Bonnie Sweet Bessie . . . . .	Gilbert.
Bright Rosy Morning . . . . .	English Air.
Buy a Broom . . . . .	Bavarian Air.
Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean . . . . .	Shaw.
Come, Birdie, Come . . . . .	White.
Come, Sit Thee Down . . . . .	Sinclair.
Comin' thro' the Rye . . . . .	Scotch.
Do They Think of Me at Home? . . . . .	Grannis.
Erin is My Home . . . . .	Moscheles.
Exile . . . . .	Keller.
Exile of Erin . . . . .	Knight.
Gally the Troubadour . . . . .	Baily.
Girl I Left Behind Me . . . . .	Lover.
Good-Bye at the Door . . . . .	Glover.
Hall Columbia . . . . .	National Air.
Has Sorrow Thy Young Days Shaded? . . . . .	Irish Air.
Home, Sweet Home . . . . .	Bishop.
Hours There Were . . . . .	Wade.
Harp That Once thro' Tara's Halls . . . . .	Old Irish Air.
I Dreamt That I Dwelt in Marble Halls . . . . .	Balfe.
I'll Tell Nobody . . . . .	Author Unknown.
Ingle Side . . . . .	Wiesenthal.
Isle of Beauty, Fare Thee Well . . . . .	Rowlings.
Juanita . . . . .	Spanish Air.
Kate Kearney . . . . .	Irish Air.
Kathleen Aroon . . . . .	Abt.
Kathleen Mavourneen . . . . .	Crouch.
Katy Darling . . . . .	Author Unknown.
Little Footsteps . . . . .	Barney.
Long, Long Ago . . . . .	Bayly.
Love Not . . . . .	Blockley.
Love's Ritornella . . . . .	Cooke.
Man the Life-Boat . . . . .	Russell.
Mary of Argyle . . . . .	Nelson.
Meeting of the Waters . . . . .	Irish Air.
Mellow Horn . . . . .	Jones.
Minstrel Boy . . . . .	Irish Air.
Mistletoe Bough . . . . .	Bishop.
My Father's Farm . . . . .	Danks.
Oft in the Stilly Night . . . . .	Stevenson.
Oh! Rest Thee, Babe . . . . .	Whitaker.
Old Oaken Bucket . . . . .	Irish Air.
Old Robin, the Beau . . . . .	English Air.
Old Sexton . . . . .	Russell.
Put Me in My Little Bed . . . . .	White.
Rainy Day . . . . .	Dempster.
Robin Adair . . . . .	Scotch Air.
Rose of Lucerne . . . . .	Barnett.
Rock'd in the Cradle of the Deep . . . . .	Knight.
Sue Wore a Wreath of Roses . . . . .	Knight.
Star-Spangled Banner . . . . .	Key.
Then You'll Remember Me . . . . .	Balfe.
There's Nothing True but Heaven . . . . .	Shaw.
'Tis Midnight Hour . . . . .	English Air.
'Tis the Last Rose of Summer . . . . .	Irish Air.
Tyrolean Evening Hymn . . . . .	Brown.
Twenty Years Ago . . . . .	Willing.
Watcher . . . . .	
When Stars are in the Quiet Skies . . . . .	Ball.
What's a' the Steer, Kimmer? . . . . .	Lee.
What Fairy-like Music . . . . .	Pinna.
Wings of a Dove . . . . .	Devereaux.
Will You Come to the Bow'r? . . . . .	English Air.
Within a Mile of Edinboro' . . . . .	Scotch Air.
Woodman, Spare that Tree . . . . .	Russell.
Yankee Doodle . . . . .	English Air.

## PIANO PLAYERS AND SINGING MACHINES AS AIDS TO “SELF-CULTURE.”

By JEAN ST. CROIX-LABOUCHÈRE, EDITOR OF “REOWNED MASTER-  
PIECES,” ETC.

**T**HREE is no doubt that the germ of the piano-playing instruments which are now becoming such an important factor in musical education in School and College and in Self-Culture in Music at home, was in the musical boxes which the music-loving Germans were more than likely the first to introduce into this country. Most of us can remember the musical clock-work albums which when opened began to play a tune, or a succession of tunes, and continued until closed, and many also can recollect the development of the small musical boxes which were wound up and set upon the table, into the elaborate affair which became a large piece of furniture, and is still to be found in many drawing-rooms and entrance halls.

The substitution of the principle of the disk for the roll and the employment of artificial fingers worked by pneumatics, generated by the use of pedals, is the foundation of the mechanical part of the piano-playing machine, which has now reached such a pitch of perfection that it can be made to reproduce the exact interpretation, touch, and phrasing of famous players, or can be the means of interpreting the feeling or understanding of any one whether he has a practical knowledge of Music or not; and it has now become possible for the melody of the simplest ballad, or of the most complicated composition, to be brought out clearly and distinctly by its means according to the intent of the Composer, or the rendering of a Master Pianist.

These instruments are so well known that it is not necessary to describe them here in any further detail, but a few words on the educational value of the best of them, and on the manner in which this educational value can be best utilized, will not be out of place.

Harvard, Vassar, Columbia, and Amherst, to name only a few of the great Educational Institutions, are making daily use of them in connection with their musical courses, and they are being generally adopted as an adjunct to the teaching of music in other educational establishments, both public and private, throughout the country. Instructors find that their use creates interest in the entire field of music. Many of the most famous Masters of Music and Leaders in Musical Education have declared in favor of their value and insist that the ceaseless and accurate repetition of the composition even then in process of learning, is both an incentive and a help.

Repeated hearings of simple melodies not banged, thumped, or haltingly picked out by untutored hands, but learnedly and correctly

played by the Piano Player, will soon awaken whatever latent aptitude for music there may be in any child. When this natural interest begins to manifest itself, the time is ripe to give over the child into the hands of a teacher who will school the fingers to produce the sounds with which the ear has become familiar.

As the child improves in technical ability the Piano Player will serve more and more as a guide and counsellor. Not infrequently the written score baffles the player, who, unless the teacher be at the elbow to guide, is likely to entirely misinterpret the meaning and intent of the composer. It is when contingencies such as these arise that the Piano Player proves of invaluable assistance.

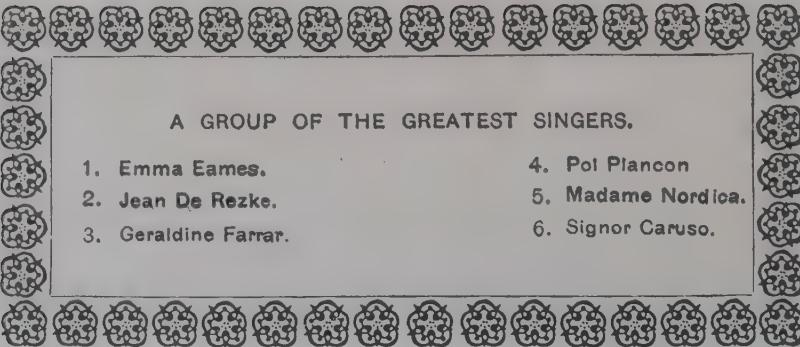
Professor W. R. Spalding of Harvard, starting with the idea that "repetition is the prime essential in musical appreciation," and that "lack of opportunity to command repetition is the greatest single check or obstacle in the road to musical appreciation," is convinced "that the beginner who is enabled by these means to have repeated to him to the point of saturation the particular *étude* with which he is struggling, must infallibly gain a nearer conception of the meaning of the composer than his fellow seeker after musical knowledge, who must grope after that meaning in the dark, with only the written score to guide him. It is with him exactly as with the painter who seeks to paint from imagination as against that other painter who sits down to his easel with the object he is intent upon reproducing before his eyes." Thanks to the dissemination of this philosophy, the movement to introduce the Piano Player as an aid to musical education, both in the homes and in the schools, has made rapid strides in popular favor.

"Again," says a recent writer, "very few students of music achieve a degree of executive excellence which enables them to render adequately on the piano such compositions as Bach's *Fugues*, for instance, or Beethoven's *Sonata in B flat*. Is the fact that such compositions are beyond the reach of the student in his capacity of performer to close to him forever the personal appreciation of these works? How then will he obtain a true conception of their beauty? Will it be by attending public concerts? Obviously not, since at most he can attend but a half-dozen a year, at none of which, perhaps, the composition in question will be played. How then unless by means of the Piano Player?

"The mastering of the technique of this or that musical instrument is not the sum total of musical education—if musicians were to be measured only by the compositions they can play, very few indeed would have a clear title to the name—it is, above and beyond that, the acquired faculty to understand and appreciate music played by others.

"One of the most favorably known finishing schools for young women, whose musical curriculum includes the hearing of grand opera or symphony concerts once a week, has inaugurated a system





A GROUP OF THE GREATEST SINGERS.

- |                      |                    |
|----------------------|--------------------|
| 1. Emma Eames.       | 4. Pol Plancon     |
| 2. Jean De Rezke.    | 5. Madame Nordica. |
| 3. Geraldine Farrar. | 6. Signor Caruso.  |

which consists in having sent to the school, in advance of the performance, the perforated rolls of whatever opera or symphony is to be heard by the pupils that week. The instructor in music then plays with the Piano Player the entire composition in question for the pupils, at the same time dissecting this or that theme or *motif* and explaining its message and symbolism to the class. Such passages as are particularly involved or complicated are played again and again until the pupils have acquired full understanding of them, and when the time comes to listen to the actual performance of the work there is no part of the composition, no matter how insignificant apparently, which is lost upon those especially prepared listeners."

Like photography, the Piano Player has freed itself from the mechanical taint which formerly clung to it, and has won a respected position in art by the introduction of its power of reproducing personal expression, and just as a good photograph is better than a bad drawing, so is a Piano Player's interpretation of a musical masterpiece better than a stumbling rendition of the same work by a player of only ordinary ability. Just as the companionship of good works of visible art cultivates the appreciation and refines the taste; just as the companionship of good books elevates and refines the mind, so the repetition of good Music awakens the soul to its beauties and broadens and deepens the sympathetic understanding of its meaning. The Masterpieces of the great musicians, played as the Masters interpreted them, may, thanks to this wonderful instrument, now be heard in every home and as often as desired.

The natural and inevitable outcome of the invention of the telephone and the phonograph was the singing-machine, which has of late years become so popular in American homes. There are many different kinds known under various names, but they are nearly all similar, and based on the principle of the Edison Phonograph, which is too familiar to need description.

Though not as yet perhaps quite so capable of such perfect individual expression as the piano-playing machines, they are rapidly attaining a pitch of perfection in the reproduction of the human voice, which is little short of marvellous. And they are doubtless also destined to play an important rôle in musical education.

Already, indeed, according to N. J. Corey in an article in the *Étude* of October, 1906, these instruments are furnishing a splendid opportunity for illustrative examples in teaching of musical history. Even in New York the number of operas that may be heard in a single season is comparatively limited, from a historical standpoint, and not every student can afford to attend all that may be given. But with these machines examples may be given from opera composers of all styles and periods.

As we have already said, opportunity for listening is the one great lack in the education of most students of music. As time goes on,

and musical educators become more familiar with these instruments, they will become indispensable to the work of every conservatory course of instruction, for hearing great music is more useful in developing a musical appreciation than hearing about it, just as, in the study of English literature, students are now expected to read the great writers, whereas formerly they only read their lives and descriptions and criticisms of their more important works.

Arias from the grand operas of all schools and periods as sung by the greatest singers, reproduced by these machines, make it possible for schools and private studios, even in the most remote corners of the land, to install a course that will be invaluable to students. Singing teachers can now give demonstrations of their interpretations and vocal art, in places where the artists can never be heard in person. People who never could expect to have an opportunity to listen to so many great artists, may hear Patti, Melba, Sembrich, Gadski, Eames, Schumann-Heink, Caruso, Plancon, Campanari, Scotti, etc., and Tamagno, the greatest tenor of the past quarter century, and, as Madame Emma Eames says, what had formerly seemed a toy for grown-up children has become a factor in the history of music, and "we can still make our voices heard to coming generations when we shall be silent."

It would, of course, be invidious to particularize any of either of these classes of instruments, but the section of Music in this volume would be incomplete without some reference to their general and increasing value in the cultivation of "Music in the Home."

I cannot conclude, however, without a word of warning lest the mechanical reproduction of music by these means should be mistaken for the real thing, and the real thing neglected. Valuable as these devices are as serving to enlist the interest of many who would not otherwise become quickened about musical matters, and thus leading them to spend time and money in gaining the true musical culture, they can never express so thoroughly the feeling of the individual player as actual, direct playing of any instrument must do.

### A STUDY OF BEETHOVEN.

BY ARTHUR SYMONS.

**T**HE foundation of Beethoven's art is, as Wagner pointed out, a great innocence. It is the unconscious innocence of the child and the instructed innocence of the saint. Beethoven is the most childlike of musicians, and of all artists it is most natural to the musician to be childlike. There is, in every artist, a return toward childhood; he must be led by the hand through the

From "Studies in Seven Arts." E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

streets of the world, in which he wanders open-eyed and with heedless feet. Pious hands must rock him to sleep, comfort his tears, and labor with him in his playtime. He will speak the wisdom of the child, unconsciously, without translating it into the formal language of experience.

Beethoven's naïveté can be distinguished at every moment in his music; in his simplicities, trivialities, in his ready acceptance of things as they are, and, again, in his gravities and what may seem like over emphasis. It does not occur to him that you will not take things as simply as he does. His music is "nature, heard through a temperament," and he hears the voices of nature with almost the credulity with which he hears the often deceiving voices of men.

Modern musicians are on their guard, even against nature. Wagner is never without the consciousness of so many things which his critical intelligence whispers to him that he must refrain from. What modern painter was it who said that "nature puts him out"? Wagner takes elaborate precautions against being put out by nature, and, after that, against allowing any one to suppose that nature has put him out. But Beethoven surrenders. It is unthinkable to him that a sound could deceive him.

It is usual to compare Beethoven with Shakespeare; but is he, in any sense, a dramatist? Is he not rather, if we are to speak in terms of literature, an epic poet, nearer to Homer and to Milton than to Shakespeare? When Beethoven becomes tremendous, it is the sublime, not in action, but in being; his playfulness is a nobler "Comus," a pastoral more deeply related to the innocence and ecstasy of nature. He has the heroic note of Homer, or of Milton's Satan, or of Dante, whom in some ways he most resembles; but I distinguish no Lear, no Hamlet, no Othello. Nor is his comedy Shakespearean, a playing with the pleasant humor of life on its surface; it is the gayety which cries in the bird, rustles in leaves, shines in spray; it is a voice as immediate as sunlight. Some new epithet must be invented for this music which narrates nothing, yet is epic; sings no articulate message, yet is lyric; moves to no distinguishable action, yet is already awake in the void waters, out of which a world is to awaken.

Music, as Schopenhauer has made clear to us, is not a representation of the world, but an immediate voice of the world. The musician, he tells us, "reveals the innermost essential being of the world, and expresses the highest wisdom in a language his reason does not understand." "We may take the perceptible world, or nature, and music, as two different expressions of the same thing." "Accordingly, we might call the world 'embodied music,'" music differing from all other arts in this, "that it is not an image of phenomena," but represents "the thing itself which lies behind all appearances." In the language of the Schoolmen, "concepts are *universalia post rem*, actuality *universalia in re*, whereas music gives *universalia ante rem*."

It is thus that the musician joins hands with the child and the saint, if, as we may believe, the child still remembers something of

that imperial palace whence he came,

and the saint lives always in such a house not made with hands. The musician, through what is active in his art, creates over again, translates for us, that whole essential part of things which is ended when we speak, and deformed when we begin laboring to make it visible in marble, or on canvas, or through any of the actual particles of the earth. All Beethoven's waking life was a kind of somnambulism, more literally so than that of any other man of genius; and not only when deafness dropped a soft enveloping veil between him and discords. "Must not his intercourse with the world," says Wagner, in his book on Beethoven, "resemble the condition of one who, awakening from deepest sleep, in vain endeavors to recall his blissful dream?" To Shakespeare, to Michelangelo, who are concerned with the phenomena of the world as well as with "the thing itself which lies behind all appearances," something is gained, some direct aid for art, by a continual awakening out of that trance in which they speak with nature. Beethoven alone, the musician, gains nothing: he is concerned only with one world, the inner world; and it is well for him if he never awakens.

Why is it that music is not limited in regard to length, as a poem is, a lyrical poem, to which music is most akin? Is it not because the ecstasy of music can be maintained indefinitely and at its highest pitch, while the ecstasy of verse is shortened by what is definite in words? There are poems of Swinburne which attempt to compete with music on its own ground, "Tristram of Lyonesse," for example; and they tire the ear which the music of Wagner's "Tristan" keeps passionately alert for a whole evening. This is because we ask of words some more definite appeal to the mind than we ask of music, and an unsubstantial ecstasy wearies us like the hollow voice of a ghost, which we doubt while we hear it. Music comes speaking the highest wisdom in a language which our reason does not understand; because it is older and deeper and closer to us than our reason. Music can prolong, reiterate, and delicately vary the ecstasy itself: and its voice is all the while speaking to us out of our own hearts. To listen to music is a remembrance, and it is only of memory that men never grow weary.

Music, says Wagner profoundly, "blots out our entire civilization as sunshine does lamplight." It is the only art which renders us completely unconscious of everything else but the ecstasy at the root of life; it is the only art which we can absorb with closed eyes, like an articulate perfume; it is the only divine drunkenness, the only Dionysiac art. Beethoven's Tenth Symphony was to have been a direct hymn to Dionysus. "In the Adagio," he noted in his sketch-

book, "the text of a Greek myth, *cantique ecclésiastique*, in the Allegro feast of Bacchus." It was to do what Goethe had tried to do in the Second Part of "Faust": reconcile the Pagan with the Christian world. But it was to do more than that, and would it not have taken us deeper even than the Hymn to Joy of the Ninth Symphony: to that immeasurable depth out of which the cry of suffering is a hymn of victory?

Music, then, being this voice of things in themselves, and the only magic against the present, it will be useless to search into Beethoven's life, and to ask of his music some correspondence between its color and humor and the color and humor of events. Let us take an instance. In the year 1802, Beethoven wrote that tragic confession known as the Testament of Heiligenstadt. The whole agony of his deafness has come upon him. "I must live," he says, "like an exile. . . . Such things brought me to the verge of desperation, and well-nigh caused me to put an end to my life. . . . I joyfully hasten to meet death. If he comes before I have had the opportunity of developing all my artistic powers, then, notwithstanding my cruel fate, he will come too early for me, and I should wish for him at a more distant period; but even then I shall be content, for his advent will release me from a state of endless suffering." And, on the outside of the sealed packet, to be opened only at his death, he writes: "Oh, Providence, vouchsafe me one day of pure felicity!" Now it was at this period that Beethoven wrote the Second Symphony. I turn to Berlioz's analysis of it in his "*Étude critique des Symphonies de Beethoven*," and I read: "Le scherzo est aussi franchement gai dans sa capricieuse fantaisie, que l'andante a été complètement heureux et calme; car tout est riant dans cette symphonie, les élans guerriers du premier *allegro* sont eux-mêmes tout à fait exempts de violence; on n'y saurait voir que l'ardeur juvénile d'un noble cœur dans lequel se sont conservées intactes les plus belles illusions de la vie."

"Les plus belles illusions de la vie!" "The fond hope I brought with me here," writes Beethoven at Heiligenstadt, "of being to a certain degree cured, now utterly forsakes me. As the autumn leaves fall and wither, so are my hopes blighted."

Twice in Beethoven's life there is an interruption in his unceasing labor at his work. The first time is during the three years from 1808 to 1811, when he was in love with Thérèse Malfatti; the second time is from 1815 to 1818, after his brother's death. During these two periods he wrote little of importance; personal emotion gripped him, and he could not loosen the grasp. During all the rest of his agitated and tormented life, nothing, neither the constant series of passionate and brief loves, nor constant bodily sickness, trouble about money, trouble about friends, relations, and the unspeakable nephew, meant anything vital to his deeper self. The nephew helped to kill him, but could not color a note of his music. Not "his view of the

world," but the world itself spoke through those sounds which could never shrink to the point at which these earthly discords were audible. Music is a refuge, and can speak with the same voice to the man who is suffering as to the man who is happy, and through him, with the same voice, when he is suffering or when he is happy. It is here that music is so different from literature, for instance, where the words mean things, and bring back emotions too clearly and in too personal a way. The musician is, after all, the one impersonal artist, who, having lived through joy and sorrow, has both in his hands; can use them like the right hand and the left.

And just as the musician can do without life, can be uncontaminated by life, so, in his relations with other arts, with the mechanism of words and the conditions of writing for the stage and such like, he will have his own touchstone, his own standard of values. During a great part of his life Beethoven was looking out for a libretto on which he could write an opera. His one opera, "Fidelio," is written on a miserable libretto; but the subject, with its heroisms, was what he wanted, and he was probably little conscious of the form in which it was expressed; for with him the words meant nothing, but the nature of the emotion which these words expressed was everything. When he said, speaking as some have thought slightlying of Mozart, that he would never have written a "Don Giovanni" or a "Figaro," he merely meant that the very nature of such subjects was antipathetic to him, and that he could never have induced himself to take them seriously. Mozart, with his divine nonchalance, snatched at any earthly happiness, any gayety of the flesh or spirit, and changed it instantly into the immortal substance of his music. But Beethoven, with his peasant's seriousness, could not jest with virtue or the rhythmical order of the world. His art was his religion, and must be served with a devotion in which there was none of the easy pleasantness of the world.

And it was for this reason that he could find his own pasture in bad poets, like Klopstock, whom he carried about with him for years, like a Bible. Goethe, he admits later, had spoiled Klopstock for him. But still Klopstock was always "maestoso, D flat major"; he "exalted the mind." He brooded over Sturm's devotional work, "Considerations on the Works of God in Nature," because he found in it his own deep, strenuously unlimited, love of God. It was the fundamental idea that he cared for, always; and, for the most part, this drew him to the greatest writers: to Homer and Shakespeare for heroic poetry, to Plutarch for the lives of heroes. And he was incapable of unbending, of finding pleasure in work which seemed to come from a less noble impulse. During his last illness one of Scott's novels was brought to him, that he might read something which would not fatigue him too much. But after a few pages he tossed the book aside: "The man seems to be writing for money," he said.

There stood on Beethoven's writing-table, during most of his life, a sheet of paper, framed and under glass, on which he had written carefully three maxims, found by Champollion-Figeac among the inscriptions of an Egyptian temple: "Je suis ce qui est.—Je suis tout ce qui est, ce qui a été, ce qui sera; nulle main mortelle n'a soulevé mon voile.—Il est par lui-même, et c'est à lui que tout doit son existence."

When I said that Beethoven had the innocence of the saint as well as that of the child, I was thinking partly of that passionate love of nature which, in him, was like an instinct which becomes a religion. He wrote to Thérèse: "No man on earth can love the country as I do. It is trees, woods, and rocks that return to us the echo of our thought." He rushed into the open air, as into a home, out of one miserable lodging after another, in which the roofs and walls seemed to hedge him round. Klöber the painter tells us how, when he was in the country, he "would stand still, as if listening, with a piece of music-paper in his hand, look up and down, and then write something." He liked to lie on his back, staring into the sky; in the fields he could give way to the intoxication of his delight; there, nothing came between him and the sun; which, said Turner, is God.

The animal cry of desire is not in Beethoven's music. Its Bacchic leapings, when mirth abandons itself to the last ecstasy, have in them a sense of religious abandonment which belongs wholly to the Greeks, to whom this abandonment brought no suggestion of sin. With Christianity, the primitive orgy, the unloosing of the instincts, becomes sinful; and in the music of Wagner's Venusberg we hear the cry of nature turned evil. Pain, division of soul, reluctance, come into this once wholly innocent delight in the drunkenness of the senses; and a new music, all lascivious fever and tormented and unwilling joy, arises to be its voice. But to Beethoven nature was still healthy, and joy had not begun to be a subtle form of pain. His joy sometimes seems to us to lack poignancy, but that is because the gods, for him, have never gone into exile, and the wine-god is not "a Bacchus who has been in hell." Yet there is passion in his music, a passion so profound that it becomes universal. He loves love, rather than any of the images of love. He loves nature with the same, or with a more constant, passion. He loves God, whom he cannot name, whom he worships in no church built with hands, with an equal rapture. Virtue appears to him with the same lovelessness as beauty. And out of all these adorations he has created for himself a great and abiding joy. The breadth of the rhythm of his joy extends beyond mortal joy and mortal sorrow. There are times when he despairs for himself, never for the world. Law, order, a faultless celestial music, alone existed for him; and these he believed to have been settled, before time was, in the heavens. Thus his music was neither revolt nor melancholy, each an atheism;

the one being an arraignment of God and the other a denial of God.

Beethoven invented no new form; he expanded form to the measure of his intentions, making it contain what he wanted. Sometimes it broke in the expansion, yet without setting him on the search for some new form which would be indefinitely elastic. The "Missa Solemnis," for instance, grew beyond the proportions of a mass, and was finished with no thought of a service of the church; the music went its own way, and turned into a vast shapeless oratorio, an anomaly of the concert-room. "Fidelio" is an opera which has not even the formal merits of the best operas produced on the Italian method; it lives a separate life in divine fragments, and is wholly expressive only in the two great overtures, of which only the second is, properly speaking, dramatic, while the third transcends and escapes drama. In the second overture, music speaks, in these profound and sombre voices, as in a drama in which powers and destinies contend in the air. The trumpet-call behind the scenes attaches it, by a deliberate externality, to the stage. But in the third overture, where music surges up out of some hell which is heaven, that it may make a new earth, there is hardly anything that we can limit or identify as drama; not even the trumpet-call behind the scenes, which has become wholly a part of the musical texture, and no longer calls off the mind from that deeper sense of things.

Yet, if we follow Beethoven through any series of his works, through the sonatas, for instance, or the symphonies, we shall see a steady development, almost wholly unexperimental, and for that all the more significant. Each of the symphonies develops out of the last, each is a step forward; not that each is literally greater than the last, but has something new in it, an acquirement in art, or a growth in personality. That this should be so is the only excuse for an artist's production; only secondary men repeat themselves; the great artist is incapable of turning back. As he goes forward, the public, naturally, which has come to accept him at a given moment of his progress, remains stationary; and when the public is not wholly dominated by a great name, so that it dares not rebel enough to choose after its own liking, there comes a time when the public ceases to comprehend, and begins to prefer, that is, to condemn.

The public of Beethoven's day, like the public for which and against which every great artist has worked, forgot that its only duty is to receive blindly whatever a great artist, once recognized as such, has to give it; that its one virtue is gratitude, and its cardinal sin, an attempt at discrimination. Beethoven had not to wait for fame; his earliest compositions were admired, his first publication was well paid. "Publishers dispute one with another," he wrote early in life: "I fix my own price." Yet, at the same time, he was never, up to the very end of his career, taken entirely at his own valuation, and

allowed to do what he liked in whatever way he liked. In 1816 the Philharmonic Society sent one of its members to ask for a new symphony, and to offer £100 for it. Beethoven, who had already written his Eighth Symphony, was about to accept the offer, when it was intimated to him that the new work must be in the style of his earlier symphonies. He refused with indignation, and London lost the honor of having "ordered" the Ninth Symphony. Ten years earlier he had begged for the post of composer to the Vienna opera, engaging to compose an opera and an opéra-comique or ballet every year, in return for a very moderate salary. The letter of request was not even answered. Before that, "Fidelio" had failed, and the critics had assured one another that "the music was greatly inferior to the expectations of amateurs and connoisseurs." In other words, Beethoven, recognized from the first as a great artist, was never accepted in the only way in which public appreciation can be other than an insult: he was never wholly "hors concours." Just before his death, one of his intimate friends took it upon him to say that he preferred a certain one of the last quartettes to the others. "Each," said Beethoven, once and for all, "has its merit in its own way."

Wagner has pointed out that it was bodily motion which first gave its beat to music; that is to say, that the articulate life of music comes from what is most instinctive in life itself. All instrumental music has its origin in the dance, and in the symphonies of Haydn we have little more than a succession of dances with variations. And Beethoven, in one movement, the Minuet or Scherzo, gives us, as Wagner says, "a piece of real dance-music, which could very well be danced to. An instinctive need seems to have led the composer into quite immediate contact with the material basis of his work for once in its course, as though his foot were feeling for the ground that was to carry him."

Is it not here, in this solid and unshakable acceptance of what is simplest, most fundamental, in life itself and in the life of music, that Beethoven comes into deepest contact with humanity, and lays his musical foundations for eternity? And he is himself, first of all, and before he begins to write music, a part of nature, instinctive. In Beethoven the peasant and the man of genius are in continual, fruitful conflict. A bodily vigor, as if rooted in the earth, is hourly shattered and built up again by the nerves in action and recoil. And, in the music itself, quite literally, and almost at its greatest, one hears this elemental peasant; as in the *Allegro con brio* of the Seventh Symphony, with its shattering humor. It is a big, frank, gross, great thing, wallowing in its mirth like a young Hercules. Often, as in the last movement of the *Trio* (Op. 97), he disconcerts you by his simplicity, his buoyant and almost empty gayety. It is difficult to realize that a great man can be so homely and such a child. No one else accepts nature any longer on such confiding terms. And he has but just awakened out of an *Andante* in which

music has been honey to the tongue and an ecstatic peace to the soul.

This simplicity, this naïve return to origins, to the dance-tune, to a rhythm which can swing from the village band in the *Scherzo* of the Pastoral Symphony to the vast elemental surge of the *Allegro* of the Choral Symphony (as of the morning stars singing together), leads, now and then, to what has been taken for something quite different from what it is: an apparent aim at realism, which is no more than apparent. In the whole of the Pastoral Symphony one certainly gets an atmosphere which is the musical equivalent of skies and air and country idleness and the delight of sunlight, not because a bird cries here and there, and a storm mutters obviously among the double basses, but because a feeling, constantly at the roots of his being, and present in some form in almost all his music, came for once to be concentrated a little deliberately, as if in a dedication, by way of gratitude. All through there is humor, and the realism is a form of it, the bird's notes on the instruments, the thunder and wind and the flowing of water, as certainly as the village band. Here, as everywhere, it was, as he said, "expression of feeling rather than painting" that he aimed at; and it would be curious if these humorous asides, done with childish good-humor, should have helped to lead the way to much serious modern music, in which natural sounds, and all the accidents of actual noise, have been solemnly and conscientiously imitated for their own sakes.

Is Beethoven's act in calling in the help of words and voices at the end of the Ninth Symphony necessarily to be taken as leading the way to Wagner, as Wagner held, and as at first sight seems unquestionable? Is it Beethoven's confession that there comes a moment when music can say no more, and words must step in to carry on the meaning of the sounds? If so, does not the whole theory of music being the voice of nature itself, an art which has arisen "from the immediate consciousness of the identity of our inner being with that of the outer world," as Wagner calls it, fall to the ground? It seems to me that in adding voices to the instruments, Beethoven did no more than add another exquisitely expressive instrument to the orchestra; in adding that instrument he added words also, because words support the voice, as the shoulder supports the violin. But I contend that the words of Schiller's "Hymn to Joy" might be replaced by meaningless vowels and consonants, and that the effect of the Choral Symphony would be identically the same. Beethoven's inspiration consisted in seeing that the effect of exultation at which he was aiming could best be rendered by a chorus of voices, voices considered as instruments; he was increasing his orchestra, that was all.

Wagner, it is true, realized this; but, having realized it, he goes on to conceive of a Shakespeare entering the world of light simultaneously with a Beethoven entering the world of sound, and a new, finer art arising out of that mingling. Here, of course, he becomes

the apologist of his own music-drama; and it is in its claim to have done just this that it demands consideration. Has Wagner, in subordinating his music, if not to the words, at all events to the action, expressed partly by the words, really carried music further, or has he added another firmer link to the chain which holds music to the earth? Music-drama, since Wagner has existed, there will always be; but may there not be also a music more and more "absolute," of which voices may indeed form part, but voices without words, adding an incomparable instrument to the orchestra? Why need music, if it is the voice of something deeper than action, care to concern itself with drama, which is the ripple on the surface of a great depth? As it dispenses with the stage, or the conscious exercise of the eyes, so it will dispense with words, or the conscious exercise of the mind through the hearing, and, in an equal degree, with the intrusive reasonings of a programme, at the best but misleading footnotes to a misinterpreted text.

In the later works of Beethoven we see his attempt to express himself within a fixed form, and yet without losing anything of what he wanted to say, through the pressure of those limits. "From the time," says Wagner, "when, in accord with the moving sorrows of his life, there awoke in the artist a longing for distinct expression of specific, characteristically individual emotions,—as though to unbosom himself to the intelligent sympathy of fellow-men,—and this longing grew into an ever more compulsive force; from that time when he began to care less and less about merely making music, about expressing himself agreeably, enthrallingly, or inspiritingly in general, within that music; and, instead thereof, was driven by the general necessity of his inner being to employ his art in bringing to sure and seizable expression a definite content that absorbed his thoughts and feelings," then, says Wagner, begins his agony.

And this agony is the effort, not so much to say in music things really or merely individual, but to force music to tell some of its own secrets, still secrets to Beethoven. The deepest poetry and the deepest philosophy in words have been for the most part questions to which no answer has been offered; like the soliloquies of *Hamlet* and the thirty-eighth chapter of *Job*. When Beethoven is greatest his music speaks in a voice which suggests no words, and is the outpouring of a heart or soul too full for speech, and says speechless things. And at last Beethoven cares only for the saying of these speechless things, and because he cares supremely for this he refines his form, through which alone they can be spoken, with a more and more jealous care, fastening upon the roots of sound.

In Beethoven's later work, and especially in the last quartettes, he seems actually to rarefy sound itself. What is this new subtlety and poignancy which comes into the notes themselves, as they obey a master who has proceeded by one exclusion after another, until he has refined sound to its last shade, or sharpened it to its ultimate

point? Already, in the Quartette in C major (Op. 59), in which a form is filled without excess and without default, a new color comes into the harmonies, as they reach after an unlimited strength, seeking to avoid all merely formal or limiting sweetness. They have passed through fire, and come out changed, a new body which has found a new soul. Here there is drama, an ominous and mysterious drama, in which the instruments are the persons: tragic cries surge up and are quieted; one hears the deathdrum beating, perhaps only in their veins. The discord has found its place, liberating harmony, and, in the final fugue, one sees the strictest of forms set dancing and hurrying, with a meaning not only in the notes, but in some not easily followed process of thinking in music, with an actual intellectual ecstasy.

In the last quartettes form is so completely mastered that form, as limit, disappears, and something new, strange, incalculable, arises and exists. The purity of its harmony is so acute that it is at once joy and pain, harmony and discord. Beauty, brought to this intensity, at moments goes mad with delight. There is a gay, mysterious, entangling gravity, a kind of crabbed sweetness, in which sweetness becomes savour. At times, as in the Allegro of the Quartette in B flat major (Op. 130), sound passes into a fluttering of wings, as Psyche, the butterfly, soars at last into sunlight. The music began with elfin laughter, turned serious, and meditated with fine subtlety, and then, in the frank and childish return "alla danza tedesca," seemed to go back to the first things of the earth, as to one's roots for new sap. And then, in that *Cavatina* which Beethoven wrote weeping, one overhears a noble and not despairing sorrow, which can weep but not whimper; an imploring, sadly questioning, unresentful lament; the most reticent sorrow ever rendered in music. To have written this movement is as great a thing as to have built a cathedral, in which, not more truly, the soul shelters from its grief.

When I hear the Quartette in F major (Op. 135), it seems to me that music has done nothing since, that it contains the germ, and more than the germ, of all modern music. It was such things, no doubt, as the Walkyries' Ride of the second movement, the *Vivace*, which seemed unintelligible, insane, to the people who first heard them, even after hearing all the symphonies. With the first notes of the first movement we are in the heart of music, as if one awoke on board a ship, and was on the open sea, beyond sight of land. Here, and to the end, every note has its separate meaning, its individual life, and is more than the mere part of a whole. There is so much music which, because it is leading to something, does not stay by the way, conscious of itself, perfect as an end, though it is also perfect as the means to an end. In the *Lento*, Beethoven prays; there is in it a peace so profound and yet acute that it is almost sad; yet it is neither joy nor sorrow, but a hymn to God out of sorrow, itself faith, resignation, and a sure and certain hope of the "rest that remaineth."

Even Beethoven never made a more beautiful melody, nor was there ever in music a landscape of the soul so illuminated with all the soft splendor of sunlight. The *Grave* leading to the *Allegro*, with the words, "Muss es sein? Es muss sein" (the "painfully made resolve"), seems willing, for once, in a kind of despair or distrust even of music, to fix a more precise meaning upon sounds. It is no more, really, than the irrelevant, touching, unneeded outcry of the artist, afraid that you may be overlooking something which he sees or hears, no doubt, so much more clearly than you, and which he cannot bear to think that you may be overlooking.

In spite of Holbein, Dürer, and Cranach, in spite of the builders in stone and the workers in iron, the German genius has never found its complete expression in any of the plastic arts. Germany has had both poets and philosophers, who have done great things; but it has done nothing supreme except in music, and in music nothing supreme has been done outside Germany since the music of Purcell in England.

Dürer created a very German kind of beauty; philosophers, from Kant to Nietzsche, have created system after system of philosophy, each building on a foundation made out of the ruins of the last. Goethe gave wisdom to the world by way of Germany. But Goethe, excellent in all things, was supreme in none; and German beauty is not universal beauty. In Beethoven, music becomes a universal language, and it does so without ceasing to speak German. Beethoven's music is national, as Dante's or Shakespeare's poetry is national; and it is only since Beethoven appeared in Germany that Germany can be compared with the Italy which produced Dante and the England which produced Shakespeare. On the whole, Germans have not been ungrateful. But they have had their own ways of expressing gratitude.

A German sculptor has represented Beethoven as a large, naked gentleman, sitting in an emblematical arm-chair with a shawl decently thrown across his knees. In this admired production all the evil tendencies, gross ambitions, and ineffectual energies of modern German art seem to have concentrated themselves. It is to be regretted that Beethoven, rather than any more showy person, Goethe, for instance, with his "Olympian" air, or Schiller, with his consumptive romanticism, should have been made the conspicuous victim of this worst form of the impotence of the moment. There is a sentence spoken by Emilia in that novel of George Meredith which no longer bears her more attractive name, through which we may see Beethoven as he was: "I have seen his picture in shop-windows: the wind seemed in his hair, and he seemed to hear with his eyes: his forehead frowning so." To look from this visible image in words to the construction in stone of Max Klinger, is to blot out vision with the dust of the quarry. During his lifetime Beethoven suffered many things from his countrymen, and now that he is dead they cannot let him alone.

in the grave; but must first come fumbling with heavy fingers at his skull (we are told its weight), and then setting up these dishonoring monuments in his honor.

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### THE IDEAS OF WAGNER.

BY ARTHUR SYMONS.

**I**N "The Art-work of the Future," Wagner defines art as "an immediate vital act," the expression of man, as man is the expression of nature. "The first and truest fount of Art reveals itself in the impulse that urges from Life into the work of art; for it is the impulse to bring the unconscious, instinctive principle of Life to understanding and acknowledgment as Necessity." "Art is an inbred craving of the natural, genuine, and uncorrupted man," not an artificial product, and not a product of mind only, which produces science, but of that deeper impulse which is unconscious. From this unconscious impulse, this need, come all great creations, all great inventions; conscious intellect does but exploit and splinter those direct impulses which come straight from the people. The people alone can feel "a common and collective want"; without this want there can be no need; without need no necessary action; where there is no necessary action, caprice enters, and caprice is the mother of all unnaturalness. Out of caprice, or an imagined need, come luxury, fashion, and the whole art-traffic of our shameless age. "Only from Life, from which alone can even the need for her grow up, can Art obtain her matter and her form; but where Life is modelled upon fashion, Art can never fashion anything from Life."

In his consideration of art Wagner sets down two broad divisions: art as derived directly from man, and art as shaped by man from the stuff of nature. In the first division he sets dance (or motion), tone, and poetry, in which man is himself the subject and agent of his own artistic treatment; in the second, architecture, sculpture, and painting, in which man "extends the longing for artistic portrayal to the objects of surrounding, allied, ministering Nature."

The ground of all human art is bodily motion. Into bodily motion comes rhythm, which is "the mind of dance and the skeleton of tone." Tone is "the heart of man, through which dance and poetry are brought to mutual understanding." This organic being is "clothed upon with the flesh of the world." Thus, in the purely human arts, we rise from bodily motion to poetry, to which man adds himself as singer and actor; and we have at once the lyric art-work out of which comes the perfected form of lyric drama. This, as he conceives it, is to arise when "the pride of all three arts in their own self-sufficiency shall break to pieces and pass over into love for one

another." Attempts, it is true, have been made to combine them, conspicuously in opera; but the failure of opera comes from "a compact of three egoisms," without mutual giving as well as taking.

The limits of dance are evident; mere motion can go no further than pantomime and ballet. What, then, are the limits of tone? Harmony is the unbounded sea; rhythm and melody, in which dance and poetry regain their own true essence, are the limiting shores to this unbounded sea. Yet, within the confines of these shores, the sea is for ever tossing, for ever falling back upon itself. Christianity first set bounds to it with words, "the toneless, fluid, scattering word of the Christian creed." When the limits of this narrow word were broken, and the sea again let loose, an arbitrary measure was set upon it from without, counterpoint, "the mathematics of feeling," the claim of tone to be an end in itself, unrelated to nature, a matter of the intellect instead of a voice of the heart. Life, however, was never extinct, for there arose the folk-tune, with its twin-born folksong; which, however, was seized upon by the makers of music and turned into the "aria": "not the beating heart of the nightingale, but only its warbling throat." Then, out of that unending source, bodily motion, expressed in the rhythm of the dance, came the final achievement of instrumental music, the symphony, which is made on the basis of the harmonized dance. Beethoven carries instrumental music to the verge of speech, and there pauses; then, in the Ninth Symphony, in which he calls in the word, "redeems music out of her own peculiar element into the realm of universal art." Beyond what Beethoven has there done with music, "no further step is possible, for upon it the perfect art-work of the future alone can follow, the universal drama to which he has forged for us the key."

But poetry, has that also its limits? Literary poetry still exists, even the literary drama, written, as Goethe wrote it, from outside, as by one playing on a lifeless instrument; even "the unheard-of drama written for dumb reading!" But poetry was once a living thing, a thing spoken and sung; it arose from the midst of the people, and was kept alive by them, alike as epic, lyric, and drama. "Tragedy flourished for just so long as it was inspired by the spirit of the people," and, at its greatest moment, among the Greeks, "the poetic purpose rose singly to life upon the shoulders of the arts of dance and tone, as the head of the full-fledged human being." Where we see tragedy supreme in Shakespeare and music supreme in Beethoven, we see two great halves of one universal whole. It remains for the art of the future to combine these two halves in one; and, in the process of joining, all the other arts, those arts not derived directly from man but shaped by man from the stuff of nature, will find their place, as they help towards the one result.

The sections which follow, dealing with architecture, sculpture, and painting, form a special pleading to which it is hardly necessary to give much attention. Each art may indeed legitimately enough

be utilized in the production and performance of such an art-work as Wagner indicates, and as he actually produced and performed; architecture building the theatre, sculpture teaching man his own bodily beauty and the beauty and significance of his grouping and movement on the stage, and painting creating a landscape which shall seem to set this human figure in the midst of nature itself. In going further than this, in asserting that sculpture is to give place to the human body, and painting to limit itself to the imitation of nature as a background of stage-scenery for the actor, we see the German.<sup>1</sup> We see also the propagandist, who has a doctrine to prove; perhaps the enthusiast, who has convinced himself of what he desires to believe. In his conclusion of the whole matter he goes one step further, and identifies the poet and the performer; then finds in the performer "the fellowship of all the artists," and, in that fellowship, the community of the people, who, having felt the want, have found out the way. "The perfectly artistic performer is therefore the unit man extended to the essence of the human species by the utmost evolution of his own particular nature. The place in which this wondrous process comes to pass is the theoretic stage; the collective art-work which it brings to the light of day, the Drama."

In a letter to Berlioz, written in 1860, Wagner reminds his critic, who has chosen to fasten upon him the title, "Music of the Future" (the hostile invention of a Professor Bischoff, of Cologne), that the essay was written at a time when "a violent crisis in his life" (the Revolution of 1848, and his exile from Germany) had for a time withdrawn him from the practice of his art. "I asked myself," he says, "what position Art should occupy towards the public, so as to inspire it with a reverence that should never be profaned; and, not to be merely building castles in the air, I took my stand on the position which art once occupied towards the public life of the Greeks." In the thirty thousand Greeks assembled to listen to a tragedy of Æschylus he found the one ideal public; and, in the whole situation, a suggestion towards an art which should be no pedantic revival of that, but a similar union of the arts, in the proportions demanded by their present condition and by the present condition of the world. For, as no one has realized more clearly, there is no absolute art-work; but each age must have its own art-work, as that of the preceding age ceases to be living and becomes monumental. "The Shakespeare who can alone be of value to us is the ever new creative poet who, now and in all ages, is to that age what Shakespeare was to his own age."

"Opera and Drama," which closely followed "The Art-work of the Future," was written at Zürich in four months; it fills 376 large pages in Mr. Ellis's translation. In a letter to Uhlig, written

<sup>1</sup> A more temperate, indeed a wholly just view of the relations of the plastic arts, is to be found in the "Letter to Liszt on the proposed Goethe Institute," written in 1851 ("Prose Works," iii. 19-20), in which Wagner points out the necessity of the due and helpful subordination of painting and sculpture to architecture in any complete and living organism of plastic art.

January 20, 1851, Wagner says: "The first part is the shortest and easiest, perhaps also the most entertaining; the second goes deeper, and the third goes right to the bottom." In the dedication to the second edition, written in 1868, he says: "My desire to get to the bottom of the matter and to shirk no detail that, in my opinion, might make the difficult subject of æsthetic analysis intelligible to simple feeling, betrayed me into a stubbornness of style which, to the reader who looks merely for entertainment, and is not directly interested in the subject itself, is extremely likely to seem a bewildering diffuseness." And the translator confesses that no other of Wagner's prose works has given him half so much difficulty as the third and portions of the second part of "Opera and Drama"; for in them, as he says, "we are presented with a theory absolutely in the making."

"Opera and Drama" is an attempt to state, in minute particulars, what "The Art-work of the Future" stated in general terms. It is based upon a demonstration of the fundamental error in the construction of opera: "that a means of expression (music) has been made the end, while the end of expression (drama) has been made a means." How fatal have been the results of this fundamental error can be realized only when it is seen how many of the greater musicians have thus spent their best energies in exploring a labyrinth which does but lead back, through many vain wanderings, to the starting-point.

The musical basis of opera was the *aria*, i.e., "the folk-song as rendered by the art-singer before the world of rank and quality, but with its word-poem left out and replaced by the product of the art-poet composed to that end." The performer was rightly the basis of the performance, but a basis set awry; for the performer was chosen only for his dexterity in song, not for his skill as an actor. Dance and dance-tune, "borrowed just as waywardly from the folk-dance and its tune as was the operatic *aria* from the folk-song, joined forces with the singer in all the sterile immiscibility of unnatural things." Between these alien elements a shifting plank-bridge was thrown across, recitative, which is no more than the intoning of the Church, fixed by ritual into "an arid resemblance to, without the reality of, speech," and varied a little by musical caprice for the convenience of opera.

This unsound structure was untouched by the theory and practice of Gluck, whose "revolution" was now more than revolt on the part of the composer against the domination of the singer. The singer was made to render more faithfully the music which the composer set before him; but the poet "still looked up to the composer with the deepest awe," and no nearer approach was made to drama. In Spontini we see the logical filling out of the fixed forms of opera to their fullest extent. Along these lines nothing further can be done; it is for the poet to step into the place usurped by the musician. The poet did nothing, but still continued to work to order, not once

daring to pursue a real dramatic aim. He contented himself with stereotyped phrases, the make-believe of rhetoric, straitened to the measure of the musician's fixed forms, knowing that to make his characters speak "in brief and definite terms, surcharged with meaning," would have caused his instant dismissal. Thus music, which in the nature of things can only be expression, is seen endeavoring to fill the place of that which is to be expressed, to be itself its own object. "Such a music is no longer any music, but a fantastic hybrid emanation from poetry and music, which, in truth, can only materialize itself as caricature."

Mozart's importance in the history of opera is this, that, taking the forms as he found them, he filled them with living music, setting whatever words were given him, and giving those words "the utmost musical expression of which their last particle of sense was capable." Had Mozart met a poet who could have given him the foundation for his musical interpretation, he would have solved the problem for himself, unconsciously, by mere sincerity to his genius for musical expression.

After Mozart, in whom form was nothing and the musical spirit everything, came imitators who fancied they were imitating Mozart when they copied his form. It was Rossini who showed how hollow that form really was, and he did so by reducing *aria*, the essence of opera, to its own real essence, melody. In the folk-song words and tune had always grown together; in the opera there had been always some pretence of characterization. Rossini abandoned everything but just "naked, ear-delighting, absolute, melodic melody," a delicious meaningless sound. "What reflection and æsthetic speculation had built up, Rossini's opera melodies pulled down and blew into nothing, like a baseless dream." Rossini gave every one what he wanted. He gave the singer what he wanted, display; and the player what he wanted, again display; and the poet a long rest, and leave to rhyme as he chose. Above all he gave the public what it wanted: not the people, but that public which need only be named to be realized, the modern opera public. "With Rossini the real life-history of the opera comes to an end. It was at an end when the unconscious seedling of its being had evolved to naked and conscious bloom."

The one genuine, yet futile, attempt to produce living opera was the attempt of Weber, who saw in opera only melody, and who went to the true source, to the folk-song, for his melody. But he saw only the flower of the woods, and plucked it, taking it where it could but fade and die, because it had lost the sustenance of its root. On his heels came Auber, and then Rossini himself, who pilfered national melodies and stuck them together like a dressmaker giving variety to an old dress. The chorus came forward, and played at being the people; and there was "a motley, conglomerate surrounding, without a centre to surround." Music tried to be outlandish, to express nothing, but in a more uncommon way. Opera became

French, and, partly through a misunderstanding of Beethoven, neo-romantic.

Until Beethoven had done what he did, no one could have been quite certain "that the expression of an altogether definite, a clearly intelligible individual content, was in truth impossible in this language that had only fitted itself for conveying the general character of an emotion": the language, that is, of absolute music. Beethoven attempts "to reach the artistically necessary within an inartistically impossible"; he chooses, in music, a form which "often seems the mere capricious venting of a whim, and which, loosed from any purely musical cohesion, is only bound together by the bond of a poetic purpose impossible to render into music with full poetic plainness." Thus, much of his later work seems to be so many sketches for a picture which he could never make visible in all its outlines.

What in Beethoven was a "struggle for the discovery of a new basis of musical language," has been seized upon by later composers only in its external contrasts, excesses, inarticulate voices of joy and despair, and made the basis of a wholly artificial construction, in which "a programme reciting the heads of some subject taken from nature or human life was put into the hearer's hands; and it was left to his imaginative talent to interpret, in keeping with the hint once given, all the musical freaks that one's unchecked license might now let loose in motley chaos." Berlioz seized upon what was most chaotic in the sketchwork of Beethoven, and, using it as a misunderstood magic symbol, called unnatural visions about him. "What he had to say to people was so wonderful, so unwonted, so entirely unnatural, that he could never have said it out in homely, simple words; he needed a huge array of the most complicated machines in order to proclaim, by the help of many-wheeled and delicately-adjusted mechanism, what a simple human organism could not possibly have uttered, just because it was so entirely unhuman. . . . Each height and depth of this mechanism's capacity has Berlioz explored, with the result of developing a positively astounding knowledge; and, if we mean to recognize the inventors of our present industrial machinery as the benefactors of modern State-humanity, then we must worship Berlioz as the veritable saviour of our world of absolute music; for he has made it possible to musicians to produce the most wonderful effect from the emptiest and most inartistic content of their music-making, by an unheard-of marshalling of mere mechanical means."

In Berlioz, Wagner admits, "there dwelt a genuine artistic stress," but Berlioz was but a "tragic sacrifice." His orchestra was annexed by the opera-composer; and its "splintered and atomic melodies" were now lifted from the orchestra into the voice itself. The result was Meyerbeer, who, when Wagner wrote, could be alluded to, without need of naming, as the most famous opera-composer of modern times.

Weber, in "Euryanthe," had endeavored in vain to make a coherent dramatic structure out of two contradictory elements, "absolute, self-sufficing melody and unflinchingly true dramatic expression." Meyerbeer attempted the same thing from the standpoint of effect, and with the aid of the Rossini melody. Thus, while "Weber wanted a drama that could pass with all its members, with every scenic *nuance*, into his noble soulful melody, Meyerbeer, on the contrary, wanted a monstrous piebald, historico-romantic, diabolico-religious, fanatico-libidinous, sacro-frivolous, mysterio-criminal, autolyco-sentimental, dramatic hotch-potch, therein to find material for a curious chimeric music—a want which, owing to the indomitable buckram of his musical temperament, could never be quite suitably supplied."

In his summing-up of the whole discussion on opera and the nature of music, Wagner tells us that the secret of the barrenness of modern music lies in this, that music is a woman who gives birth but does not beget. "Just as the living folk-melody is inseparable from the living folk-poem, at pain of organic death, so can music's organism never bear the true, the living melody, except it first be fecundated by the poet's thought. Music is the bearing woman, the poet the begetter; and music had therefore reached the pinnacle of madness when she wanted not only to bear, but to beget." He now turns, therefore, to the poet.

The second part of "Opera and Drama" is concerned with "The Play, and the Nature of Dramatic Poetry." Wagner first clears the way of his theory by pointing out that when Lessing, in his "Laocoön," mapped out the boundaries of the arts, he was concerned, in poetry, only with that art as a thing to be read, even when he touches on drama; and that, figuring it as addressed wholly to the imagination, not to the sight and hearing, he was rightly anxious only to preserve its purity; that is, to make it as easy as possible for the imagination to grasp it. But, just as the piano is an abstract and toneless reduction backward through the organ, the stringed instrument, and the wind instrument, from the "oldest, truest, most beautiful organ of music," the human voice, so, if we trace back the literary drama, or indeed any form of poetry, we shall find its origin in the tone of human speech, which is one and the same with the singing tone.

Modern drama has a twofold origin: through Shakespeare from the romance, and through Racine from misunderstood Greek tragedy. At the time of the Renaissance poetry was found in the narrative poem, which had culminated in the fantastic romance of Ariosto. To this fantastic romance Shakespeare gave inner meaning and outward show; he took the inconsequential and unlimited stage of the mummers and mystery-players, narrowed his action to the limits of the spectator's attention, but, through the conditions of that stage, left the representation of the scene to the mind's eye, and thus left open a door to all that was vague and unlimited in romance and history. In France and Italy the drama, played, not before the people, but in

princes' palaces, was copied externally from ancient drama. A fixed scene was taken as its first requirement, and thus an endeavor was made to construct from without inwards, "from mechanism to life"; talk on the scene, action behind the scene. Drama passed over into opera, which was thus "the premature bloom on an unripe fruit, grown from an unnatural, artificial soil."

It was in Germany, in whose soil the drama has never taken root, that a mongrel thing, which is still rampant on the European stage, came into being. When Shakespeare was brought over to Germany, where the opera was already in possession of the stage, an attempt was made to actualize his scenes, upon which it was discovered that dramatized history or romance was only possible so long as the scene need only be suggested. In the attempt to actualize Shakespeare's mental pictures, all the resources of mechanism were employed in vain; and the plays themselves were cut and altered in order to bring them within the range of a possible realistic representation. It was seen that the drama of Shakespeare could only be realized under its primitive conditions, with the scene left wholly to the imagination. Embodied, it became, so far as embodiment was possible, "an unsurveyable mass of realisms and actualisms."

It therefore remained evident that the nature of romance can never wholly correspond with the nature of drama; that, as an art in which drama was at once its inner essence and its embodied representation, the drama of Shakespeare remained, as a form, imperfect. The result of this consciousness was that the poet either wrote literary dramas for reading, or attempted an artificial reconstruction of the antique. Such was the drama of Goethe and Schiller. Goethe, after repeated attempts, produces his only organic work in "Faust," which is dramatic only in form, and in "Wilhelm Meister," which returns frankly to romance. Schiller "hovers between heaven and earth" in an attempt to turn history into romance and romance into classical drama. Both, and all that resulted from both, prove "that our literary drama is every whit as far removed from the genuine drama as the pianoforte from the symphonic song of human voices; that in the modern drama we can arrive at the production of poetry only by the most elaborate devices of literary mechanism, just as on the pianoforte we only arrive at the production of music through the most complicated devices of technical mechanism—in either case, a soulless poetry, a toneless music."

The stuff of the modern drama, then, being romance, what is the difference between this romance and the myth which was the stuff of ancient Greek drama? Myth Wagner defines as "the poem of a life-view in common," the instinctive creation of the imagination of primitive man working upon his astonished and uncomprehending view of natural phenomena. "The incomparable thing about the *mythos* is that it is true for all time, and its content, how close soever its compression, is inexhaustible throughout the ages." The

poet's business was merely to expound the myth by expressing it in action, an action which should be condensed and unified from it, as it, in its turn, had been a condensation and unification of the primitive view of nature.

The romance of the Middle Ages is derived from the mingling of two mythic cycles, the Christian legend and the Germanic saga. Christian legend can only present pictures, or, transfigured by music, render moments of ecstasy, which must remain "blends of color without drawing." The essence of drama is living action, in its progress towards a clearly defined end; whereas Christianity, being a passage through life to the transfiguration of death, "must perforce begin with the storm of life, to weaken down its movement to the final swoon of dying out." The Germanic saga begins with a myth older than Christianity, then, when Christianity has seized upon it, becomes "a swarm of actions whose true idea appears to us unfathomable and capricious, because their motives, resting on a view of life quite alien to the Christian's, had been lost to the poet." Foreign stuffs are patched upon it; and it becomes wholly unreal and outlandish, a medley of adventures, from whose imaginary pictures, however, men turned to track them in reality, by voyages of discovery, and by the scientific discoveries of the intellect. Nature, meanwhile, unchanged, awaits a new interpretation.

The first step in this interpretation is to seize and represent actual things as they are, individually. History comes forward with a more bewildering mass of material than fancy had ever found for itself; and from this tangle of conditions and surroundings the essence of the man is to be unravelled. This can be done by the romance writer, not by the dramatist. The drama, which is organic, presupposes all those surroundings which it is the business of the romance writer to develop before us. The romance writer works from without inwards, the dramatist from within outwards. And now, going one step further, and turning to actual life as it exists before our eyes, the poet can no longer "extemporize artistic fancies"; he can only render the whole horror of what lies naked before him; "he needs only to feel pity, and at once his passion becomes a vital force." Actual things draw him out of the contemplation of actual things; the poem turns to journalism, the stuff of poetry becomes politics.

It was Napoleon who said to Goethe that, in the modern world, politics play the part of fate in the ancient world. "The Greek Fate is the inner nature-necessity, from which the Greek—because he did not understand it—sought refuge in the arbitrary political state. Our Fate is the arbitrary political state, which to us shows itself as an outer necessity for the maintenance of society; and from this we seek refuge in the nature-necessity, because we have learnt to understand the latter, and have recognized it as the conditionment of our being and all its shapings." In the myth of Oedipus is seen a prophetic picture of the "whole history of mankind, from the

beginnings of society to the inevitable downfall of the state." The modern state is a necessity of an artificial and inorganic kind; it is not, as society (arising from the family, and working through love rather than through law) should rightly be, "the free self-determining of the individuality." Within these artificial bounds of the state only thought is free; and the poet who would render the conflict of the individual and of the state must content himself with appealing to the understanding; he cannot appeal to the understanding through the feeling. Dramatic art is "the emotionalizing of the intellect," for, in drama, the appeal is made directly to the senses and can completely realize its aim. "In drama, therefore, an action can only be explained when it is completely justified by the feeling; and it is thus the dramatic poet's task not to invent actions but to make an action so intelligible through its emotional necessity that we may altogether dispense with the intellect's assistance in its justification. The poet, therefore, has to make his main scope the choice of the action, which he must so choose that, alike in its character and in its compass, it makes possible to him its entire justification by the feeling, for in this justification alone resides the reaching of his aim." This action he cannot find in the present, where the fundamental relations are no longer to be seen in their simple and natural growth; nor in the past, as recorded by history, where an action can only become intelligible to us through a detailed explanation of its surroundings. It must be found in a new creation of myth, and this myth must arise from a condensation into one action of the image of all man's energy, together with his recognition of his own mood in nature—nature apprehended, not in parts by the understanding, but as a whole by the feeling. This strengthening of a moment of action can only be achieved "by lifting it above the ordinary human measure through the poetic figment of wonder." "Poetic wonder is the highest and most necessary product of the artist's power of beholding and displaying. . . . It is the fullest understanding of Nature that first enables the poet to set her phenomena before us in wondrous shaping: for only in such shaping do they become intelligible to us as the conditionments of human actions intensified." The motives which tend towards this supreme moment of action are to be condensed and absorbed into one; and from this one motive "all that savors of the particular and accidental must be taken away, and it must be given its full truth as a necessary, purely human utterance of feeling."

Only in tone-speech can this fully realized utterance of feeling be made. Modern speech, alike in prose and in the modern form of verse, in which "Stabreim," or the root alliteration by which words were once fused with melody, has given place to end-rhyme ("fluttering at the loose ends of the ribands of melody"), is no longer able to speak to the feeling, but only to the understanding, and this through a convention by which we "dominate our feelings that we may demon-

strate to the understanding an aim of the understanding." Speech, therefore, has shrunk to "absolute intellectual speech," as music has shrunk to "absolute tone-speech." The poet can thus only adequately realize his "strengthened moments of action" by a speech proportionately raised above its habitual methods of expression. Tone-speech is this "new, redeeming, and realizing tongue"; tone-speech not separately made, an emotional expression ungoverned by this aim (as we see it in modern opera), but tone-speech which is the fullest expression of this aim, and thus "the expression of the most deeply roused human feelings, according to their highest power of self-expression."

Wagner now passes, in the third part, to a consideration of "The Arts of Poetry and Tone in the Drama of the Future." He begins by pointing out in minute detail, through the physiology of speech (the actual making of speech by breath), that it is only from a heightening of ordinary speech, and not from the recognized prosody of verse, that we can hope to find the means of ultimate expression; and that, our language having lost all direct means of emotional appeal, we must go back to its very roots before we can fit it to combine with that tone-speech which does possess such an appeal. He shows that the metre of Greek choric verse can only properly be understood by taking into account its musical accompaniment, by which a long-held note could be justified to the ear. That these lyrics were written to fixed tunes, tunes probably fixed by dance movements, is evident from the great elaboration of a rhythm which could never have arisen directly out of the substance of poems so largely grave and philosophic. The oldest lyric arises out of tone and melody, in which human emotion at first uttered itself in the mere breathing of the vowels, then through the individualization of the vowels by consonants. In a word-root we have not only the appeal to thought of that root's meaning, but also the sensuous appeal of the open sound which is its "sensuous body" and primal substance. Tone, with its appeal to feeling, begins by passing into the word, with its appeal to the understanding; the final return is that of the word, through harmony, to that tone-speech in which the understanding is reached through the feeling, and both are satisfied.

Primitive melodies rarely modulate from one key into another; and, if we wish to address the feeling intelligibly through tone alone, we must return to this simplicity of key. This Beethoven did in the melody to which he set Schiller's verse in the Ninth Symphony: but if we compare this, in its original form, with the broad melodic structure of the musical setting of the line, "Seid umschlungen, Millionen!" we shall see the whole difference between a melody which is made separately and, so to speak, laid upon the verse, and a melody which grows directly out of the verse itself. It is the poetic aim which causes and justifies modulation, for by it the change and gradation of emotion can be rendered intelligible to the feeling. Harmony is "the bearing element which takes up the poetic aim solely

as a begetting seed, to shape it into finished semblance by the prescripts of its own, its womanly organism." Modern music has taken harmony as sufficient in itself, and by so doing has but "worked bewilderingly and benumbingly upon the feeling." The tone-poet must, instead, add to a melody, conditioned by its speaking verse, the harmony implicitly contained therein. Now "harmony is in itself a thing of thought; to the senses it becomes first actually discernible as polyphony, or, to define it still more closely, as polyphonic symphony." This, for the purposes of the drama, cannot be supplied by vocal symphony, because each voice, in a perfectly proportioned action, can but be the expression of an individual character, present on the stage for his own ends, and not as a mere vocal support for others. "Only in the full tide of lyric outpour, when all the characters and their surroundings have been strictly led up to a joint expression of feeling, is there offered to the tone-poet a polyphonic mass of voices to which he may make over the declaration of his harmony." Only by the orchestra can it find expression, for the orchestra is "the realized thought" of harmony.

The timbre of the human voice can never absolutely blend with that of any instrument; it is the duty of the orchestra to subordinate itself to, and support, the vocal melody, never actually mingling with it. The orchestra possesses a distinct faculty of speech, "the faculty of uttering the unspeakable," or rather that which, to our intellect, is the unspeakable. This faculty it possesses in common with gesture, which expresses something that cannot be expressed in words. The orchestra expresses to the ear what gesture expresses to the eye, and both combined carry on or lead up to what the verse-melody expresses in words. It is able to transform thought ("the bond between an absent and a present emotion") into an actually present emotion. "Music cannot think, but she can materialize thoughts. A musical motive can produce a definite impression on the feeling, inciting it to a function akin to thought, only when the emotion uttered in that motive has been definitely conditioned by a definite object and proclaimed by a definite individual before our very eyes." The orchestra, then, can express foreboding or remembrance, and it can do this with perfect clearness and direct appeal to the emotions by the recurrence of a musical motive which we have already associated with a definite emotion, or whose significance is interpreted to us by a definite gesture. What has been called tone-painting in instrumental music is an attempt to do this by the suggestion of tones, or with the aid of a written programme; in either case by a "chilling" appeal to mere fancy in place of feeling. "The life-giving focus of dramatic expression is the verse-melody of the performer; towards it the absolute orchestral melody leads on; as a foreboding; from it is led the instrumental-motive's 'thought,' as a remembrance." In order to arrive at perfect unity of form and content there must be something more than a mere juxtaposition of poetic

and musical expression, or the musician will have roused a feeling in vain, and the poet will have failed to fix this feeling incompletely roused. Unity can be secured only when the expression fully renders the content, and renders it unceasingly; and this can be done only when the poet's aim and the musician's expression are so blended that neither can be distinguished from the other, "the chief motives of the dramatic action having become distinguishable melodic moments which fully materialize their content, being moulded into a continuous" texture, binding the whole art-work together, and, in the final result, the orchestra so completely "guiding our whole attention away from itself as a means of expression, and directing it to the object expressed," that, in a sense, it shall not "be heard at all." Thus, at its height of realized achievement, "art conceals art."

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#### A BRIEF GUIDE TO THE CLASSICS FOR PIANO, VIOLIN, VIOLONCELLO, FLUTE, AND PIPE ORGAN.

##### D. ALARD.

**D**ELPHIN ALARD was one of the great French teachers of the violin, and a writer of valuable studies for the instrument; and it is in these capacities that he is now chiefly remembered, though he was also a noted virtuoso, and composed much music of a brilliant character. He was born at Bayonne in 1815, and was a pupil of Habeneck at the Paris Conservatoire. He succeeded Baillot as professor of the violin there in 1843, and taught till 1875. Among his most famous pupils was Sarasate. He died in 1888.

##### J. S. BACH.

Johann Sebastian Bach, one of the greatest of all musicians, was a member of a very large family for several generations renowned through their pre-eminence in music. During his life he held several posts as Kapellmeister or musical director, the most important of which was that in Leipzig, from 1723 to his death, when he was musical director of the University and Cantor of the St. Thomas School. He wrote music for orchestra, chorus, organ, clavichord, and harpsichord which has been the wonder of the modern world since appreciation of his greatness was revived by Mendelssohn and his contemporaries eighty years ago. His works for clavichord and harpsichord have a very important place and are among the most prized of all music for those instruments and their modern successor, the pianoforte. Of these the most famous is the collection of forty-eight preludes and fugues, in two books, called "The Well-tempered Clavichord." These show not only his supreme mastery of the con-

trapuntal style, in which he was greatest, but also the inexhaustible musical inspiration, poetical feeling, and romantic impulse that his genius possessed.

A "well-tempered clavichord" means one that is tuned in the modern system of equal temperament, by which pieces can be played in all the different keys, while in the old unequal temperament the more remote keys were so out of tune as to be impossible. Bach favored the adoption of the equal temperament; and the "well-tempered clavichord," in which all the major and minor keys are used, each succeeding prelude and fugue being in a key a semitone higher than the preceding one, of course required this system of tuning.

The clavichord was a small keyed instrument of exceedingly delicate tone, in which the strings were struck by brass tangents, fixed at right angles on the farther end of the key-levers. The tangent remained pressed against the string as long as the key was held down, and an effect of "vibrato" (called "bebung") was obtainable, quite unknown to the modern pianoforte. The clavichord was Bach's favorite instrument at home, and he preferred it to the harpsichord or spinet, the more common instruments of the class in the eighteenth century.

"Inventions" is a term used by Bach alone as referring to musical compositions. It may be taken to mean about the same as "im-promptus." The inventions he intended for students of the clavichord, as he stated on the title page of the first edition (1723), but not merely as technical exercises. They are to serve especially, he says, to cultivate a cantabile style of playing; also to stimulate the taste for extemporizing and composition. They have lost not a jot of their value to-day as technical exercises, and behind their formal outlines there is an inexhaustible store of poetical ideas.

Bach's "English suites" are said to have been composed for some distinguished English amateur, whence their title. The general form of the suite as a succession of dance tunes he kept, without attempting any development of his own. The four principal divisions were the Allemande, Courante, Sarabande, and Gigue. Before the Gigue often came a Bourrée, Minuet, Passepied, or Gavotte, as a kind of intermezzo. There is a prelude for each of the suites, and the successive movements are not only highly developed in form, but have a rich harmony and deep musical content. "Such magnificently broad Sarabandes, such daringly wild Gigues, Bach never again wrote," says Spittà.

The "French suites," probably so called without Bach's knowledge, are shorter and less broadly developed than Bach's other suites, and the movements correspond more closely to the original types of the dance forms. If they are French in character it is only in their graceful and amiable spirit. They follow in the main the general Suite-form, Allemande, Courante, Sarabande, Gigue, with various kinds of interludes inserted before the Gigue, and they are without preludes.

The Italian concerto, being for one piano, without accompaniment, can scarcely be called a concerto in strictness. But Bach had made his concertos more and more a matter for the soloist and pushed the accompaniment in the background; in this one the accompaniment disappeared entirely. The form of the concerto was originally devised for the violin by the Italian masters. In this piece the violin character most clearly appears in the andante, with its richly ornamented melody; and it is specially with reference to this that the appellation "Italian" was applied to the concerto. This was the "Italian taste" mentioned in Bach's title to the work.

Bach's solo sonatas for the violin—or rather sonatas and suites, for he wrote three of each—are unique of their kind. They had no precursors, and have had no successors that are worthy of the name. In these works for violin without accompaniment he finds expression for the same sort of grandeur and polyphonic fulness as in his music for the organ and clavier. He makes the violin speak in many voices. By extending the use of double-stopping and the skilful employment of the open strings, he attains an almost incredible fulness of tone. In the contrapuntal passages the voices enter and re-enter with almost the same freedom and independence as in an organ fugue. The movements of the suites are in the character of the old dance forms of the eighteenth-century suites. The sonatas are distinguished from them in not being composed of dance movements; but they are essentially different in form from the modern sonata.

The Ciaccona of the suite in D minor is one of the most famous of Bach's compositions, a gigantic piece that tests the highest powers of the greatest artists. A ciaccona was a slow dance form in triple time, on a short theme continually repeated in new aspects and enriched with contrapuntal and other ornament. This one is built on five themes that appear in such elaborate figuration and polyphonic complications that they are often not discernible except upon close study.

#### L. VAN BEETHOVEN.

Beethoven, the greatest of all modern rausicians, he who ushered in the new world of musical thought at the beginning of the nineteenth century, died at Vienna, where he had lived and worked for all the mature years of his life. Beethoven was in his earlier years a pianist by profession; it was as a pianist that his first reputation was made, and for a considerable time after he had shown his power as a composer, he was regarded by his fellow-townsmen as chiefly a pianist. Hence it is natural that some of his greatest and most influential work was written for the piano. He wrote nothing more important for his instrument than the five concertos. The first two were composed at not a long distance apart (the one now called the second, in B flat, was really composed first) in 1795 and 1798. The one in C, Beethoven played at his first public appearance in Vienna in 1795. It

is related that he wrote it down only a few hours before he had to appear; and that at the rehearsal, the piano being half a tone too flat, he transposed it to C sharp. The third concerto, in C minor, was composed in 1800, and shows an advance in style such as would be expected in a work contemporaneous with the septet, the first symphony, the string quartettes, Op. 18. This Beethoven also played publicly for the first time in 1803. In the fourth concerto, G major, composed in 1806, and the fifth, in E flat, composed in 1809, we enter upon a different phase of Beethoven's work, the so-called "second period," his mature period, "a time of extraordinary greatness, full of individuality, character, and humor, but still more full of power and mastery and pregnant strong sense."

Beethoven's sonatas must rank with his concertos in the importance of their part in his artistic development. He devoted much attention to this form of art; the thirty-two sonatas of his "master period" extend from 1796 to 1822, and they show the whole development of his three styles.

Beethoven's ten sonatas for violin and piano are among his best beloved and most popular works. With few exceptions, as the sonata dedicated to Rudolph Kreutzer, they are not manifestations of the profoundest depths of Beethoven's musical nature; but they show all his skill and unerring sense of form and line, and are some of the loveliest and most spontaneous outpourings of his creative faculty. Most of them belong to what the biographers have agreed to call his "first period": the period when the influence of Haydn and Mozart was still strongly felt in his work. The first eight of them were composed between the years 1798 and 1802. The adagios frequently show Beethoven's most fervid and uplifted style, the scherzos are graceful, the first movements and rondos spirited and brilliant. The "Kreutzer" sonata, Op. 47, composed in 1803, first shows the influence of the "second" style that is more characteristic of Beethoven's most individual work: a greater passion, a greater eloquence are manifested in it, as in the other works of the same period composed about the same time—the "Waldstein" piano sonata, the "Eroica" symphony, the "Appassionata" piano sonata, "Fidelio." The last sonata dates from 1810; and is far from the tragic and lofty spirit that marks the "Egmont" music, the quartette, Op. 95, the great B flat trio that originated at about the same period. It is full of grace and charm, elusive yet unmistakable.

#### W. S. BENNETT.

Sir William Sterndale Bennett was, until the new light of Elgar came, the most brilliant contribution by England to the art of music since Purcell. He was a pupil and friend of Mendelssohn and Schumann, and the Mendelssohn influence is marked in his music. He attained great prominence in English musical affairs and died in 1875. His piano pieces are wonderfully polished, clear, and suave,

and Schumann found in them beauty of form, poetic depth, clearness, and ideal purity as in Mendelssohn's.

#### H. BERTINI.

Bertini was noted as a pedagogue, a composer, and a pianist of the Clementi school as extended by Cramer and Hummel. He lived at a period when flashy virtuosity was in vogue—the sort of thing that Schumann founded his "Neue Zeitschrift" to combat and overcome. Yet Bertini was inalterably opposed to it, and both as a pianist and composer exemplified the highest ideals. His technical studies are still highly regarded and much used by judicious teachers.

#### GEO. BIZET.

Georges Bizet died just three months after the production of his masterpiece, "Carmen," which proved him to be a true genius of original power. As a pupil of the Conservatoire he gained the Roman prize. His compositions were not appreciated at their full worth during his life, because of their individuality, and it is only since his death that his true value has been understood. The most important of his productions, before "Carmen," was the incidental music that he wrote for Alphonse Daudet's play of "L'arlésienne"—"The Woman of Arles,"—which was produced in 1872, as an attempt to revive the melodrama, or spoken drama to the accompaniment of illustrative music. The piece was at that time a failure, however; whereupon Bizet arranged four of the numbers as a suite for concert performance by orchestra. The second suite of four numbers was afterwards arranged by Ernest Guiraud. There were originally twenty-four numbers in all. The prelude of the first suite is based on an old Provençal Christmas song. The farandole is a wild dance native to the south of France.

#### TH. BÖHM.

The name of Theobald Böhm is inseparably connected with the modern development of the flute and of other wood-wind instruments. He entirely changed their construction, fixing the position and size of the holes with reference not solely to convenience in fingering, but also to purity and fulness of tone, and prompt and accurate "speaking"; also facilitating performance in keys previously difficult. He was born in Munich in 1794, and died there in 1881. He was court musician in the royal orchestra, and composed many brilliant pieces for the flute and also invaluable études.

#### JOH. BRAHMS.

The first set of his Hungarian dances was published in 1869, and immediately attained an enormous popularity. But there was also a protest raised by some who accused Brahms of appropriating the melodies of others and enriching himself at their expense; for all

these Hungarian dances are based on dances by Hungarian composers, or are paraphrases of them. Brahms did not reply to the charge, but his publisher refuted it, though it was sufficiently refuted already by the fact that the title page bore the words "arranged by Johannes Brahms." The composers have all been identified and their names, most of them little known, published. The second set of Hungarian dances was published in 1880. The popularity of them has resulted in the publication of all sorts of arrangements.

Brahms' four symphonies are among the greatest monuments of modern art. In an age that is seeking new ideals and new means of expression, Brahms held fast to the old principles, and showed that in the forms outlined by Haydn and Mozart and so vastly extended by Beethoven there was still room for the highest individuality, and all the aspirations of modern art to express themselves. His first symphony was not published till 1877, when he was forty-four years old and had produced numerous works of chamber music. It was immediately hailed as one of the most important productions of the period, and Von Bülow dubbed it the "Tenth Symphony," in evident connection with the nine of Beethoven. The other three followed the first at shorter intervals, and each was recognized at its appearance as a work of monumental beauty, profundity, and impressiveness. In all of them the outlines of the classical form are preserved, except in the fourth, of which the last movement is a passacaglia—an old dance form consisting of variations on a short "ground bass."

#### M. BRUCH.

Max Bruch has gained eminence as a composer by a few works, most important of which is the violin concerto, Op. 26, which he composed in his twenty-seventh year. It at once gained the high esteem of both performers and the public, and has been one of the most popular works in the violinist's repertory ever since. Bruch was born in Cologne in 1838, and has occupied a number of posts as conductor and teacher. His greatest successes have been made in this violin concerto; to a less degree in the second concerto (D minor) and other violin works, and in his epic choral works with orchestra.

#### CÉCILE CHAMINADE.

Cécile Louise Stéphanie Chaminade is one of the few recognized and distinguished women composers. She showed great musical precocity as a child, both as a pianist and as a composer. Ambroise Thomas said of her: "This is not a woman who composes, but a composer who is a woman." She has written several works in the larger forms, a ballet symphony, "Callirhoë"; a lyric symphony, "Les amazones"; a comic opera, "La sévillane"; but her reputation rests chiefly on her piano works, which are numerous and popular. They are marked by insinuating melody and sparkling rhythms and a dainty expressiveness that has always exercised a captivating effect. Her

songs, too, with a wealth of melodic charm, have also been widely popular.

#### FR. CHOPIN.

Most of Chopin's best and ripest work was achieved after his settlement in Paris, where he lived from 1831, when he was twenty-one years old, till his death. It was always influenced to a greater or less degree by his strong feeling of Polish nationalism, although individual characteristics of his genius and the potent influence of the romantic school are compelling factors in his music. It is, at any rate, *sui generis*, and has retained its vitality more than any other music of its immediate period. In 1829 he first came prominently before the great public, when he made a trip through Europe, winning admiration for the beauty and delicacy of his playing. In Paris he became one of the most noted personages of the time, and was in great demand as virtuoso and teacher.

One of his pupils was Karl Mikuli, a Pole, who settled in Paris in 1844; and the years of study he had under the master made him an authority on his methods and style of playing his own compositions. His edition of Chopin's works are therefore of exceptional value to students and players.

#### M. CLEMENTI.

The name of Muzio Clementi is one of the landmarks in the history of piano-playing. He was one of the principal influences in introducing a modern style of the art. He was a great performer and teacher, and also a composer of charm, according to the spirit of his time. The enduring esteem in which his chief work, the "Gradus ad Parnassum," is held by the greatest players and teachers of modern times, shows how essentially correct and how firmly based on fundamentals was his method of playing and teaching. He was born in Rome in 1752, and brought up as a musician. His early compositions were well received, and as a virtuoso he made successful tours. His artistic career was interrupted and finally arrested by his success as a piano manufacturer and music publisher in London.

The "Gradus," published in 1817, is a series of one hundred superb studies. These are of the most varied description, and were evidently not arranged systematically by the composer. Modern pedagogues have felt the impossibility of using them in the order in which Clementi placed them. Max Vogrich has performed the very important service of classifying and rearranging them according to their practical formative, and intellectual content.

#### A. CORELLI.

That he was the greatest virtuoso of his time was the contemporary verdict upon Arcangelo Corelli as a player. He was one of the founders of the art of the violin, both in technical performance and in

composition for it. He was born near Bologna, Italy, in 1653, and died in Rome in 1713. He visited Paris and Germany and was attached to the court in Munich; but the later years of his life he spent in Rome as one of the most famous musicians of his time. His compositions survive as among the noblest and most beautiful productions of the pre-classical period, and many distinguished pupils handed down the principles of his art as a violinist.

#### J. B. CRAMER.

Johann Baptist Cramer, one of the founders of the modern piano-forte style, was a pupil of Clementi, whose methods he adopted and handed on. He was born at Mannheim in 1771, but lived most of his life in London, where he died in 1858. Like his master Clementi, his artistic career was interrupted and finally broken off by his success in business, as a music publisher. Cramer's fame is chiefly preserved by his piano studies, which formed a part of his great "Method" for the instrument. These studies are still among the most valuable material for training in piano-playing and are constantly used by the best masters.

#### C. CZERNY.

Carl Czerny's name is still one with which to conjure success in the mastery of piano technique. His enduring monument, in a vast mass of more than one thousand musical compositions, is his series of studies for technical training. Their value and surpassing merit have been gratefully acknowledged for almost a hundred years. Czerny was born in Vienna in 1791, and died there in 1857. He had lessons of Beethoven, of whom he was a favorite, and remained the friend. He soon gave up his career as a public pianist and devoted himself to teaching. His style was based on that of Clementi, and he also learned from Hummel. He trained many distinguished pupils, among them Liszt and Thalberg.

#### C. DE BERIOT.

Charles Auguste de Bériot was one of the first of modern violin virtuosos, who brought about the change from the classical severity of the older French school to meet the newer spirit of the age that found expression in the virtuoso's achievements in music. He was born in Belgium in 1802, and from his first appearances in Paris as an artist exercised an indescribable charm by the brilliancy, grace, and piquancy of his playing. He became speedily one of the greatest virtuosos of the day. He married Mme. Malibran, the great singer, but their union was severed by her death a few months later. In 1843 he became professor of violin at the newly founded Brussels Conservatory, retiring in 1852. He died in 1870. He composed much for his instrument; in his earlier years, facile and brilliant "airs variés"; later more serious concertos (seven in number), and some

chamber music; as well as a remarkable "École transcendale" for the violin.

F. DAVID.

Ferdinand David exercised a great and lasting influence on the art of the violin by his teaching at the Conservatory in Leipzig from 1843 to the time of his death in 1873, and as concertmaster of the Gewandhaus from 1836. He was born in 1810 in Hamburg, and was a pupil of Spohr and Hauptmann. He developed the technique of the violin along lines of his own, and had a great influence on musical taste by first playing Bach's solo violin sonatas and suites and Beethoven's last quartettes. His own compositions are sound and dignified, if not inspired music.

A. DIABELLI.

Antonio Diabelli's fame rests partly on having supplied Beethoven with a theme for a noted set of pianoforte variations. But among his own compositions are a number that are valued by teachers for their melodious charm and their availability for teaching. Diabelli was born near Salzburg in 1781, and died in Vienna in 1858. Like Clementi and Cramer, he stopped his career as a musician to become a music publisher. In Vienna he published much of Schubert's work.

J. J. F. DOTZAUER.

Justus Johann Friedrich Dotzauer exercised an important influence on the art of playing the violoncello through his invaluable studies, which remain an indispensable part of every 'cello player's equipment. He was born near Hildburghausen, Germany, in 1783; played in the Meiningen Court orchestra in Leipzig, and for many years in Dresden. After more than forty years in that city he was pensioned, and died in 1860. He had a number of famous 'cellists as his pupils, and composed an opera and many other works in the larger forms, especially 'cello concertos.

TH. DUBOIS.

Famous both as composer and organist, Théodore Dubois, one of the most distinguished of French musicians, was born at Rosnay, France, in 1837. In the Conservatoire at Paris he won the Roman prize. On his return he became chapel master at Sainte Clotilde, and then succeeded Saint-Saëns as organist at the Madeleine; he was professor at the Conservatoire, and from 1896 to 1905 its director. He is a very fertile composer, and has produced half a dozen operas, several symphonies, and symphonic works, cantatas, and oratorios (one of the best known being his "Paradise Lost"), and many pieces for piano and organ, as well as songs.

J. L. DUSSEK.

Johann Ladislaw Dussek was one of the fathers of modern piano technique and contributed in important points to its development,

He was a Bohemian and born in 1761. He became organist and finally a virtuoso pianist (under the advice of C. P. E. Bach), travelling in many parts of Europe. Dussek's playing was praised for its fine cantabile style, which he was one of the first to cultivate. He spent a dozen years in England, and the last four years of his life in Paris, where he was greatly honored and where he outshone the virtuosos, Steibelt and Wölfl. He died near Paris in 1812, after a singularly fortunate career.

#### H. W. ERNST.

Heinrich Wilhelm Ernst was one of the most famous violinists of the nineteenth century. Born in Moravia in 1814, he studied at the Vienna Conservatory, and later under Mayseder; and at the age of sixteen appeared as a public performer. Fascinated by Paganini, then at the height of his fame, Ernst followed him from town to town, endeavoring to master the secrets of his power. He won a great name all through Europe, and died at Nice in 1865. As a composer he produced pieces that have long been favorites with violinists, mostly on the order of virtuoso displays pieces, especially his F sharp minor concerto.

#### J. FIELD.

Without Field's nocturnes there would not have been—at least, in the form in which they exist—Chopin's. Not only the name, but also the whole style and matter of these pieces were strikingly new and original, freed as they were from the trammels of a set form. Field was an Irishman, born in Dublin in 1782. His family was musical, and he was brought up under severe musical discipline. As a pupil of Clementi he was trained in the best methods and had great success. Going to St. Petersburg in 1804, he became the fashionable teacher and virtuoso, which success he duplicated in Moscow. In that city he died in 1837.

#### F. FIORILLO.

Noted as a violinist and the son of a noted violinist, Federigo Fiorillo was born in 1753 in Brunswick, Germany, where his father, an Italian by birth, was conductor. He played as a soloist in various cities, and in London for some years was viola player in Salomon's famous quartette. The date of his death is uncertain, but was later than 1823. He composed much music, but the best known of his works, and his title to a share of immortality, are the "36 Caprices," studies for the violin, which have become indispensable to every well-trained player.

#### N. W. GADE.

Niels W. Gade was one of the founders of the Scandinavian national school of musical composition, which has been carried to a

more characteristic and pungent form of expression by his successor, Grieg. He was born in Copenhagen in 1817, and died there in 1890. His first successful work, the overture "Nachklänge von Ossian," in 1840 attracted wide-spread attention, and he came under the influence of Mendelssohn and Schumann in Leipzig, where he succeeded the former as conductor of the Gewandhaus concerts. Returning to Copenhagen, however, in 1848, he remained there the rest of his life. There he was active as conductor and composer, wielding a beneficent influence. His symphonies and overtures, his cantatas and his chamber music have a lasting place in the productions of the modern romantic school.

#### B. GODARD.

Benjamin Godard was a characteristic representative of the modern French grace and charm in melody and rhythm, in salon music of the highest type. He was largely concerned with music of a larger scale; with operas, symphonies, and chamber music, some of which was very successful in Paris and Brussels. Outside of those cities, however, he is chiefly known by his delightful piano pieces, of which he wrote many. He was a thorough Parisian, born in the French capital in 1849, educated there at the Conservatoire, active there in composition and in the production of his works. He died at Cannes in 1895.

#### E. GRIEG.

Edvard Grieg's place in the development of nationalism in music is a highly important one; while the wonderful musical richness of his work, its melodic beauty, its harmonic originality and effectiveness, its fascinating rhythmic qualities, have made him one of the most popular and deeply beloved of all modern composers. He was born in Bergen, Norway, in 1843. Studying at Leipzig he found the prevailing influences there dry and unsympathetic. In 1863 he studied with Gade and came under Hartmann's influence, and then he was profoundly stirred by his intercourse with Rikard Nordraak, a young Norwegian composer, with whom he entered on a crusade "against the effeminate Mendelssohnian-Gade Scandinavianism, turning with enthusiasm into the well-defined path along which the Northern school is now travelling." The results of this are evident in his piano pieces, in which the boisterousness, the gloom and melancholy, the tenderness and wistfulness of the Scandinavian people are mirrored. He has used many native idioms, without refining away their characteristic tang and even occasional harshness, and his work deserves a place beside Chopin's, Liszt's, Dvořák's, as being thoroughly representative of the spirit of a nation and its song.

"Holberg's time" was from 1684 to 1754. That is to say, it was the period in musical history before the development of the sonata, when the suite was the most generally accepted form of instrumental composition. The suite was a succession of idealized dance forms,

and the sarabande, gavotte, and rigaudon are such dances. Grieg has preserved their formal aspect, while putting much of his own individuality into their musical content.

#### E. HABERBIER.

Ernst Haberbier was a cosmopolitan musician, chiefly known in his time as a pianist, though he has left an enduring record as a composer in his "Études-poésies," which alone of his works survive. He was born in Königsberg on October 5, 1813, and met with success as a pianist in St. Petersburg, London, and Paris, where he created a sensation. In 1866 he settled in Bergen, Norway, as a teacher, and there he died while playing at a concert, in 1869. His "Études-poésies" are a set of twenty-four picturesque and characteristic pieces, highly romantic in their style and representing vividly bits of scenery, of picturesque fancy, and mood painting.

#### G. F. HÄNDEL.

Händel composed his harpsichord pieces at the height of his fame in London, between 1720 and 1735, where they were very popular. He had a varied career in his youth, as organist, violinist, and conductor in various parts of Germany. In 1706 he visited Italy and made a furore with several operas, on his return becoming Kapellmeister to the elector of Hanover. His visits to England were so successful that in 1712 he made his stay permanent. His popularity became very great in London, where he brought out a number of Italian operas, in great rivalry with Bononcini and others, but finally failed; and in 1741 turned to oratorio composition, with which he occupied himself exclusively to the end of his life. He wrote numerous works for orchestra and organ besides those already mentioned, and his influence upon English music was so overpowering as almost to exclude all original development there until very recent years.

#### M. HAUPTMANN.

Moritz Hauptmann, born at Dresden in 1792, died at Leipzig in 1868. He made his chief reputation as a learned theorist, a master of counterpoint and classic form; and as a teacher of those and allied subjects in the Leipzig Conservatory. There he was professor from 1842 till his death. He published many important theoretical works, which are the basis of much of the modern doctrine of musical structure; but he was also a finished and accomplished composer. He wrote an opera, choral music, and many chamber works which are highly esteemed.

#### J. HAYDN.

Josef Haydn's work was to effect the transition from the old form of instrumental music, the suite, to the modern sonata form, as it is employed in the symphony, the string quartette, and the solo sonata.

He was a pioneer of originality and power in his gradual perfection of the elements of outline and design that have been confirmed and developed by the great masters that followed him. His early years were embittered by poverty. He finally was appointed by Prince Esterházy Kapellmeister of his orchestra at his country place at Eisenstadt. Here for many years he had leisure and the disposition of an orchestra for working out the development of form and instrumental style in which he was interested. His visits to England in 1791 and 1794 brought him increased fame and affluence, and his last years were loaded with honors.

#### S. HELLER.

Stephen Heller as pianist, teacher, and composer, was prominent for fifty years in Paris, where he lived from 1838 to 1888. He was a Hungarian. He wrote voluminously for the piano alone; his music is distinguished for its elegance and refinement, varied and forceful rhythms, exquisite melody, and for a poetic sentiment to which his distinctive titles in many cases give the key. He wrote several hundred pieces, comprised in more than one hundred and fifty opus numbers. Besides his characteristic pieces he wrote many admirable études, in the higher and more musical sense, for the development more of taste and expression than of technique.

#### A. HENSELT.

Adolphe Henselt was one of the most accomplished pianists of his day. He was born in Bavaria in 1814, and died in Silesia in 1889. He studied with Hummel, and aroused great enthusiasm by his early public performances in 1837. In 1838 he received royal appointments at St. Petersburg, where he spent many years of his life. He seldom appeared in public, owing to great nervousness; but he was hailed by Schumann as one of the greatest players. His music is noted for its lyric grace and charm and also for many characteristic and beautiful pianistic effects produced in it.

#### J. N. HUMMEL.

Johann Nepomuk Hummel was born in Pressburg, Hungary, in 1778 and died in Weimar in 1837. He attracted the interest of Mozart in his early years, and profited by his instruction in piano-playing, becoming one of the most distinguished virtuosos of the day, at one time regarded as the equal of Beethoven. His compositions have taken their place as among the lesser classics of this period. They are brilliant in their treatment of the piano, and carefully wrought in respect of workmanship.

#### A. JENSEN.

The talent of Adolf Jensen made him one of the most subtly delicate and refined lyric composers of the middle of the last century. Born at Königsberg in 1837, he died at Baden-Baden in 1879. Pov-

erty hindered his early advancement. He eked out a living by teaching and in the minor post of a conductor in small cities. His genius found fullest expression in his songs. His piano pieces have a buoyant and poetic felicity, graceful in fancy, and finely chiselled in execution.

#### H. KJERULF.

Halfdan Kjerulf was among the earlier of the Scandinavian composers to feel the influence of the folk-songs of his native land. He was hampered in the musical ambitions of his early life. Born at Christiania in 1818, he first studied theology; not till he was twenty-two was he free to devote himself to music, and not till he was thirty-two could he take regular instruction (in Leipzig, from Richter). He lived very quietly in his native Norway, devoting himself chiefly to songs and piano pieces, expressing the poetical thought and feeling of his own country. He died in 1868, looked up to by Grieg and other Scandinavians as a sort of patriarch of their art.

#### R. KREUTZER.

Rodolphe Kreutzer has tasted of immortality as the one to whom Beethoven dedicated one of his greatest violin sonatas, and by whose name it is universally known. To all violinists his fame is ever renewed through his "Etudes" or caprices, an indispensable part of the study of every performer on the violin. All the rest of Kreutzer's many works are forgotten; but these études preserve his memory as a great master. He was an industrious composer; he early showed talent as a musician and attained prominence in Paris as player, composer, and teacher in the Conservatoire.

#### F. KUHLAU.

Friedrich Kuhlau is now chiefly remembered by his sonatas and sonatinas for two and four hands upon the piano, though in his day he was a noted operatic and chamber music composer. He was a German, born in Hanover in 1786; but he spent much of his life in Copenhagen, and died there in 1832. He was a player of the flute by profession, and wrote many pieces also for that instrument.

#### TH. KULLAK.

Theodor Kullak was a pianist and pedagogue of exceptional attainments. Born in Posen in 1818, he showed precocious talent, but was made to study medicine at first. In 1842 he studied with Czerny and others in Vienna, but settled in Berlin, where he founded and conducted a famous music school. His instructive works for piano are classics in their way, and his "School of octave-playing" has never been surpassed. He trained many distinguished artists.

#### F. LAUB.

Ferdinand Laub was one of the great nineteenth-century violin virtuosos. He was born in Prague in 1832, and died in the Tyrol

in 1875. He studied at the Prague Conservatory and appeared in concerts at the age of eleven. He thereafter played in many places throughout Germany, and in 1853 succeeded Joachim as concert-master in Weimar. In 1855 he went to Berlin as teacher and player, and there formed a string quartette that became one of the most famous ones of the time. He made many brilliant tours as a virtuoso, and in 1866 was appointed violin professor at the Moscow Conservatory. Failing health caused his retirement some years before his death.

#### J. M. LECLAIR.

Jean Marie Leclair was one of the founders of the classical French school of violinists. His style and methods were derived from Corelli. He was born at Lyons in 1697, and began his career as a ballet dancer at Rouen. Then Somis discovered his talent and taught him the violin. The only positions he ever held were subordinate places in the Opéra orchestra and the royal band, though he was eminent as a player and composer. His compositions were a potent force in the development of the art, and are still cherished as among the noblest examples of the classical style. He was assassinated by an unknown person, for an unknown reason, on his own doorstep in 1764.

#### H. LÉONARD.

Hubert Léonard was an eminent violinist and teacher; born near Liège, Belgium, in 1819, he died in Paris in 1890. He was a pupil of Habeneck at the Paris Conservatoire, and played in the orchestras of the Opéra and the Opéra Comique. He made brilliant and extended concert tours in the later 40's, and then succeeded de Bériot as professor of the violin at the Brussels Conservatory. Here he remained till 1867, when he retired on account of ill-health, and thereafter lived in Paris as a teacher. He published many important études and a School for the violin, and edited many of the classical works for the instrument.

#### F. LISZT.

Franz Liszt was one of the most remarkable figures of the nineteenth century in music. It was pre-eminently his privilege to advance the art of piano-playing to its highest development, and establish a new standard not only of technique but of interpretation. He was also a voluminous composer in many forms, and especially for his own instrument. His piano music shows an extraordinarily skilful utilization of the new technical possibilities, color, and sonorities of the instrument introduced by him; it shows also an ardent striving after the romantic spirit and the employment of picturesque methods of incorporating poetical ideas into tones. His life was one of remarkable activity and zeal in promoting the

modern ideas of his time, and assisting by his enormous influence the men who represented them. His piano music is of the greatest variety, ranging from simple song-like pieces of short compass, to virtuoso pieces of dazzling brilliancy and transcendent difficulty, as the two concertos, the études, the Hungarian rhapsodies, and the sonata. In them all, however, will be found the most acute sense of pianistic effect and the most skilful employment of the possibilities and characteristics of the instrument.

"Les préludes" is the third of Liszt's symphonic poems, this style of programme music being devised by Liszt, to break away from the definite, formal pattern of the orthodox symphony. Its form has nothing fixed, but is derived from the poetic aspects of the subjects it illustrates. Thus "Les préludes" is based upon a poem by Lamartine, the French poet of the romantic period about 1830, contained in his "*Méditations poétiques*." Lamartine describes human life as a succession of preludes to that unknown song whose first solemn note is sounded by Death. In this piece Liszt follows Lamartine in describing some of the ideal phases of human life—love, the storms of life, the peace of pastoral quietness, and again the activity that sounds the trumpet signals for strife. Love, grief, peace, and victory are the four phases represented in tones by Liszt.

#### F. MENDELSSOHN.

Mendelssohn was one of the chief exponents of the romantic school of the first half of the nineteenth century, while yet adhering in all essentials to the principles of form and euphony established by the classical composers. To the time of his death in 1847 he enjoyed an enormous popularity. To the wide extension of this, nothing contributed more than his "Songs without Words," a style of short piano piece of romantic and poetic content, which, while he did not invent it, he developed with much skill and originality. In these little pieces is contained a vast range of feeling and emotion expressed with consummate technical perfection of finish. Mendelssohn's oratorios, "Elijah" and "St. Paul," and his symphonies and overtures, are the greatest of his works, and his songs also contain many beauties. He was born into the rich Mendelssohn family of Berlin bankers, and having every opportunity for developing his talent, made remarkable exhibitions of precocity both as a pianist and composer. Among the most noteworthy episodes in his short life were his work in conducting the Gewandhaus orchestra in Leipzig, his establishment of the Leipzig Conservatory, and his several visits to England, where he had great influence and popularity.

#### B. MOLIQUE.

Wilhelm Bernhard Molique was famous as a violinist and composer. Born at Nuremberg in 1802, he studied under Rovelli at Munich, and became a member of the imperial orchestra in Vienna,

then succeeded Rovelli in 1820 as leader in the Munich orchestra. He won fame by extended tours throughout Europe till 1849, when he settled in London, remaining there till 1866, enjoying success as solo and quartette player, teacher, and composer. He died in 1869. He composed an oratorio, "Abraham," and many solo pieces for violin, including six concertos; also a 'cello concerto.

#### I. MOSCHELES.

As a pianist, a teacher, and a composer, Ignaz Moscheles was among the most prominent musicians of his lifetime, which extended from 1794 to 1870. He was precocious as composer and pianist, and in his early days he had much personal intercourse with Beethoven in Vienna, where he studied. He obtained great fame as a piano virtuoso. In 1821 he settled in London, and in 1846 joined the Leipzig Conservatory under Mendelssohn, where he lived the rest of his life and trained many distinguished pianists. His piano music is energetic, brilliant, and strongly rhythmical, and of great dignity of style, including characteristic pieces, fantasies, and études.

#### M. MOSZKOWSKI.

Moritz Moszkowski is one of the most brilliant and fertile composers for the piano of the present day. He is Polish by birth, but is of German training. He was born in Breslau in 1854, and made his first public appearance as a pianist in Berlin in 1873. He was highly successful for many years as a concert pianist, while at the same time he was increasing his fame by his compositions, which have attained a great and far-reaching popularity.

#### W. A. MOZART.

Although his greatness is now measured by his operatic and symphonic works, as well as his piano sonatas, Mozart was also one of the greatest pianists of his day. He was a "wonder child," and was taken over Europe by his father, who exploited his piano-playing in private and public concerts. He made marvellous progress in composition, and his music aroused universal wonder and admiration. He was for some time in the employment of the Archbishop of Salzburg, but resigned his place in 1777 because of indignities heaped upon him, and insufficient income, but resumed it again in 1779 for two years, leaving it then to settle in Vienna. There his later operas were composed and performed, bringing him fame but little money, and with his wife he lived in penury. His last work was his "Requiem," the subject of which aroused in him superstitious forebodings of his death, and he died before he could complete it. His piano music shares the beauty and distinction of his music in the larger forms; joy is its keynote; melody is lavishly expended in them, and they show the finest taste and elegance, and, above all, euphony and plastic beauty of form. Apparently simple in their structure, they are a stumbling block to the superficial.

P. NARDINI.

Pietro Nardini was one of the famous classical violinists and composers for the violin, of the eighteenth century, when Italy produced the leaders in this branch of music. He was born in Fibiana, Tuscany, in 1722, and died in Florence in 1793. He was a pupil of the great Tartini. In 1753 he became solo violinist to the court in Stuttgart, and remained there till 1767, when he returned to Italy, living with Tartini till the latter's death in 1770, when he became solo violinist and director of the court music at Florence. Nardini commanded a soulful cantilena, and his numerous violin solos and concerted pieces demand this quality especially from their executants.

N. PAGANINI.

Niccolò Paganini was the greatest of all violin virtuosos, and contests with Franz Liszt the title of the greatest virtuoso on any musical instrument who ever lived. But unlike Liszt, Paganini lacked a truly high and musical gift. His powers were chiefly comprised in a marvellous mastery of the technical difficulties of the violin, and in an undreamed-of extension of its possibilities. His compositions have a certain originality and charm, but their purpose is almost wholly to exploit the brilliancy and novelty of the mechanical devices that he himself introduced. He showed early promise and his talent was forced by his father. He studied in Rome, and even then experimented with new effects. He made his first concert tour at the age of thirteen, and then entered upon his checkered career, in which artistic success was mingled with dissipation of all sorts. In 1828, he appeared in Vienna and threw the city into a delirium of excitement. This success was repeated all over Europe. The end of his life was pitiable, being under the stress of unsuccessful speculation and lawsuits.

I. PLEYEL.

Ignaz Joseph Pleyel occupied a large place in the musical life of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth century. Born near Vienna in 1757, he became a pupil of Haydn, and was prominent as a conductor in various places. Finally, after the beginning of the French Revolution, he went to Paris and started a piano factory that is still one of the foremost in Europe. Pleyel was enormously prolific as a composer—many symphonies and a great mass of chamber music attest his industry, if not his inspiration. His “instructive” works are still highly esteemed. He died near Paris in 1831.

J. RAFF.

Joachim Raff was born in Switzerland. His early talent recommended him to Mendelssohn and Liszt, and, encouraged by them, he devoted himself to composing. He was a composer of prodigious fertility and industry, and had an inexhaustible vein of melody, with a

thorough mastery of the technical requirements of the art. Misfortune accompanied him, however, and his pecuniary condition as well as his popularity and facility often led him to force his genius to unwise overproduction. He lived for a time in Cologne, then in Wiesbaden, where he was in great demand as a piano teacher, and in 1877 he was appointed director of the Hoch Conservatory in Frankfurt. In 1863 his first symphony, "An das Vaterland," won the prize of the "Friends of Music" in Vienna, and his popularity became then greater than ever. Raff was a romanticist of conviction, and sought in music a definite expression of the concrete. Thus, in his symphony "Lenore," he expounds the story told in Bürger's ballad of the same title. This somewhat grisly story is of Lenore and her young soldier lover, who is separated from her to go to the wars, and is there killed; but his spirit comes back to fetch her, and together they ride on a ghostly horse, amid all unearthly terrors invisible to living mortals. The love of the pair is described in the first two movements. In the third, Wilhelm, the lover, is shown departing for the wars, through the picturesque and brilliant march that is universally familiar. The last movement is full of the terrors of the ride.

#### C. REINECKE.

Carl Reinecke held for many years a dignified place in the world of music as director of the Leipzig Gewandhaus Orchestra, as a pianist of amiable gifts, especially in the interpretation of Mozart, and as a composer of great melodic fluency and winning grace. He studied the piano and became intimate with Schumann and Mendelssohn, taught at the Cologne Conservatory, and was called to Leipzig as conductor and professor at the Conservatory in 1860. He resigned in 1895. He had many distinguished pupils. His compositions are very numerous, and especially those for young players are full of charm.

#### J. P. RODE.

Jacques Pierre Joseph Rode is another of the past masters of the violin whose fame is conserved by his instructive works for his instrument. His "Twenty-four caprices in the form of studies, in the twenty-four major and minor keys" are famed and indispensable to every student of the violin. He was born in Bordeaux, February 16, 1774; a pupil of Viotti, he became one of the first professors in the newly opened Conservatoire in Paris. Later he was violinist to the Czar of Russia. He travelled much, and while in Vienna Beethoven wrote for him his Romance, Op. 50. His last appearance in Paris was a failure. He died in 1830.

#### P. ROVELLI.

Pietro Rovelli came of a family of noted Italian musicians; he was a pupil of Rodolphe Kreutzer in Paris and also modelled his

style on that of the great Viotti. As a solo artist he won many of the successes that were open to virtuosos in the early part of the nineteenth century in France, Germany, and Austria. His career extended from 1793 to 1838, and his playing was considered "simple, expressive, graceful, noble; on the whole, classical; the kind of playing that wins the heart of the listener." He composed much; but little has survived except his caprices.

#### A. RUBINSTEIN.

Anton Rubinstein was one of the greatest pianists of the world; but even more than for fame as a pianist did he yearn for fame as a composer. He showed precocity as a pianist, and was recognized by Liszt, under whose advice he continued his studies. His tours brought him tremendous success in fame and money, and his compositions were greatly admired. In 1858, returning to Russia, he was appointed conductor, and in 1862 founded the Imperial Conservatory in St. Petersburg. He visited America in 1872 with great success. He composed many works in all styles, including a sort of Biblical opera that he devised himself. Many of his piano pieces, his fourth concerto, and the smaller works have been enduringly popular. He had a great gift of melody and of rhythmic charm; but by his Russian contemporaries he was refused a place in the Russian school of composers because of his cosmopolitanism.

#### D. SCARLATTI.

Domenico Scarlatti was one of the chief writers for the harpsichord—the predecessor of the piano—in the first half of the eighteenth century. His father was the great operatic composer, Alessandro Scarlatti, and he himself soon made a name as the foremost Italian harpsichordist. In 1709 he competed with Händel on a visit to Rome, and was worsted by him. He occupied various posts in Rome, London, Lisbon, Naples, and Madrid, spending twenty-five years in the Spanish capital as music master in the royal family. He composed a great number of pieces for his instrument, short and brilliant, and was the first to study especially the characteristics of the harpsichord and adapt his compositions to them. He wrote in the free style, with graceful and brilliant ornamentation and passage work, in distinction to the older contrapuntal style; and much of his writing demands technique suggesting that of the modern piano.

#### X. SCHARWENKA.

Xaver Scharwenka, one of the most noted of modern pianists, was born in Posen in 1850, and after studying in Berlin, appeared there as a pianist in 1869. He was also a teacher there in Kullak's academy. After some years of virtuoso playing he founded an academy in Berlin of his own. In 1891 he came to New York, but returned to Berlin in 1898 and is now teaching there. His piano pieces are attractive

and brilliant, frequently showing the characteristics of the Polish folk-song.

J. SCHNEIDER.

Julius Schneider lived the eighty years of his life, between 1805 and 1885, in Berlin, where he was born, and there attained high rank as an organist and composer, chiefly of organ music and sacred choral pieces, though he also produced two operas, a piano concerto, piano sonatas, and other chamber works. He was organist at the Friedrichwerder church, singing teacher at the Municipal Industrial School, Royal Music Director, teacher at the Royal Institute for Church Music, and Royal Inspector of Organs. Besides receiving these honors, he was conductor of several choral societies.

F. SCHUBERT.

Franz Schubert, "the most poetic musician who ever lived," as Liszt called him, had a life short and full of hardship and disappointment, yet also of good-fellowship. His gifts were astounding, and he began composing and playing as a mere child; throughout his life he poured forth music with a fecundity that only Mozart could equal. His life was mostly spent in Vienna, but without official position, and he eked out a precarious living with lessons and the sale of his compositions, for which he was miserably paid. He never gained great success with the public during his life, though some of his songs were popular. Among his works his songs and the two great symphonies take the highest rank; but the piano pieces are exquisite and characteristic examples of his poetic genius.

R. SCHUMANN.

Robert Schumann stands as the most distinguished and characteristic representative of the romantic movement in music in the nineteenth century. He was the son of a bookseller, born in 1810 in Zwickau, and intended for the law, for which reason he attended Leipzig and Heidelberg universities, and his early technical training in music was not that of a professional, either in playing or composing. He finally, however, devoted himself to music; but injury to his hand prevented him from becoming a pianist, so that his attention was turned to composition. He also fought for the cause of good music by founding a musical journal and writing much for it. His first music was for the piano, in which he developed a style of his own, and a class of short poetic pieces, often descriptive in an ideal sense, and illustrative of some idea outside of music. Thus one of the most characteristic sets of such pieces is that called "Kreisleriana," intended to illustrate a personage in the stories of E. T. A. Hoffmann, Kapellmeister Kreisler, a quaint, mournful, and fantastic figure. There are eight pieces in the set, of widely divergent emotional and musical expressiveness; and some have said that in thus

depicting the character of Hoffman's hero, Schumann was in reality giving a portrait of himself. Schumann married Clara Wieck, the distinguished pianist, in 1840, and was appointed professor in the Leipzig Conservatory; later he lived in Dresden and in Düsseldorf, where he conducted. In 1853 signs of insanity developed; in 1854 an attempt to commit suicide compelled his confinement in an asylum, where he died in 1856.

#### CHR. SINDING.

Among the most gifted of the younger Scandinavian composers is Christian Sinding, a Norwegian, born in 1856. He studied first in Christiania, then in Leipzig under Reinecke, where he was befriended by Adolf Brodsky. Since his student years he has lived in Christiania and Copenhagen. His first great reputation was made by his symphony in D, produced in 1890. His chamber music is praised, his songs, original in conception and expression, are becoming increasingly popular, and his piano pieces are strikingly fresh and strong. Sinding makes less use of the characteristic Norse spirit in music than Grieg, as to melodic and rhythmic folk-song elements; but it is in evidence, though he fearlessly follows the trend of his own individuality.

#### L. SPOHR.

Ludwig Spohr was one of the most original and commanding influences in the nineteenth-century art of the violin and as well a composer of serious and artistic power. He was born in Brunswick, April 5, 1784. He began work early, and was assisted by the Duke of Brunswick. He made concert tours, and began to publish his compositions by the time he was eighteen. At twenty-five he was a conductor. He appeared in many European cities as player and conductor; but for short periods till 1822, when he became court conductor at Hesse Cassel, which post he kept till the end of his life, October 22, 1859. Here he produced operas of his own, symphonies, oratorios, solo and concerted pieces for violin, and chamber music. As a player his style was individual, broad, and pure. His music has always been very highly esteemed, and for many years his symphonies and orchestral pieces were constantly played. His violin concertos are greatly prized by violinists for their perfection of style.

#### D. STEIBELT.

Daniel Steibelt was one of the noted piano virtuosos of his time, which was from 1765, when he was born in Berlin, to 1823, the date of his death in St. Petersburg. He was a travelling virtuoso, and won much fame. He lived from 1790 to 1797 in Paris, then in London, and in the course of his subsequent travels had a contest in piano-playing with Beethoven, in which he was worsted. In 1810, after many wanderings, he settled in St. Petersburg as conductor of the French opera.

**J. STRAUSS.**

Johann Strauss's title, the "Waltz King," epitomizes the nature of his genius. He was first and foremost a composer of dance tunes, a dealer in dance rhythms; and even his most delightful operettas, of which he wrote many, are built upon dance rhythms. He was born in Vienna in 1825, the son of another "Waltz King," Johann Strauss, the elder, who brought the waltz into its great popularity. The younger Johann had to devote himself to music secretly, because of his father's opposition. He was at one time a conductor in St. Petersburg, but Vienna was his life, and in his music he expressed the light-hearted gayety and elegant grace of the city and its people. He wrote over four hundred pieces of dance music, many of which spread like wildfire through Europe and America, and many operettas, the best of which, as "*Die Fledermaus*," and "*Der Zigeunerbaron*," are classics of their kind. He died in Vienna in 1899.

**G. TARTINI.**

One of the greatest of the founders of the art of the violin, in performance and composition, was Giuseppe Tartini, born in Pirano, Italy, April 8, 1692. He stood very near the beginnings of the artistic development of the violin, and carried it many important steps forward by his work. He was a roystering youth, and was compelled to pass two years in monastic retirement, from which he emerged an artist. Veracini, the great violinist, had a decisive influence on him and his example led him to perfect his own style. He was appointed solo violinist of the Basilica of San Antonio at Padua, and there spent the rest of his life, dying in 1770. He made a name not only as a daring and a powerful innovator in violin playing, but as a composer of classic breadth and depth. One of his most important services was the development of the modern bow, long, elastic, and responsive to the player's slightest pressure. He left an enormous number of compositions, one of the most famous being "The Devil's Trill," a sonata which he declared the devil played to him in a dream; a solo surpassing all he had ever heard. Awakening, he tried to reproduce what he had just heard. The result was this sonata; but Tartini declared it to be so inferior to what he had heard in his sleep that he would have broken his instrument and abandoned music if he could have lived in any other way.

**P. TSCHAIKOWSKY.**

Peter Iljitch Tchaikowsky was the greatest of the composers of Russia since the musical impulse was started in that country by Glinka seventy or eighty years before. He was also one of the most original, powerful, and fertile of modern composers. At first he studied law; but soon became a pupil of Rubinstein's at the newly established conservatory of St. Petersburg. Later he became an instructor there; but after 1877 devoted himself wholly to composi-

tion. His life was uneventful; one of its singular episodes was the bestowal upon him of an annual income by an admirer, a woman, on condition that he should never try to see her. This made him independent of drudgery. He travelled, and gained inspiration for some of his works in Italy; but they are mostly intensely Russian in feeling, and embody much of the wild, sad, tender, and boisterous spirit of the Russian folk-music. His greatest works are orchestral, but his operas are much played in Russia. His piano works are graceful and melodious.

Tschaikowsky's sixth "Pathetic Symphony" is inseparably connected with the sad story of the composer's last days. He wrote of it that "its programme is wholly subjective, and often during my wanderings, composing it in my mind, I have wept bitterly." He "put his whole soul into it." The symphony was produced under the composer's direction in St. Petersburg on October 28, 1893. It was coolly received. He named it the "Pathetic Symphony" the morning after this performance. On November 2d he was taken ill with a disease soon diagnosed as cholera, and on the next day he died. From his brother's account it is plain that his death was from natural causes, and any talk of suicide is unfounded. The premonition of death that some see in the symphony is not borne out by the story of the composer's last days. The lamentation, the abysmal sorrow of the fourth movement by some of his friends who knew his thoughts, is said to be not individual, but rather to have a national or a historical significance.

#### J. A. VAN EYKEN.

Among the Netherlanders who have kept alive the ancient fame of the Low Countries in music has been Jan Albert van Eyken, a noted organist and a composer in many branches of the art. He was born at Amersfoort, Holland, in 1822, and appeared in public as pianist and violinist at the age of thirteen. He studied at Leipzig and devoted himself to organ playing. He was organist at Amsterdam, Rotterdam, and Elberfeld, and a noted player, being in demand all over Germany. He died at Elberfeld in 1868. He composed much music in many forms, but his organ works, which are numerous, are best known.

#### R. VOLKMANN.

Robert Volkmann, a Saxon by birth, spent more than forty years in Pesth, where he caught much of the Hungarian spirit in his music. He was born in 1815, and died in 1883. At Leipzig he received the encouragement of Schumann, and the influence of Schumann is to be seen in much of his work. After teaching music in Prague, he settled in Pesth, where he was for some years a teacher in the Academy. His most important works are symphonies and overtures.

## C. M. VON WEBER.

Carl Maria von Weber is best known as the founder of the romantic German opera; but he was a musician of remarkable versatility and touched no department of the art without enriching it. He was born in Oldenburg in 1786, and died in London in 1826, where he had gone to produce his opera "Oberon." For years he lived with his father a wandering life in a travelling dramatic company. He learned various parts of his art from different masters, among them Michael Haydn. He was for a short time conductor of the opera in Breslau, and after various wanderings, producing his operas and playing as a concert pianist, he became conductor of the opera at Prague. There he made such a mark that in 1816 he was made conductor of the opera at Dresden. He made an overwhelming triumph with "Der Freischütz" in Berlin and elsewhere, in 1821. This with the later "Euryanthe" are his master works.

His four solo sonatas have had an important place in the repertory of the piano. There is something romantic, chivalrous, highly imaginative in them, and they are filled with that dramatic fire and brilliancy that are so significant an element in his greater operas. Added to this he had a remarkable gift of alluring melody; the sonatas were thus made into moving and highly colored dramatic pictures of an ideal character.

## H. VIEUXTEMPS.

The name of Henri Vieuxtemps stands among the foremost of those who have contributed to the development of modern musical art. He was precocious. Born in Verviers, Belgium, in 1820, he was well trained, and played publicly at the age of six. De Bériot took him as a pupil, and soon he dazzled and delighted the Parisian public at the age of eight. For five years he studied, then started on a concert tour—a concert tour which lasted almost all his life, for he was incessantly travelling and playing. He soon became pre-eminent among his contemporaries. He came to this country three times, in 1844, 1857, and 1870. From 1846 to 1852 he was professor in the St. Petersburg Conservatory and soloist to the Czar; then recommenced his wanderings. In 1871 he was made professor at the Brussels Conservatory; but two years later he was stricken with paralysis and had to give up. He died in 1881. His compositions are numerous and brilliant, and are greatly prized by modern players on account of their consummate expertness in the idiom of the instrument.

## G. B. VIOTTI.

The transition from the old classical Italian school of violin playing to the distinctively modern school is generally attributed to Giovanni Battista Viotti. He was born in Fontaneto, Italy, March 23, 1753. He showed precocity; he finally reached the care of Paganini, the great Italian violinist, who took him on a tour through Europe.

Everywhere Viotti aroused great enthusiasm. In Paris in 1782 he made a deep impression. There he stayed, till the Revolution drove him to London, and became a favorite there. When Haydn visited London in 1794 and 1795 Viotti was leader of the orchestra at his benefit concerts. He undertook operatic management in London, and then tried in 1818 to raise the Paris Opéra from artistic decadence; but in vain. He returned to London and died there in 1824. Viotti's compositions are important landmarks in the history of modern development, and certain of his twenty-nine concertos are still played, especially the twenty-second. They show an advance (which he made hand in hand with Mozart) in broadening the dimensions of the form, developing it after the model of the sonata and elaborating the resources of the orchestra.

#### T. VITALI.

Tommaso Vitali lives in the minds of musicians to-day chiefly through his Chaconne with variations, which is considered a worthy precursor of Bach's great movement in the same form. Vitali was born at Bologna, Italy, about the middle of the seventeenth century. In 1706 he was elected a member of the Philharmonic Academy of Bologna and served for several years in Modena as conductor of the court orchestra. He composed several sonatas, and was the teacher of a number of excellent violinists.

#### H. WIENIAWSKI.

Henri Wieniawski was one of the greatest of that remarkable group of violinists who made notable the middle and later years of the nineteenth century. Born in 1835, in Lublin, Poland, he was a "wonder child" and made a remarkable record as a pupil of Massart at the Paris Conservatoire. He made European tours in his boyhood with steadily increasing fame, and in 1872 he started with Anton Rubinstein on a famous artistic tour of the United States. He was already recognized as one of the greatest virtuosos of the time, and his style was marked by a Slavic passion and impetuosity that carried all before it. Wieniawski occupied for a time the post of violin professor at the Conservatoire at Brussels, where he succeeded Vieuxtemps. One of his pupils is Leopold Lichtenberg of New York, editor of his Caprices, who is one of the best performers and one of the most authoritative teachers in the United States. Wieniawski composed many pieces, concertos, and other works that exemplify the brilliant style of writing for the violin. He died in Moscow in 1880.

## A BRIEF GUIDE TO THE CLASSIC SONGS, SONG WRITERS, AND VOCAL METHOD TEACHERS.

### FRANZ ABT.

**F**RANZ ABT composed songs that have become of enduring popularity throughout Germany, and part songs that rival Mendelssohn's in the affections of the Germans. His interest in singing did not stop there but produced also one of the most useful of modern methods. Abt was born at Eilenburg, Germany, in 1819; died at Wiesbaden in 1885. He was trained at Leipzig; in 1841 was appointed conductor of the opera at Bernburg, and occupied other posts of the same kind at Zurich and Brunswick. In 1882 he retired. He wrote more than five hundred works.

### M. BORDOGNI.

Giulio Marco Bordogni, equally famed as a dramatic tenor and as a singing teacher, was born near Bergamo, Italy, in 1788. He first appeared in opera in Milan in 1813, and sang with brilliant success in Italy and then in Paris. In 1833 he left the stage and became singing teacher at the Conservatoire of Paris, where he remained for more than twenty years. His pupils numbered some of the greatest singers of the period—Sontag, Rittersdorff, Mario, and Balfe among them. He died in Paris in 1856. His practical instruction books and vocalisers have long been recognized as among the most valuable of their kind.

### F. CHOPIN.

How strongly the folk song of his native Poland appealed to Chopin is shown by the great use he made of it in his mazurkas and polonaises, and in some of his works in larger forms, as the Krakowiak. It is also shown in the seventeen Polish songs that were published after his death. While these are original melodies of his own, many of them exhibit strikingly the spirit and form and the characteristic mood of the Polish popular tunes. If he met with any new and beautiful poetry in his native tongue, he would set it to music, not for publication, but for his own pleasure. Many have been lost because the composer constantly put off committing them to paper. Others have been sung in Poland without anything positive being known as to their origin, and have thus taken on the character of true folk-songs.

### J. CONCONE.

Giuseppe (Joseph) Concone was one of the most famous singing masters of modern times, and has done work in the formulation of exercises, studies, and vocalisers that are indispensable for the proper

training of the voice. He was born in Turin, Italy, in 1810, and lived there as a musician till 1836, when his first opera was unsuccessfully produced. Then he moved to Paris, and became singing teacher at the Conservatoire; he taught also pianoforte and theory, and his numerous songs and duets were very popular. In 1848 he returned to Turin, where he remained till his death in 1861, active as organist of the Royal Chapel.

#### P. CORNELIUS.

Except for his three operas, Peter Cornelius's most important works are his songs. Of these about eighty have been published, many of them posthumously. They have qualities that promise them a permanent place in the literature of vocal music. For many of them he wrote the verses himself, and this is significant of his views as to the union of text and music in spirit and form. For he was an ardent follower of Wagner and Liszt. Born in Mainz in 1824, the nephew of the great painter Cornelius, he first intended to become an actor, but turned to music and studied with Dehn in Berlin. In 1852 he went to Weimar and became a member of Liszt's circle, writing many critical essays championing the new school. The intrigues against his opera, "Der Barbier von Bagdad," produced in 1858, were the cause of Liszt's resignation as conductor of the Grand Ducal Opera. Cornelius became professor of harmony and rhetoric at the reorganized Conservatory in Munich, when Wagner was summoned thither by Ludwig II. He died in 1874.

#### ROBERT FRANZ.

Robert Franz's life was quiet and most uneventful; yet he occasioned much stir through his championship of a fuller orchestral accompaniment for the choral works of Bach and Händel than a certain school of musicians was willing to concede. He was devoted to the spirit of Bach's music, and influenced by the warmth of Schubert and Schumann's romantic spirit; it may be traced through all his own work. This consists almost entirely of songs, with a few choruses; and to these he devoted a consummate art and perfect finish of style. He was born in Halle, Germany, June 28, 1815, lived there all his life, and died there October 24, 1892. He studied under Schneider at Dessau, and published his first songs in 1843. He composed in all about three hundred and fifty. He was conductor of the Singakademie and musical director of the university at Halle. His later years were troubled by blindness and poverty.

#### C. LOEWE.

Johann Carl Gottfried Loewe's name is inseparably connected with the ballad as a form of musical expression. He was an enormously fertile composer, but his operas, symphonies, pianoforte pieces, and chamber works have all fallen into oblivion. Of his four hundred

ballads and songs many still retain their freshness and vitality, and in recent years there has been a renewal of interest in them. The German poets, Bürger, Herder, Goethe, Schiller, and Uhland transplanted the ballad into German literature from Scotland. Loewe found the right expression for it in music, picturesque, romantic, legendary; maintaining the strophic form, but with a dramatic freedom. Loewe was born in Löbejün, near Halle, November 30, 1796, and died at Kiel, April 20, 1869. He studied in Halle; had his first appointment as teacher in Stettin in 1820, and there remained as cantor, teacher, and musical director of the city till 1866. Then he suffered a slight stroke of paralysis, was asked to resign by a grateful town council, and lived in Kiel for the remaining three years of his life.

#### F. SCHUBERT.

Schubert was the great master for all time of the art of song writing. In this department he achieved perfection from his boyhood years, while he was still laboring and experimenting in other lines of composition. There are six hundred and three of his songs preserved and now published, though many of them remained in manuscript long after his death. The German Lied had been cultivated by great masters before him; Mozart and Beethoven and many lesser men had produced beautiful specimens; but it was reserved for him to raise it to its highest power of expression and perfection of structure. He disclosed a new world in it, entirely through the freshness, power, and emotional poignancy of his musical ideas; for he did little to enlarge its formal apparatus. He invented no new manner, no new technique, no new style. Rather, as has been said, he did away once for all with the traditional limitations of the song and the idea of a special technique for song writing. His gift of heaven-sent melody was consorted with a remarkable genius for potent, bold, and moving harmony. Many have followed Schubert in the art upon which he bestowed a new eloquence; but none have ever reached the heights he reached in his greatest songs.

#### R. SCHUMANN.

When Robert Schumann married Clara Wieck, after years of struggle and degrading conflict with her obstinate father, it seemed as if the floodgates of a stream of inspiration, till then pent up, were opened and the ecstasy of his happiness was poured out in a great series of songs. Up to the year 1840 his musical creative powers had been confined to the production of piano music; but now it seemed as if no medium but the human voice could interpret his joy. Schumann was a poet himself in prose and verse, and his songs are not only a musician's but also a poet's interpretation of his romantic spirit and poetic enthusiasms. His finer taste in literature is apparent, in contrast with Schubert, in his selection of verses, for

which he turned chiefly to the younger romantic German school. He sought for exact interpretation in music, avoiding conventional forms in melody and accompaniment, and bringing the music into intimate and vital relationship with the poetry. Warmth, depth of passion, and of sentiment characterize them and raise them to a place by themselves, among all the products of modern musical art. They translate the profounder emotions of humanity as do few others.

### F. LAMPERTI.

Of the two famous Lampertis, masters of the art of song, Francesco was the elder. He was born at Savona, Italy, in 1813, and was a pupil of the Milan Conservatory. In 1850 he entered it as professor of singing, and gave vocal instruction there for twenty-six years. He had many famous pupils; among them Albani, Artôt, Cruvelli, Lagrange, and Italo Campanini. He published singing methods and vocal exercises. He died at Como in 1892.

### M. MARCHESI.

Mathilde Marchesi de Castrone, née Graumann, was born at Frankfurt in 1826. She was a pupil in Vienna of Otto Nicolai, conductor and composer of "The Merry Wives of Windsor," and of Manuel Garcia in Paris. She was at first a concert singer, and greatly esteemed in Paris and London. In 1852 she married the singer Salvatore Marquis de Castrone, and together they appeared in opera in a number of cities. Then in 1854 they became singing teachers at the Vienna Conservatory. After this they lived for some years in Paris, taught singing in the Cologne Conservatory, and again in Vienna; and in 1881 they removed to Paris, where Mme. Marchesi has made a great name as a private teacher.

### A. MAZZONI.

Antonio Mazzoni was one of the old Italian exponents of singing, whose methods helped to form the school to whose perfection all subsequent teachers have aspired to reach. The date of his birth is uncertain, either 1710 or 1725. He was born in Bologna. He produced operas, and sang in operas. Undertook a journey to Spain, remaining several years in Madrid, then accepted an engagement in St. Petersburg, and returned to Bologna in 1750, where he died in 1792. He published many solfeggios, besides a number of operas, oratorios, etc.

### G. NAVA.

Gaetano Nava, who was born in Milan, 1802, and died there in 1875, was a pupil of the Milan Conservatory, and in 1837 was appointed professor of solfeggio there; in 1848, maestro of choral singing and harmony for the alumni. He wrote a great number of excellent solfeggi and vocalisers, also a method; and he was not unknown as a composer of church music.

**H. PANOFKA.**

Heinrich Panofka was a German, born in Breslau in 1807, but his long residence in Paris caused him to write his name Henri. He began as a violinist and studied in Vienna. After some concert giving he settled in Paris in 1834, playing at the Conservatoire concerts and studying singing and vocal instruction under Bordogni. They two founded in 1842 a singing academy, which was not successful. In 1844 he moved to London, where he became a singing teacher and conductor. He returned to Paris in 1852, and settled in Florence in 1866, where he died in 1887. He wrote no little violin music; but his vocal works, for instruction, very numerous, are far more important.

**A. PANSERON.**

Auguste Mathieu Panseron, born in Paris in 1796, was the son of a musician, who gave him his first instruction. Then he studied at the Conservatoire, won the Roman prize, studied further in Italy, and in Vienna and Naples, and returned to Paris in 1818. In 1826 he became professor of Solfège at the Conservatoire, and of other branches of singing later. He composed many songs and much church music. His real eminence, however, is based on his numerous valuable methods and collections of solfèges for the voice, of which he published many. He died in Paris in 1859.

**F. SIEBER.**

Few singing teachers have published more copiously than Ferdinand Sieber, who, though an Austrian, born in Vienna in 1822, was an exponent of the old Italian art of song. Many books on the theoretical side of singing as well as practical exercises in large numbers, are his contribution to the subject. He sang in opera, taught in Dresden from 1848 to 1854, then settled in Berlin, where he died in 1895.

**N. VACCAI.**

Niccolò Vaccai was turned from the frivolous employment of an Italian opera composer in the early nineteenth century to the more serious one of teaching singing, through the failure of several of his operas. He was born near Ancona, Italy, in 1790, and was originally intended for the law, but turned to music and studied under Paisiello at Naples. After several failures in opera, Vaccai took up the teaching of singing successfully. He visited Paris and London, attaining great popularity. In 1838 he was appointed to the Milan Conservatory, remaining there till his retirement in 1844. He died in 1848. His "Practical Method" has long been famous. The general plan of the "Lessons" in it is to give melodious exercises, not to bare vowels or syllables, but to smooth Italian verses. These have been admirably translated into good English by Theo. Marzials.

**PAULINE VIARDOT.**

Pauline Viardot-Garcia, daughter of the famous Manuel Garcia, the operatic singer and teacher who in 1905 celebrated his one hundredth birthday, was born in Paris in 1821. She herself was a noted operatic mezzo-soprano in her day, of great dramatic power. She first appeared in opera in London in 1839. In 1841 she married Viardot, director of the Théâtre Italien in Paris. She sang with great success till 1863, when she retired. For some years she taught at the Conservatoire, and has composed operas and songs. Her works for study are highly esteemed.

## SOME GREAT COMPOSERS AND MUSICIANS AND SOME OF THEIR CHIEF WORKS.

NOTE.—*This is not, of course, a complete list of famous Composers and Musicians, nor is it a complete list of their works. It is intended to serve as an introduction to the vast field and to furnish a series of fingerposts to those who would acquaint themselves with the lives and works of the great masters.*

- ARDITI, LUIGI. 1822-1903. Italy. *Some Chief Works:* I Briganti; La Spia; Il Bacio. *Autobiography*, 1896.
- AUBER, DANIEL FRANÇOIS ESPRIT. 1782-1871. France. *Some Chief Works:* Masaniello; Fra Diavolo; Le Domino Noir; Les Diamants de la Couronne. Biographical sketches in Engel's "From Mozart to Mario," 1886; Paine's "Famous Composers," vol. ii, 1891.
- BACH, JOHANN SEBASTIAN. 1685-1750. Germany. *Some Chief Works:* Grand Mass in B Minor; St. Matthäus' Passion; My Heart Ever Faithful. *Biographies* by Pirro, 1902; Poole, 1890; Spitta, 1884; Williams, 1900; Ziemsen, 1905.
- BARNBY, JOSEPH. 1838-96. England. *Chief Works:* Rebekah; King Ali Glorious; Original Tunes to Popular Hymns. Biographical sketch in Engel's "From Händel to Hallé," 1890.
- BEETHOVEN, LUDWIG VAN. 1770-1827. Germany. *Some Chief Works:* Fifth Symphony in C Minor; Symphony No. 9; Opera "Fidelio." *Biographies* by Beethoven (Letters); Crowest, 1899; Elscher, 1905; Nohl, 1876; Rau, 1880; Rudall, 1903; Schindler, 1841. *Studies* by Elterlein, 1893; Grove, 1896; Teetgen, 1879.
- BELLINI, VINCENZO. 1802-35. Italy. *Some Chief Works:* "La Sonnambula" opera; Novina. *Biography* in "Masters in Music," 1905, and sketch in Paine's "Famous Composers," vol. i, 1891.
- BERLIOZ, LOUIS HECTOR. 1803-69. Germany. *Some Chief Works:* Damnation of Faust; Episode in the Life of an Artist. *Autobiography and Letters* of Berlioz; biographical sketches in Hadow's "Studies in Modern Music," 1893; Newman's "Musical Studies," 1904; Paine's "Famous Composers," vol. ii, 1891.
- BRAHMS, JOHANNES. 1833-97. Germany. *Some Chief Works:* Symphony C Minor; German Requiem. *Biographies* by Dieters, 1888; Dietrich, 1899; Erb, 1905; and in "Masters in Music," 1905.
- CHERUBINI, MARIA LUIGI CARLO ZENOBI SALVADOR. 1760-1842. Italy. *Some Chief Works:* Sacred Music; Requiem; Der Wasserträger. *Biographies* by Bellasis, 1874; Crowest, 1890.
- CHOPIN, FRÉDÉRIC FRANÇOIS. 1810-49. Poland. *Some Chief Works:* Piano Concerto in F Minor; Etudes, Nocturnes, and Ballads; Spring Song. *Biographies* by Hadden, 1903; Huneker, 1900; Karasowski, 1879; Liszt, 189-; Niecks, 1888.
- COWEN, FREDERIC HYMEN. 1852-. England. *Chief Work:* Orchestral Works. Biographical sketch in Willeby's "Masters of English Music," 1893.
- DONIZETTI, GAETANO. 1797-1848. Italy. *Some Chief Works:* Favorita; Lucia di Lammermoor. *Biography* in "Masters in Music," 1905; sketch in Paine's "Famous Composers," vol. i, 1891.
- DVOŘÁK, ANTON. 1841-1904. Bohemia. *Some Chief Works:* Requiem; New World Symphony; Stabat Mater. Biographical sketches in Hadow's "Studies in Modern Music," 1894; Paine's "Famous Composers," vol. ii, 1891.
- ELGAR, EDWARD WILLIAM. 1857-. England. *Some Chief Works:* Dream of Gerontius; Sea Pictures. *Biography* by Buckley, 1905.
- FRANCK, CÉSAR AUGUSTE. 1822-90. France. *Some Chief Works:* The Beatitudes; D Minor Symphony. *Biography* in "Masters in Music," 1905.
- FRANZ, ROBERT. 1815-92. Germany. *Chief Work:* Dedication. Biographical sketches in Hueffer's "Richard Wagner," 1874; Paine's "Famous Composers," vol. i, 1891.
- GLUCK, CHRISTOPH WILLIBALD VON. 1714-87. Germany. *Some Chief Works:* Orpheus et Eurydice; Orfeo. *Biography* by Newman, 1895, and in "Masters in Music," 1905.
- GOTTSCHALK, LOUIS MOREAU. 1829-69. America. *Chief Work:* The Last Hope. "Notes of a Pianist," by Gottschalk, and biography by Seymour, 1870.
- GOUDIN, CHARLES FRANÇOIS. 1818-92. France. *Some Chief Works:* Faust; Redemption; Stabat Mater. "Autobiographical Reminiscences" and biographies by Bovet, 1891; Tolhurst, 1904, and in Bellaigue's "Portraits and Silhouettes of Musicians," 1897, and Hervey's "Masters of French Music," 1894.
- GRIEG, EDWARD HAGERUP. 1843-. Norway. *Some Chief Works:* Piano Concerto in A Minor; I Love Thee; Peer Gynt. *Biography* by Finck, 1906, and in Paine's "Famous Composers," vol. ii, 1891.
- HÄNDEL, GEORG FRIEDRICH. 1685-1759. Germany. *Some Chief Works:* The Messiah; Israel in Egypt; Leave Me to Languish. *Biographies* by Marshall, 1890; Rockstro, 1883; Schoelcher, 1857; Williams, 1901.



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### A GROUP OF GREAT MUSICIANS.

1. Ignace Paderewski. Pianist.
2. Julie Rive King. Concert Pianist and Composer.
3. P. S. Gilmore. Band Master.
4. Theodore Thomas. The famous orchestra leader.
5. Madame Mathilde Marchesi. The trainer of many famed singers.
6. Jaroslav Kocian. Violinist.

- HAYDN, FRANZ JOSEPH. 1732-1809. Austria. *Some Chief Works*: Creation; My Mother Bids Me Bind My Hair; The Four Seasons. *Biographies* by Beyle, 1820; Hadden, 1902; Hadow, 1897; Nohl, 1889; Townsend, 1884.
- LISZT, FRANZ. 1811-86. Hungary. *Some Chief Works*: Rhapsodies Hongroises; Legend of St. Elizabeth; The Lorelei. Letters of Liszt, Correspondence with Wagner, and biographies by Beaufort, 1887; Nohl, 1889; Ramann, 1882; Wohl, 1887.
- LOEWE, JOHANN KARL GOTTFRIED. 1796-1869. Germany. *Some Chief Works*: The Clock; Archibald Douglas. *Biography* by Bach, 1891, and sketch in Paine's "Famous Composers," vol. ii, 1891.
- MACDOWELL, EDWARD ALEXANDER. 1861-. America. *Some Chief Works*: Hamlet; The Sea; Sonata Keltic. *Biography* by Gilman, 1906, and sketch in Paine's "Famous Composers," vol. ii, 1891.
- MACKENZIE, SIR ALEXANDER CAMPBELL. 1847-. England. *Chief Works*: The Rose of Sharon; The Lord of Life; The Troubadour. Biographical sketches in Paine's "Famous Composers," vol. ii, 1891; Willeby's "Masters of English Music," 1893.
- MASCAGNI, PIETRO. 1863-. Italy. *Chief Work*: Cavalleria Rusticana. Biographical sketches in Gilman's "Phases of Modern Music," 1904; Streatfeild's "Masters of Italian Music," 1895.
- MASSENET, JULES EMILE FREDERIC. 1842-. France. *Some Chief Works*: Herodiade; Manon. Biographical sketches in Hervey's "Masters of French Music," 1894, and Paine's "Famous Composers," vol. ii, 1891.
- MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY, JACOB LUDWIG FELIX. 1809-47. Germany. *Some Chief Works*: Elijah; Midsummer Night's Dream; Songs without Words. Letters of Mendelssohn, and biographies by Blackburn, 1904; Devrient, 1869; Hiller, 1874; Lampadius, 1887; Polko, 1869; Rockstro, 1890; Stratton, 1901.
- MEYERBEER, GIACOMO. 1791-1864. Germany. *Chief Work*: The Huguenots. Biographical sketches in "Masters in Music," 1904; Aphorbs's "Musicians and Music Lovers," 1894; Engel's "From Mozart to Mario," vol. i, 1886; Paine's "Famous Composers," vol. i, 1891.
- MOSCHELES, IGNAZ. 1794-1870. Germany. *Chief Work*: G Minor Concerto. Diaries and correspondence, and sketches in Ferris's "Great Violinists and Pianists," 1894.
- MOSZKOWSKI, MORITZ. 1854-. His compositions for the piano are all so brilliant that a selection is not possible. Biographical sketch in Paine's "Famous Composers," vol. ii, 1891.
- Mozart, JOHANN CHRYSOSTOM WOLFGANG AMADEUS. 1756-91. Austria. *Some Chief Works*: The Magic Flute; Requiem Mass; Don Giovanni. Letters of Mozart, and biographies by Breakspeare, 1902; Gehring, 1890; Holmes, 1845; Jahn, 1856-59; Nohl, 1893; Rau, 1868.
- PALESTRINA, GIOVANNI PIERLUIGI DA. 1514-94. *Some Chief Works*: Papae Marcelli; Improperia; Marcello. Biographical sketches in Bellaigue's "Portraits and Silhouettes of Musicians," 1897; Ferris's "Great Italian and French Composers," 1896; Paine's "Famous Composers," vol. i, 1891.
- PARRY, CHARLES HUBERT HASTINGS. 1848-. England. Biographical sketches in Paine's "Famous Composers," vol. ii, 1891; Willeby's "Masters in English Music," 1893.
- PURCELL, HENRY. 1658-95. England. *Some Chief Works*: King Arthur; Te Deum; Dido and Aeneas. *Biography* by Cummings, 1881, and sketch in Paine's "Famous Composers," vol. ii, 1891.
- ROSSINI, GIOACCHINO ANTONIO. 1792-1868. *Some Chief Works*: William Tell; Barber of Seville. *Biographies* by Bevan, 1904; Beyle, 1824; Edwards, 1869, 1888.
- SAINT-SAËNS, CHARLES CAMILLE. 1835-. France. *Some Chief Works*: Deluge; Le Dance Macabre; The Bell. Biographical sketches in Hervey's "Masters of French Music," 1894; "Masters in Music," 1905.
- SCHUBERT, FRANZ PETER. 1797-1828. Austria. *Some Chief Works*: Symphony in C Major; Der Erl-König; The Wanderer. *Biographies* by Duncan, 1905; Frost, 1888; Kreissle von Hellborn, 1869.
- SCHUMANN, ROBERT ALEXANDER. 1810-56. Germany. *Some Chief Works*: Symphony No. 1 in B Flat Major; D Minor Symphony; Warum?—The Two Grenadiers. *Biographies* by Maitland, 1884; Oldmeadow, 1905; Patterson, 1903; Reissman, 1886; Wasleweski, 1871, and in "Masters in Music," 1905.
- SMART, HENRY THOMAS. 1813-79. England. *Some Chief Works*: The Gnome of Hartzburg; The Bride of Dunkerron; Ave Maria; Rise, Lady, Rise. *Biography* by Spark, 1881.
- SPOHR, LUDWIG. 1784-1859. Germany. *Some Chief Works*: The Last Judgment; Power of Sound. *Autobiography*, 1878; biographical sketches in Crowest's "Great Tone Poets," 1885; Ferris's "Great Violinists and Pianists," 1894; Paine's "Famous Composers," vol. i, 1891.
- STANFORD, CHARLES VILLIERS. 1852-. England. *Some Chief Works*: The Three Holy Children; Eden; The Veiled Prophet; Savonarola. Biographical sketches in Paine's "Famous Composers," vol. ii, 1891; Willeby's "Masters of English Music," 1902.
- STRAUSS, RICHARD. 1864-. Germany. *Some Chief Works*: Don Juan; Death

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- and Transfiguration; All Souls' Day. Biographical sketches in Gilman's "Phases of Modern Music," 1904; Newman's "Musical Studies," 1905; Paine's "Famous Composers," vol. ii, 1891.
- SULLIVAN, SIR ARTHUR SEYMOUR. 1842-1900. England. *Some Chief Works:* Pinafore, Patience, The Mikado, The Lost Chord. *Biographies* by Lawrence, 1900; Wells, 1901; Wyndham, 1903.
- THOMAS, CHARLES LOUIS AMBROISE. 1811-. France. *Chief Work:* Mignon. Biographical sketches in Hervey's "Masters of French Music," 1894; Paine's "Famous Composers," vol. ii, 1891.
- THOMAS, THEODORE. 1835-1905. America. *Autobiography*, 1905.
- TSCHAIKOWSKY, PETER ILYITCH. 1840-93. Russia. *Chief Work:* Symphony "Pathétique"; Song without Words. *Biographies* by Newmarch, 1900; Tschaikowsky, 1906.
- VERDI, GIUSEPPE FORTUNIS FRANCESCO. 1813-1901. Italy. *Some Chief Works:* Aida; Othello; Trovatore. *Biographies* by Crowest, 1897; Macchetta, 1887; Pougin, 1887; Visetti, 1905.
- WAGNER, WILHELM RICHARD. 1813-83. Germany. *Some Chief Works:* Meistersinger; Lohengrin; Tristan und Isolde; Tannhäuser. *Biographies* by Chamberlain, 1897; Finck, 1893; Glesenapp, 1900-6; Henderson, 1902; Hueffer, 1890; Nohl, 1892; "Letters of Wagner"; studies by Dannreuther, 1873; Kobbé, 1890; Krehbiel, 1891; Lavignac, 1898; Newman, 1899.
- WEBER, KARL MARIA FRIEDRICH ERNST. 1786-1826. Germany. *Some Chief Works:* Der Freischütz; Oberon. *Biographies* by Benedict, 1889; Weber, 1865.

### A GROUP OF GREAT MUSICIANS—VIOLINISTS.

- BULL, OLE BORNEMANN. 1810-80. Norway. *Biography* by Mrs. Bull, 1883, and sketches in Brémont's "Great Virtuosi," 1892; Ferris's "Great Violinists," 1899.
- JOACHIM, JOSEPH. 1831-. Hungary. *Biographies* by Maitland, 1905; Moser, 1901.
- KOCIAN, JAROSLOV.
- KUBELIK, JAN. 1880-. Germany.
- PAGANINI, NICOLO. 1784-1840. Italy. *Biographies* by Dressel, 1897; Fetis, 18—, and sketches in Brémont's "Great Virtuosi," 1892; Ferris's "Great Violinists," 1894; Lahee's "Famous Violinists," 1899; Paine's "Famous Composers," vol. i, 1891.
- REMENTYL, EDWARD. 1830-. Hungary. Biographical sketch in Lahee's "Famous Violinists," 1899.
- SARASATE Y NAVASCUES, PABLO MARTIN MELITON. 1844-. Spain. Biographical sketch in Lahee's "Famous Violinists," 1899.
- WILHELMJ, AUGUST. 1845-. Germany. Biographical sketch in Lahee's "Famous Violinists," 1899.
- YSAYE, EUGEN. 1858-. Belgium. Biographical sketch in Lahee's "Famous Violinists," 1899.

### A GROUP OF GREAT MUSICIANS—PIANISTS AND ORGANISTS.

- BÜLOW, HANS GUIDO VON. 1830-94. Germany. "Correspondence" of Bülow.
- HENSELT, ADOLF VON. 1814-89. Germany. *Biography* in Lenz's "Great Piano Virtuosos," 1899.
- HOFMANN, JOSEF. 1877-. Poland. Biographical sketch in Lahee's "Famous Pianists."
- JOSEFFY, RAFAEL. 1852-. Germany. Biographical sketch in Lahee's "Famous Pianists."
- KING, JULIE RIVE. 1859. America.
- LESCHETIZKY, THEODOR. 1830-. Poland. *Biography* by Countess Potocka, 1903.
- PACHMANN, VLADIMIR DE. 1848-. Russia.
- PADEREWSKI, IGNAC JAN. 1860-. Poland. *Biography* by Finck, 1896.
- ROSENTHAL, MORITZ. 1862-. Poland. Biographical sketch in Lahee's "Famous Pianists."
- RUBINSTEIN, ANTON GRIGORIEVICH. 1829-94. Russia. *Autobiography*, and biographies by McArthur, 1889, and in "Masters in Music," 1905.
- TAUSIG, KARL. 1841-71. Poland. Biographical sketches in Lenz's "Great Piano Virtuosos," 1899; Paine's "Famous Composers," vol. ii, 1891.

### A GROUP OF GREAT MUSICIANS—SOME FAMOUS SINGERS.

- ALBANI, MARIE LOUISE EMMA CECILE (LAJEUNESSE) GYE. 1852-. Canada. Biographical sketches in Edwards' "Prima Donna," vol. ii, 1888, and Engel's "From Händel to Hallé," 1890.
- BISHAM, DAVID. 1857-. United States. Biographical sketch in Lahee's "Famous Singers," 1898.

- CALVÉ, EMMA (EMMA ROQUER). 1866-. France. Biographical sketch in Lahee's "Famous Singers," 1898.
- CARUSO, ENRICO. Italy.
- EAMES, EMMA. 1867-. United States. Biographical sketch in Lahee's "Famous Singers," 1898.
- FARRAR, GERALDINE. America.
- GADSKI, JOHANNA. 1871-. Germany.
- GRISI, GIULIA. 1811-69. Italy. Biographical sketches in Edwards' "Prima Donna," vol. i, 1888, and Ferris's "Great Singers," 1897.
- LEHMANN, LILLI. 1848-. Germany. Biographical sketch in Lahee's "Famous Singers," 1898.
- LIND, JENNY (GOLDSCHMIDT). 1821-87. Sweden. *Biography* by Holland and Rockstro, 1891, and sketches in Edwards' "Prima Donna," vol. ii, 1888; Ferris's "Great Singers," 1897.
- MALIBRAN, MARIE FELICITA (GARCIA). 1808-36. France. Biographical sketches in Edwards' "Prima Donna," vol. i, 1888, and Ferris's "Great Singers," 1897.
- MARCHESI, MME. MATHILDE (GRAUMANN) DE CASTRONE. 1826-. Germany. *Autobiography*, 1897.
- MATERNA, AMALIE. 1847-. Austria. Biographical sketches in Ferris's "Great Singers," 1897; and Lahee's "Famous Singers," 1898.
- MELBA (NELLIE MITCHELL). 1865-. Australia.
- NILSSON, CHRISTINA (COUNTESS DI MIRANDA). 1843-81. Sweden. *Biography* by Charnacé, 1870; and sketch in Edwards' "Prima Donna," vol. ii, 1888.
- NORDICA, GIGLIA (LILLIAN NORTON). 1858?-. United States. Biographical sketch in Lahee's "Famous Singers," 1898.
- PATTI, ADELINA MARIA (BARONESS CEDERSTRÖM). 1843-. Italy. Biographical sketch in Edwards' "Prima Donna," vol. ii, 1888.
- PLANCON, POL. France. Biographical sketch in Lahee's "Famous Singers," 1898.
- RESZEK, JEAN DE. 1852-. Poland. Biographical sketch in Lahee's "Famous Singers," 1898.
- SCHUMANN-HEINK, ERNESTINE. 1861-. Germany.
- SEMBRICH, MARCELLA. 1858-. Poland. Biographical sketch in Lahee's "Famous Singers," 1898.
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## THE DRAMA: WHAT IT IS AND WHAT IT STANDS FOR.

ABRIDGED FROM CHAPTER I. OF "THE TECHNIQUE OF THE DRAMA," BY  
W. T. PRICE.

A DRAMA is the imitation of a complete action, adapted to the sympathetic attention of man, developed in a succession of continuously interesting and continuously related incidents, acted and expressed by means of speech and the symbols, actualities, and conditions of life.

This definition concerns itself largely with the form of a play, including the general dramatic idea. It is obvious that the fitness of material for the form must be governed by the requirements of a drama; and this definition affords an absolute rule of measurement.

It is a form of literature and of entertainment into which all human emotions and experience may be translated under certain conditions. That idea only is dramatic that can be put into shape of sustained action—an action that is complete and organic, with unity of theme and purpose, that invites our attention at the outset, arouses an interest as it proceeds, and confirms itself in our sympathies at the last, coming to a conclusion in its disposition of the characters that accords with our views of justice. Only a vital and

logical action can do this. An action is complete—according to the first requirement—when everything essential to its sympathetic appreciation is contained in it. There is, of course, a vast knowledge of life, particular as well as general to any theme that may be chosen, that is implied in the action as possessed by the spectator, and this, the unexpressed, is a material source of one's enjoyment, giving play to our emotion and intelligence.

The drama is concrete. It is not only life, but the essence of it, the selection and use of those things only that tend to illusion. It puts aside reflection, the elegiac, the lyric, the merely descriptive, except as they are briefly incidental, and translates all into action. It holds all forms of literature and all things of life in solution, but on the condition of adapted form and that they be integral with the action and the purpose. The drama is a powerful solvent and can make many things "dramatic" that in themselves are not so, but become so when vital and in place.

The theme must be dramatic, else it will not admit of the development indicated in the rule. Dramatic are the emotions that give shape to will and deed. All emotions, all events that involve logical destiny (or in comedy artificial destiny) to the person or persons concerned, are dramatic. There is a drama in every throb of the human heart. It requires the clash of interests to make a complete action. It matters not what force impels. Desire and demand, opposition, resistance, the thrust and the parry, and so through vicissitudes to joy or grief.

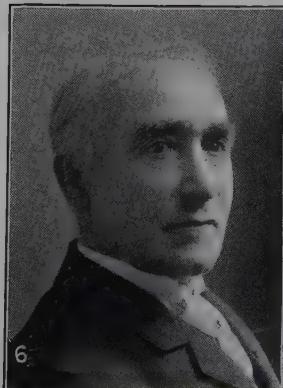
In the drama it is the actor alone that is entitled to speak; and, even in the best technically written drama, every device or subterfuge, however necessary, that shows the hand or the mind of the author, is a defect. Description by an actor, on the other hand, may be highly dramatic. An incident may be more effectively acted by means of it than if it had been represented, possible tediously, before us.

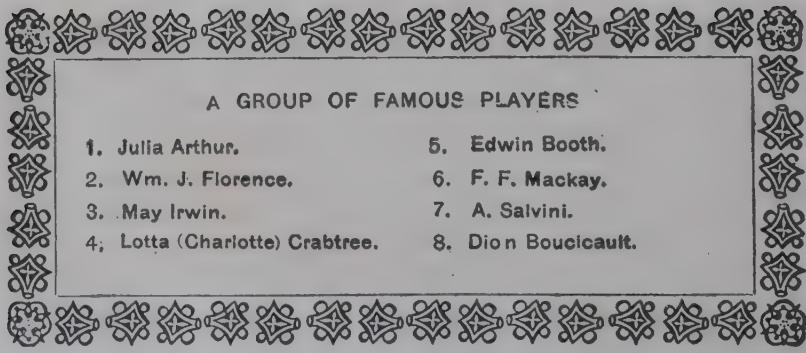
The play is moreover to be acted in a given time. This is one of its many limitations.

The dramatic idea must be susceptible of division into proportionate parts. Its beginning, middle, and end must have absolute relations. Causes and effects must be adequate. A trivial ending must not result, from a serious progression of incidents. The beginning, the middle, and the end should be relatively proportionate in treatment.

The dramatic idea involves a general theme, such as love, jealousy, ambition, nobility of nature; and a particular theme, such as the love of Romeo and Juliet, and so on.

It involves an object, such as to show that love is stronger than the world and all its laws. To abstract from a play other incidental themes and objects would be to deny it human semblance. Themes are simple or complex, but unity is the governing rule in either case.





A GROUP OF FAMOUS PLAYERS

- |                                |                     |
|--------------------------------|---------------------|
| 1. Julia Arthur.               | 5. Edwin Booth.     |
| 2. Wm. J. Florence.            | 6. F. F. Mackay.    |
| 3. May Irwin.                  | 7. A. Salvini.      |
| 4; Lotta (Charlotte) Crabtree. | 8. Dion Boucicault. |

The dramatic idea should be based on the truth of life, and thus probability is an essential thing.

The theme is of the first importance, for no genuine play was ever written without the process of germination in the heart and mind of a writer. Particular themes are often found by a playwright to be practically exhausted for his generation. Of course, general themes—love, jealousy, and the like—offer boundless complications. Certain combinations of condition are intensely dramatic at certain social periods, but as soon as the social conditions no longer concern us, they cease to be of interest.

Action in itself, emotion in itself, is not necessarily dramatic. It is only so when organic with larger action, or when complete in itself.

In its proper place a given situation may have a powerful effect, but the governing principle is that it must be organic.

The definition of a drama does not prescribe intensity for the dramatic idea or the chief situation. To do so would be to define a particular form of the drama only. If you have the conditions of an action, the cause, the effects, and finality, the dramatic idea is complete. It is true that certain incidents are in themselves dramatic because the mind supplies the qualities just indicated, as if we were to witness the burning of a city, but the effect is only momentary. The ordinary tragedies and happenings of life interest us and are dramatic in proportion to our personal knowledge of the facts and the people involved. Even then the story or the plot must excite natural sympathy.

The dramatic idea, then, cannot exist apart in the mind, and with all the more reason cannot stand unsupported on the stage, consisting of a single act or doing.

The dramatic idea involves incidents, and these incidents lie about it in greater or less profusion. Emotion is full of action; and the idea is dramatic in proportion to the emotion it excites in the spectator of the scene compounded of it. It is so in real life. A dramatic happening unfolds itself from these emotions step by step, link by link.

We must have an origin for each incident, and an expectation of results. It does not need to conceive mortal peril or death in order to be dramatic. The dramatic principle includes all human action. These incidents may be so highly charged with the dramatic that they may be almost perfect in themselves, but in the true drama it is the entirety alone that is "a complete action." The drama itself is not complete until it is acted, and its possibilities have been expressed in action, utterance, look, tone, and gesture.

A complete action is in itself a definition of unity, one of the essentials.

So organic is the dramatic idea that any of its parts, a subordinate

incident even, may become in the mind of the poet the germ of the play.

A perfect anecdote possesses many of the essential features of a drama. It is always a complete action. The local anecdote, in particular, admits of great detail in the telling. The persons concerned in it are known, as are their relations to each other. It has a beginning, an introduction, a climax, and a conclusion, and that conclusion leaves nothing more to be said or done. The more conclusive, the more the village will roar its applause. The adaptability of the anecdote to practical stage use explains the prosperity of the American farce-comedies. A farce-comedy is little more than a succession of acted anecdotes.

Progressive action is a true mark of the dramatic product, and if there is not a propelling force in the incidents that lie about a theme it is not dramatic. Progression toward an end is essential.

The true drama is bounded on all sides by fact. Life, and the life that he knows, is the best material for any honest-minded dramatist. There is where spontaneity lies. There are other sources of the drama, notably history and romance, and from these the author may draw and be absolutely original. There are difficulties in dealing with history. A drama has a direct growth in the mind and heart of a writer, and the less he is encumbered with non-essential incidents and incidentals, the easier his task. In historical material he may disentangle himself, but he will be met on the production of the piece by these same non-essentials existent in the minds of the audience. The dramatic idea may sometimes be stronger than history itself.

Wherever the theme, or, in other words, the dramatic idea, may come from, it has certain inherent rights; it first stirs the heart and hand of the writer to action, and to it is given dominion and power over the technique to be applied to it. It demands and suggests its own treatment, and an author should take careful counsel with it before yielding to conventionalism, when the idea finds its opposition there.

Technique is the helper; the subject is the master. The man with an idea is more fortunate than the one with the tools; and yet perfection is the requirement of the drama, and to it the dramatist must bend his will. The artificialities of playwrights are not fixed, but the principles are inexorable.

#### THE USE OF THE DRAMA.

Holding fast to the principle that the drama is life, we must see that its uses are noble. There are many forms of the drama, and some whose graceless mission is to corrupt; so that it is the variety of the drama that brings so much confusion into all talk of it. The value of the drama is not to be seriously disputed for a moment. It is essential in many ways to civilization. In large cities, where the



A GROUP OF FAMOUS ACTRESSES

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|---------------------|---------------------|
| 1. Mary Mannering.  | 5. Virginia Harned. |
| 2. Louise Gunning.  | 6. Mrs. Fiske.      |
| 3. Ethel Barrymore. | 7. Maxine Elliott.  |
| 4. Julia Marlowe.   | 8. Mary Anderson.   |

physical congregation is social segregation, it takes the place, to a certain extent, of the social and moral influences that are active in the compact life of smaller communities.

Of all the arts the drama comes closest to man. It dwells with him. It does not deal mainly with the gods, as mute statuary does, and is not sightless and impalpable, like music. It does not halt at the single moment, as painting does. It embraces all the arts, and gives life and voice and form and functions to them all. No other art uses such a multiplicity of forces.

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### THE DRAMA BEFORE SHAKESPEARE—A SKETCH.

BY FRANK IRESON, B. A., LONDON.

**T**HE first point to be noticed in connection with the Drama in England is, that there is no record of any attempt at acting prior to the Conquest: before that time there was a descriptive and indeed poetic literature, but it contained no trace of dramatic form. The Saxons certainly had nothing which could be termed acting; while the Normans who came into England brought with them strolling minstrels and "jongleurs," who by song and pantomimic jest amused all classes of the people; but they seem to have taken no part in concerted dramatic action, and must not be regarded as having in any direct manner originated it in this country.

The prototype of English Drama is the *Miracle Play*. This consisted of a representation of Scriptural incident, enacted by the clergy for the instruction of the people. Without some such aid, in the scarcity of books and of the ability to read them, the masses would have had very little chance of becoming acquainted with the essential facts connected with the foundation and progress of the Christian religion. The sacred drama may be said to date as far back as the end of the second century, when the Early Fathers instituted it to counteract the worldly influence of the decaying and corrupt Roman stage: in France this combination of dramatic action with the service of the Romish Church seems to have been in vogue at the time of the Conquest, and it was brought over to England by the monks soon after that event. These plays were first performed, in either Latin or French, on special occasions, or Saints' days, with the idea of bringing home to the illiterate some leading facts of Bible history, or some legends of the saints to whom the churches were so freely dedicated. The first specimen of which we have authentic mention is the *Miracle of St. Catharine*, which seems to have been played at Dunstable about the year 1110: all that is known about it is that

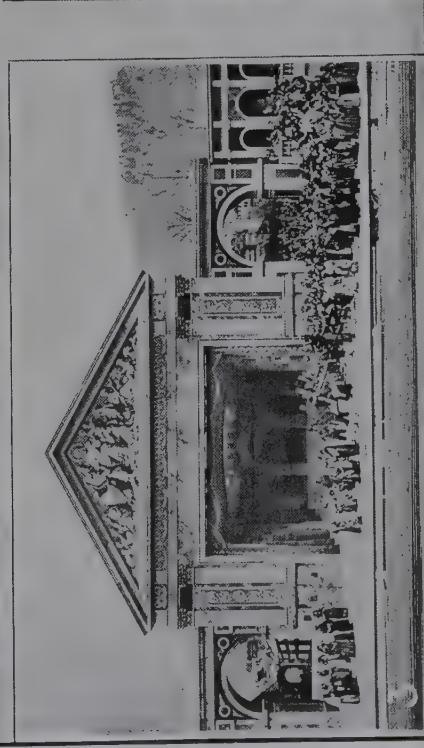
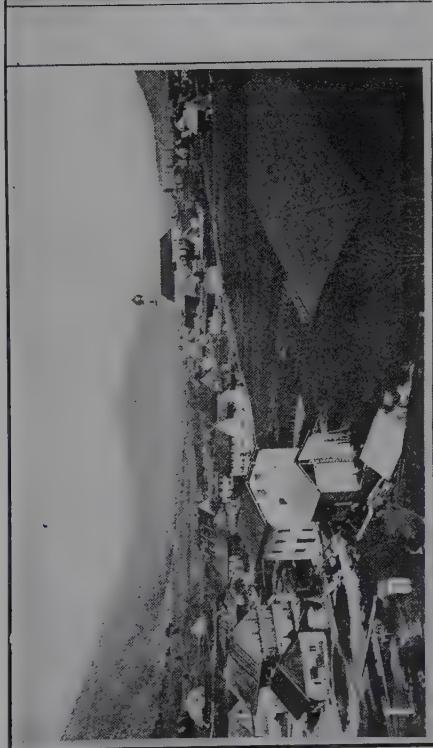
From one of the rare, privately printed opuscula of "The Sette of Odd Volumes," London, in the possession of the Managing Editor.

it was acted at the instigation of a certain Geoffrey of Gorham, ~~and~~ that he borrowed copies from St. Albans for the decoration of it. For a good example of a miracle play we may take one by Hilarius, written in France in the time of Stephen, or perhaps a little later.

"In a church dedicated to St. Nicholas, upon St. Nicholas' Day, the image of the Saint was removed, and a living actor, dressed to represent the statue, was placed in the shrine. When the pause was made in the service for the acting of the Miracle, one came in at the church-door dressed as a rich heathen, deposited his treasure at the shrine, said that he was going on a journey, and called on the Saint to be the guardian of his property. When the heathen had gone out, thieves entered and silently carried off the treasure. Then came the heathen back and furiously raged: he took a whip and began to thrash the image of the Saint. But upon this the image moved, descended from its niche, went out, and reasoned with the robbers, threatening also to denounce them to the people. Terrified by this miracle, the thieves returned tremblingly, and so in silence they brought everything back. The statue was again in its niche, motionless. The heathen sang his joy to a popular tune of the time, and turned to adore the image. Then St. Nicholas himself appeared, bidding the heathen worship God alone and praise the name of Christ. The heathen was converted. The piece ended with the adoration of the Almighty, and the Church service was then continued."

Besides these representations of miracles worked by the Saints, there were also "Mysteries," which portrayed, in similar fashion, the incidents connected with the birth, passion, and resurrection of Christ. The title of "Mystery" was borrowed from France, but it does not seem to have been used in England, where representations of this class were always known as "Miracle Plays." The dialogue of these productions was, for the most part, extremely rude and inartificial, and they cannot be said to have had any regular plot: they were really a series of shows or pageants, being indeed called by the latter name. They were generally exhibited during the Christmas and Easter holidays, and were frequently produced and acted by the trading companies in the larger cities, each guild undertaking a portion of the performance, and sustaining a share of the expense. At both Coventry and Chester these days were exhibited with a considerable amount of elaborateness, and the MSS. used in these two places are still in existence. A third series remains to us, that in the Townley collection: the latter dates from the fourteenth century; there are thirty-two plays in it, and they comprehensively range from the Creation to Doomsday! It is worthy of notice that the London trading companies seem to have taken no part in work of this character.

When first introduced, the play was merely a part of the Church service, and was performed by the clergy only. In course of time the interest in these productions increased, and they were trans-



SCENES FROM THE PASSION PLAY AT OBER-  
AMMERGAU

1. Ober-Ammergau.
2. Ordering the Passover.
3. Christ Bearing the Cross.
4. The Crucifixion.

In this remote village in Bavaria a dramatic representation is given in the open air every tenth year since 1634 of the sufferings of Christ, by about 500 performers. The actors are all of the people, and during the intervening years they give representations of Old Testament Legends. There is a theatre seating 6,000 people.

fferred to a series of scaffolds erected at the door of the church, the audience being outside in the street or churchyard. From the scaffold so fixed to a locomotive stage the transition would be easy, and it seems probable that with this change the acting would, to some extent, pass from the clergy to laymen. A class of itinerant actors thus came into existence, who wheeled their stage into various towns, and played before the people both in front of the church and in the open streets. It seems likely that about this time the English language was introduced into the representations, instead of the original Latin or French.

A common addition to the rude attempts at scenery was the representation of Hell at a lower level than the stage: this generally took the form of a whale's mouth, a very ancient way of indicating the entrance to the Infernal Regions, out of which flame and smoke were caused to emerge: in one place we read of a man being paid threepence for "keeping up Hell fire." The Devil naturally was a prominent personage employed, and he seems to have frequently represented the comic and noisy element of the play: his roarings and ragings must have contributed not a little to the amusement of an uneducated crowd, whose chief idea of humor would be found in boisterous buffoonery.

At first, and especially when acted in church, these plays consisted entirely of Scriptural and legendary incidents, but gradually they developed the latent passion for acting for its own sake, the result being that the sacred subject was constantly overlaid with a great deal that was decidedly profane. The proclamation of the Chester plays, for instance, expressly excuses the introduction of "some things not warranted by any writ," on the ground that it was done to "make sport" and to "glad the hearers." The clergy seem to have taken a great amount of interest in the mounting and acting of these plays, and to have entered with great zest into their production; so far did they carry their passion for taking part in them, the which was by no means prohibited by their clerical vocation, that the bishops were occasionally constrained to moderate the vigor of their enthusiasm. The following excerpt from a tract printed in the early part of Elizabeth's reign shows how the clergy would at times neglect their duties: "He again posteth over it [the service] as fast as he can gallop: for either he hath two places to serve, or else there are some games to be played in the afternoon, as lying for the whetstone, heathenishe dauncing for a ring, a beare or a bull to be bayted, or else jack-an-apes to ride on horseback, or an enterlude to be played: and if no place else can be gotten, it must be done in the church!"

These Miracle Plays were in vogue shortly after the Conquest and continued to be popular until about the end of Elizabeth's reign, the last one being acted at Kendal in the reign of James I.: they were, previously to the introduction of printing, one of the principal

means of teaching the people, and, after their fashion, seem to have done good service to that end. We may here parenthetically recall the fact, that in England the women's parts were always impersonated by boys, down to the time of Charles II.; during the reign of that lively monarch women appeared for the first time upon the stage, much to the disgust of the Puritans, though for some time previously their employment as actresses had been common in Spain, Italy, and France.

We have already seen that after a time there were introduced into these Miracle Plays various representations and characters not specifically referred to either in Scripture history or saintly legend: this was probably done partly for the sake of variety, many comic characters being introduced to amuse the people, and partly because it was found that a much better and more forcible portrayal of Biblical history was rendered possible by the introduction of allegorical characters. As the presentation of these Miracle Plays became common, we find that there were gradually introduced into them impersonations of many of the virtues and vices, thus lending reality to the show, and giving visible reason for much of the action which took place. It was in this way that the *Moral Plays* came into existence. They may be defined as plays designed to illustrate and enforce some moral precept, to which end there were introduced into them allegorical figures, who personated various passions, virtues, and sins commonly to be met with. These characters, as they became more numerous, interfered to a certain degree with the progress of the action: so much so that in some pieces the Scriptural characters fell quite into the background; and thus, in course of time, what seems to have been at first designed as a kind of poetical embellishment to an historical drama became a new species of drama unconnected with history. These Moral Plays were in a considerable state of advancement early in the reign of Henry VI., and they appear to have existed side by side with the Miracle Plays until both were gradually extinguished by the regular drama—their life ending at about the date of the death of Shakespeare. Both these forms of entertainment seldom lasted over an hour in performance, and of those which were in two parts each part was exhibited on a separate day.

Besides allegorical personages, there were two standing characters very prominent in Moral Plays—the Devil and Vice. The Devil was, no doubt, introduced from the Miracle Plays, where he had figured so amusingly; he was made as hideous as possible by his mask and dress, the latter being generally of a shaggy and hairy character, and he was duly provided with a tail: his ordinary exclamation on entering was, "Ho, ho, ho! what a felowe am I!" and he was much given to roaming and crying out, especially when he was belabored by his constant companion, Vice. The latter had various names, according to the sin which he represented, and appeared in many disguises: one of his most frequent costumes was that of the common fool, and he



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A GROUP OF FAMOUS STAGE FAVORITES

1. ADA REHAN AS LADY TEAZLE  
FROM THE PHOTOGRAPH BY SARONY, NEW YORK.

2. ELLEN TERRY AS PORTIA  
FROM THE PAINTING BY SIR JOHN MILLAIS IN THE METROPOLITAN  
MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK.

3. NELL Gwynne  
FROM THE PAINTING BY SIR PETER LELY, IN THE METROPOLITAN  
MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK.

4. MACREADY AS WILLIAM TELL  
FROM THE PAINTING BY HENRY INMAN, IN THE METROPOLITAN  
MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK.

seems to have constantly misconducted himself to a greater extent even than did the Devil, who generally wound up his career by taking him upon his back and running off with him to Hell. He occasionally appeared by himself as an independent character. In the "Life and Repentance of Mary Magdalene" we find him performing the part of her lover, and recommending her not to make "two hells instead of one," but to live merrily in this world, since she is sure to be damned in the next. The later Moral Plays were written quite independently of Scriptural or saintly associations: one of them, produced during the reign of Elizabeth, was wholly *political* in its design. It is interesting as being one of the earliest productions in which the stage was employed as a vehicle for satirizing and denouncing the political abuses of the day.

So much for the Miracle and Moral Plays, which, as has been stated, died out at the end of the reign of Elizabeth: a modified form of them, known as Pageants or Masks, and consisting of processions of various kinds, existed for nearly a century later, and was then incorporated with the regular drama. Readers of Walter Scott's "Kenilworth" will remember that the Pageant and Mask were popular forms of entertainment in the time of Elizabeth, the former being of a purely spectacular character, while the latter may be said to have occupied an intermediate position between Pageant and play.

The connecting link between the Moral Plays and the Drama proper is to be found in the *Interludes*, which came into fashion in the time of Henry VIII., and were gradually developed into fuller form during the sixteenth century. John Heywood, a musician of Henry's household, set the first example of composing interludes quite independently of allegorical materials; some of his "merry plays" were distinctly comic, and their prescribed action nothing less than farcical.

We may pause for a moment to observe the extraordinary manner in which, in the middle of the sixteenth century, "our drama and our dramatic literature rose," as a well-known writer puts it, "with all but unequalled swiftness to the highest perfection to which they have attained." For some five hundred years the only dramatic art in England was to be found in the Miracle and Moral Plays, which were slowly developed in extent and dialogue, as the people gradually acquired intelligence and some interest in things refined. Then during the half-century of the reign of Elizabeth we find an advance in both dramatic and literary art, which is rightly deemed marvellous. This was due to various causes, amongst which may be named the more extended introduction of printing, the cultivation of classical studies in the universities and schools, and the general increase in the political tranquillity and material prosperity of the people. Account for it as we will, the fact remains that during the Elizabethan period the English Drama made a great stride from comparative infancy to a maturity which has certainly never been surpassed in the

history of our dramatic literature, and with which the name of Shakespeare must be inseparably connected.

To complete our sketch of the pre-Shakespearean drama it now remains to mention the earliest plays extant, which may be considered to have originated the various styles used for these productions, and the principal authors concerned in its foundation and early advancement. It may here be observed that the term "Comedy" was, during this period, much more inclusive in its meaning than in modern times: it was synonymous, in fact, with our word "Play." Hamlet, it will be remembered, after he has had the tragedy exhibited before the king and queen, exclaims:—

"For if the king like not the comedy," etc.

The term "tragedy," on the other hand, pertained not only to plays of a tragic nature, but to any serious narrative in verse.

In the earliest specimen of English Comedy which has come down to us we have also the first avowed dramatic imitation in English of the ancients. This was "Ralph Roister Doister," which was probably written before the beginning of Elizabeth's reign: the author was Nicholas Udall, who was a master first at Eton, and then at Westminster school. It was written for the Eton boys to perform, and was admittedly a copy, so far as concerns style, of Plautus and Terence. It was divided into acts and scenes, and had nine male and four female characters, its time of performance being two hours. Another comedy of about the same date, named "Misogonus," had its scene laid in Italy, and was evidently adapted from some Italian play. A third early comedy was "Gammer Gurton's Needle," written by Still, afterwards Bishop of Bath and Wells; this was acted at Cambridge in 1566, and is remarkable as the first existing English play that was acted at either University.

The earliest piece which can properly be termed a tragedy was written by Thomas Sackville (afterwards Earl of Dorset), and Thos. Norton, a barrister: it was acted before the Queen at Whitehall, in 1561. It bears two names, "The Tragedy of Gorboduc," or, more correctly, "The Tragedy of Ferrex and Porrex," and its plot is based upon an old British legend: this production is noticeable as being the first English play written in blank verse. The tragedy of "Julius Cæsar," which followed soon after it, is the earliest instance on record of English dramatization of Roman history.

At about this time the dramatic field would seem to have been about equally divided between the later Moral Plays and the earlier "Comedies, tragedies, interludes, and stage plays," as a print of the time has it; soon, however, the former became confined to country places, and ultimately they died out altogether.

The immediate predecessors of Shakespeare did their part in improving the drama, and two of them may be named as having done good work to this end,—Lylly and Marlowe. The former was the originator of that fantastic style of writing and speaking known as



SCENES FROM THE STAGE I.

1. Scene in Act I. of Puccini's "Madam Butterfly," one of the most successful operas of modern times.
2. Finale, Act I. "The Prince of Pilzen," which has been presented 2,000 times in America, and has been played in England, France, and South Africa.
3. Henry E. Dixey in "The Man on the Box."
4. Scene in Act III. of "The College Widow," George Ade's famous Comedy.

Euphuism, which became so fashionable in his time; the latter, Christopher Marlowe, was a writer of considerable power, who has been termed, and not unjustly, the father of English dramatic poetry: this title has been given to him in consideration of the excellent service which he did in refining and generally improving the standard of playwriting in his day—he may be said to have prepared the way for his great successor, by his influence on the public taste and appreciative power.

Of the younger contemporaries of Shakespeare it will be sufficient here to mention Ben Jonson, Beaumont, Fletcher, Massinger, Shirley, and Ford.

To recapitulate: it has been shown that the Drama in England had its origin in religious worship; and that some five centuries elapsed between its production by monkish hands in a tongue "not understood of the people," and its full and popular development under the prolific and versatile genius of Shakespeare. Its emancipation as a form of art—and especially in conjunction with literature—progressed but slowly during the greater part of this period: at the end of that time, however, its advance towards maturity became most thorough and rapid. The termination of the Elizabethan age marks an epoch in history which will be looked back upon with interest and admiration so long as the English language shall exist, and the period is one at which may fittingly be terminated this short and necessarily slight sketch of the origin and early development of the English Drama.

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### THE FIVE GREAT DRAMAS.

THE five great dramas of the world are:—"The Book of Job" from the Bible, which is full of pathos and feeling; the Greek play, "Prometheus," by Æschylus; "Hamlet," by Shakespeare; and "The Magic Wonder Worker," by the Spanish dramatist, Calderon; and "Faust," by Goethe. These represent the highest and the newest conception of the spiritual belief of their times. "The Book of Job," which is ordinarily considered a drama, shows the triumph of the spirit over misfortune; "Prometheus" shows triumph of character over circumstance; "Hamlet" shows the ideal pessimist against all conditions; "The Magic Worker" shows the triumph of the spirit over the devil; "Faust" shows the evolution of the soul through the sins of the flesh. All of these are sceptical, or in other words, are the breaking away from the conventional beliefs of the time in which they were written.

## THE STAGE AS AN EDUCATOR

**T**HE first mission of dramatic representation, as shown elsewhere in this volume, was an educational one. It was for centuries the medium of religious teaching: from this high position it gradually declined and became a mere amusement, and worse; until it was long looked upon by thousands as an influence for evil instead of for good.

With the dawn of the Twentieth Century, however, has come a revival of the Stage as an Educator. Its value and power as an Educator in Language, Literature, Manners, Morals, Ethics, and Culture, is being recognized and employed in a thousand ways not dreamed of fifty years ago; and the writers of the following papers and brief notes testify to the good results which this revival has brought and is bringing about. To quote the words of W. T. Price from his work on "The Technique of the Drama":

"It teaches wisdom to men that never open a book. It gives the essence of life, and in three hours it speaks volumes. It warns and counsels, teaches justice and keeps alive pity. It celebrates man's liberty and his struggles, and all that is noble wanders into it. It enlists the sympathies to such an extent that the listener is his own poet. It analyzes all motives, withholding nothing, lays bare everything. It is in fact the plainest, the most direct of all forms of teaching. It does not formulate morals in words, but in deeds; and if life, which is the drama, is not a constant mentor, unheeded also in its teachings, what is it?"

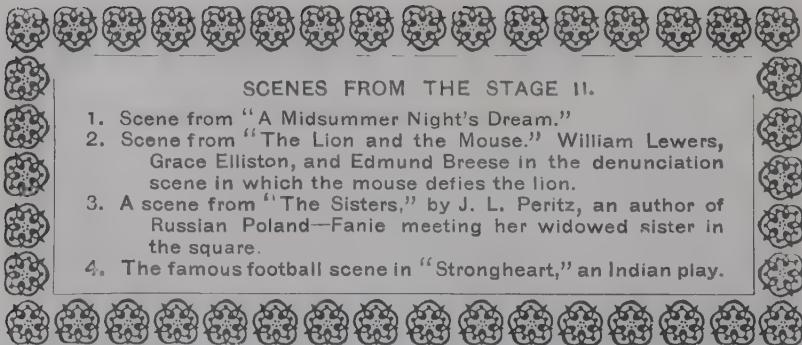
DR. HARRY PRATT JUDSON, PRESIDENT OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO.

The theatre for young folks may be exceedingly useful or exceedingly harmful. Properly managed it may be made a vehicle of conveying moral inspiration of great value. I believe that it can be properly handled and know that in many cases it is.

CHARLES SPRAGUE SMITH ON A THEATRE FOR THE PEOPLE AND THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

No one can fail to recognize the great potential influence for education, elevation, and honest diversion contained in the theatre. One of the most important questions of the day is how to influence the theatre so as to strengthen its good tendencies and withhold support where it makes for evil; also how to make the best in the staged drama accessible to the great multitude who cannot pay the prices now charged by leading theatres. The system that has been evolved and described below is gradually answering these questions. If extended, as it may fairly be hoped it will be, there should come into existence a force making potently for the elevation of the drama; the right kind of force also, since it is





SCENES FROM THE STAGE II.

1. Scene from "A Midsummer Night's Dream."
2. Scene from "The Lion and the Mouse," William Lewers,  
Grace Elliston, and Edmund Breese in the denunciation  
scene in which the mouse defies the lion.
3. A scene from "The Sisters," by J. L. Peritz, an author of  
Russian Poland—Fanie meeting her widowed sister in  
the square.
4. The famous football scene in "Strongheart," an Indian play.

the people organized and acting through their representatives to approve and support the good, and, by implication, reject the bad. The movement is yet in its first stages. We shall have to learn by successive experiments, but we hope much from it, both for the advantage of the people and for that of the drama itself.

One who has visited Greece and seen everywhere leaning against the mountain slopes or cut into the hillsides, the terraced theatres where the plays of Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, and Aristophanes were given and the citizens gathered not by the hundreds or thousands even, but by the tens of thousands, to receive patriotic and ethical inspiration, cannot but hope that at some time the theatre shall come to its own again and be recognized, not as a place where an idle hour may be passed at the close of a busy day, too often in frivolous or even debasing environment, but where rather, from the highest sources of inspiration and honest delight, may well forth currents that shall refresh and uplift society.

The People's Institute of New York, which was organized in 1897 with the double purpose of providing education in history and social science for the masses of the people and promoting a better mutual understanding between men of differing occupations, has been turning for some time its attention to the theatre.

The story of this work goes back to April 1, 1901, when for the first time a Shakespearean recital was offered under the auspices of The Institute. In a small lecture room of the Cooper Union, seating only some 350, Marshall Darrach gave a recital of "The Merchant of Venice." The audience present filled the room comfortably without crowding it. The satisfaction expressed was such that in the following season a course of six recitals was offered. The course did not proceed far before every inch of standing room was occupied, the door had to be held open, and a confused mass of men and women crowded about it. In the third season the recitals were transferred to the large hall seating 1600, and the experience there was a similar one. By the second season not merely was the hall crowded beyond the point of safety, but a thousand or more were frequently turned away. The ability of Mr. Darrach as a reciter and the wisdom that he used in presenting the essential parts of each play with a breadth of portayal suited to so large an audience room, yet without undue exaggeration, contributed greatly to the success of this earlier phase of the work.

Holding that the appreciation by the people of Shakespeare had been clearly proved, The People's Institute began to look about for some means of providing staged representations of the plays. There were grave difficulties in the way; no suitable hall available; Cooper Union had never witnessed, at least not in an indefinite period of years, any staged play, though indeed traditions, well authenticated, tell of a time when it was in embryo a Madison Square Garden and all sorts of things took place therein. Just at this time Ben Greet

returned to the city, and offered to place his company in the Cooper Union for two or three recitals, and assume all the financial risks involved. The authorities of the Cooper Union were approached, and very reluctantly assented, insisting, however, that all the various city commissions, police, fire, building, etc., should first be consulted. The People's Institute treasury was nearly empty at the time, and a preliminary step that must be taken was to secure a theatrical license, depositing a fee for six months' permission. Not knowing where to secure this amount, \$150, a rather bold scheme was employed which fortunately worked successfully. A letter was sent by messenger to one of the wealthiest men of the city, who was actively interested in the Cooper Union, stating the case and respectfully requesting him to return also by messenger a cheque to meet the expense of the license. The very boldness of the request accomplished the result, and within a brief time the cheque was sent. The process of securing permission from the various city departments proved, however, a very tedious one. In one of the departments there was an apparent purpose to *hold up* The Institute until something in the way of graft was forthcoming. The police department, however, worked from the first in active sympathy, and thirty-six hours before the first performance a messenger was sent from Police Headquarters to this other department with the positive command of the Police Commissioner not to withdraw until the promised and ever-withheld permit had been granted.

The Institute did not know until twenty-four hours before the first performance, whether it would be allowed to proceed, having been informed by the department that blocked the way that, if it ventured to offer a play without having secured the requisite consent, its representatives and the actors would be immediately arrested. The friendly police department telephoned that its messenger had returned with the authorization and the formal permit would be sent later.

The plays were given, and met with great success, especially the matinée, "The Merchant of Venice," offered to the public school children. The prices charged on the two evenings ranged from ten to fifty cents, and on the afternoon for the public school children twenty-five cents. The formal permit to give the plays arrived two weeks later! Immediately thereafter the Trustees of the Cooper Union, regretting their earlier decision, and believing that it was unwise to permit their hall to be used for such purposes, definitely forbade its further employment as a theatre. The management of The Institute had therefore to look elsewhere.

In the spring of 1905 a small dramatic company, giving plays in various settlements, was reorganized, with the assistance of Mr. Franklin H. Sargent, President of The American School of Dramatic Art, and a single recital of "Romeo and Juliet" offered to the public schools. The artistic results were unsatisfactory, and the idea of forming an independent company was abandoned.

The next step taken was to approach theatrical managers, seeking to secure admission for our audiences to their theatres at reduced rates. Managers were at first quite unwilling to lend ear. At last, however, Mr. W. A. Brady offered to experiment with "The Shepherd King," Wright Lorimer playing the title rôle. All the seats reserved for The Institute's audience were sold almost at once; and for the first time in the history of the play, so far as audience was concerned, the success was unqualified. Later in the season a brief series of Shakespearean performances was similarly offered by Mr. George Fawcett, and the results were analogous.

In the following year the work was extended. The Ben Greet company had the co-operation of The Institute for a five weeks' season of Shakespearean performances, and five thousand school children and others purchased seats at reduced rates of fifty and twenty-five cents. The Robert B. Mantell Company, under the management of William A. Brady, gave eight performances under similar conditions, and four thousand seats were sold to our audiences. Ben Chapin, representing Lincoln, in a week's time received two thousand of our auditors. It was at this moment that Miss Maude Adams began to present "Peter Pan" to the delight of young and old. How to secure entrance to that tightly packed theatre was a formidable problem. A letter sent to Miss Adams at the theatre address, containing any such proposition, would surely not reach her. Her private address was secured, and a letter from The Institute accompanied by a number of letters from principals in the public schools expressing the keenest desire to have their pupils see that boy, who did not want to grow up, touched the charming actress's heart. She at once sent directions to the management saying that, if necessary, she would herself meet all the loss incurred, and the management could only yield. As a result, ten thousand seats were purchased, chiefly by school children and teachers, at fifty cents each, where the New York public was paying anywhere from one to two dollars and above for similar seats.

The results of the dramatic work in the season of 1905-1906 became noised abroad in the theatrical world. When The Institute began its work about October first of the present year, demands began to follow each other quite rapidly from theatrical managers to have their plays approved and recommended to The People's Institute audiences. It soon became manifest that a thoroughgoing organization of the department had become imperative. Invitations were therefore sent to the representatives of the public school system, leading members of the clergy, and others, describing the work done, inviting an expression of opinion and support, and stating the purpose of organizing for larger and more permanent results. The outcome is that a General Committee which, when full, will number fifty of New York's most representative citizens, has been formed. This Committee includes to-day the President and other members of the Board of Education,

the Superintendent and a number of Assistant Superintendents and a group of the leading teachers; similarly a number of the most eminent clergymen, the leaders in the settlement movement, Organized Labor, the department stores, and men eminent in literature, music, and dramatic criticism. To these will be added eminent philanthropists. The Executive Committee, twenty in number, is similarly representative. Beside, there are sub-committees on Labor, Music, Co-operation with Managers, etc.

Behind this Committee is enrolled, first of all, the entire school system, numbering over six hundred thousand. Organized labor will speedily also stand in similar relation, with a group numbering (including families and excluding the children in the public schools) between 400,000 and 500,000. In addition, a host of charitable institutions, special schools, settlements, department stores, swell the quota, so that it passes by a great deal a million in number. Outlying towns are being similarly enrolled. The Sub-committee on Music is preparing to enter into relations with musical managers, so as to provide equal facilities in music with those already obtained in the theatre. It is hoped that the movement will develop naturally to other centres, and that ultimately there may be an alliance of such groups extending throughout the country, so that the sanction of a play here will mean its recommendation to other centres, and thus good, clean dramatic work be greatly strengthened and work of a different character, lacking such support, fall gradually into the background.

While the chief energy of late has been turned in the direction of organization, and there has been of necessity delay on other sides, the work accomplished with the theatres themselves is not inconsiderable. Between October first and January first the results were as follows:

"Midsummer Night's Dream" was seen by 2,000 of our auditors; "Cymbeline" by 3,400; "The Prince of India" by 5,000; "Pippa Passes" by 600; "Cæsar and Cleopatra" by 3,300; Robert Mantell in Shakespeare, in Brooklyn, by 1,180.

The financial results to theatrical managers are most easily estimated in the case of plays where we had but one price, fifty cents. Thus, the box office in "The Prince of India" received \$2,500 through us, and in "Cæsar and Cleopatra" in ten days \$1,650.

The system we have worked out is as follows:

Where both play and company are well known and approved, we make at once arrangements with the management with regularly signed contracts. The contract calls for the reimbursement of The Institute for all outlays for postage, stenographers, etc. It does not, however, at present include the additional expense incurred in the time expended by the secretaries and other officers of The Institute. It is planned that this matter shall be amicably settled at a conference soon to be held between leading managers and representatives of The Institute. In case neither play nor actors are known, free

tickets are sent from the theatre or passes issued by The Institute, and representatives sent to examine and report upon the plays. When our organization is completed three representatives will go from the schools, three from organized labor, and three or more from our other groups. Each examiner receives a printed slip defining our standards of judgment, with blanks to be filled out. On the basis of the reports received, the office determines whether or not a play shall be accepted, and if so, to what groups it shall be recommended. It will be clear to any one that some plays can be recommended to teachers and pupils in advanced grades but not to those of elementary grades, some only to teachers and other adults. When a play is accepted, arrangements are concluded as before with theatrical managers. Thereafter a set of papers is sent to every institution upon our list, now numbering more than nine hundred. This set includes an announcement of the terms made with the theatrical management, a small poster to be put upon bulletin-boards, and a blank to be filled out by principal of school, head of settlement, or other responsible person indicating the number of tickets desired. On the return of such a demand a number of slips, exchangeable for regular tickets at the box office at the reduced rates, are sent. This method relieves The Institute from all the trouble and responsibility of handling tickets or money. The bearer of such a slip either secures directly a ticket at the box office or, in case, as in some instances, there has been apprehension lest sidewalk speculators should get hold of the tickets, has a ticket placed in an envelope with the name of the purchaser upon it put aside to be used on the evening of the performance. Thus far the number of complaints relatively to the volume of tickets issued has been insignificant, and as the work goes on and the various employees of the theatres become more familiar with its operations, the justification for complaint diminishes.

The outlook is a most promising one. The theatres have been approached from a side that must of necessity commend the work. Plays of worth that only slowly would win a footing are now being given, from the start almost, to packed houses. The necessity of "papering" a house for a good play disappears. With essentially no trouble to themselves, the managers see their box office receipts very considerably increased. The work therefore is broadening very rapidly and the number of plays offered is increasing daily.

The above was written at the beginning of our season. Since then the development has been a rapid one. Fifty thousand seats have been purchased at different theatres. Fifteen plays have been managed, counting a Shakespearean season such as that of Robert Mantell or of Ben Greet, as one play. Eleven hundred different organizations are now upon our lists, the last one to be added being the New York Telephone Company with 5,000 young women employees. Our Labor Committee has put us in intimate relations with the entire Labor world. Our Music Committee, thoroughly organ-

ized and composed of musical critics, is planning to undertake extensive work another year. From the full number of listed organizations a special group of 250 has been formed of those interested in music in order to facilitate the work in this field during the coming year. The suburban towns are seeking to secure from us the facilities we offer to city organizations. The influence of our movement upon the theatre itself is perhaps best instanced in the case of two companies, both under the management of Mr. William A. Brady: namely, Robert Mantell in Shakespearean repertoire, and "The Man of the Hour." Mr. Brady states publicly that the success of both is due to The Institute, especially that of "The Man of the Hour," which without its support might have been a failure. Sixteen thousand tickets have been already purchased for this latter play through The Institute.

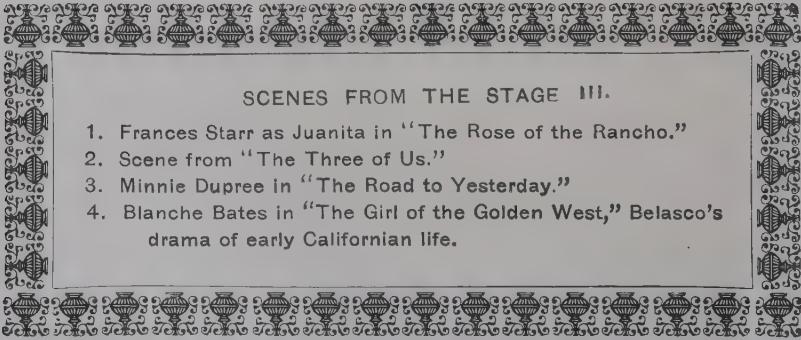
JUDGE BEN. B. LINDSEY, COUNTY COURT, JUVENILE COURT, DENVER, COLORADO.

There is not any question in my mind that the growth of cheap theatres in the cities, and the wonderful attraction they have to children, affords for us a lesson that we must avail ourselves of, to turn this interest in right channels. I know that in some of these cheap theatres they frequently give what they call "An Amateur," and I have known boys of the street to be tremendously enthusiastic over the opportunity thus offered. The difficulty has been generally that it has been offered under very questionable conditions, and in a way that did not permit for the child the best opportunities. I have visited Hull-House in Chicago a number of times, and I have been wonderfully impressed at the interest taken there among the children, cosmopolitan as they are, in the little plays arranged by Miss Addams and her assistants.

At one time in Denver, we had what we called a Sunday afternoon Happy Hour, and I was wonderfully impressed with the latent talent displayed by some of the boys of the street, who frequently improvised their own songs and music, and their little "stunts," and not only the actors but the auditors seemed to obtain a peculiar and unusual delight from these performances. It was a different kind of enthusiastic applause and satisfaction from that witnessed in the ordinary professional theatre. They felt a certain personal and individual interest in the performance that, of course, could not be experienced in the ordinary theatre.

I believe we may recall that there was a time in history when the stage was depended upon as an educator rather than as an entertainer. Perhaps the newspapers and magazines had much to do with the changed conditions that came with their advent, but the fact remains that the stage is a powerful factor in the education of young people. I know from my own experience that it appeals powerfully, especially to that class of children we count neglected children; among





SCENES FROM THE STAGE III.

1. Frances Starr as Juanita in "The Rose of the Rancho."
2. Scene from "The Three of Us."
3. Minnie Dupree in "The Road to Yesterday."
4. Blanche Bates in "The Girl of the Golden West," Belasco's drama of early Californian life.

the foreign element, children whose opportunities have been poor and who generally reside in a quarter of the city considered unfavorable because of bad environment, etc. In my experience nothing has ever seemed to awaken their enthusiasm and interest as that particular work among them which can only be done through the medium of the stage.

I recently attended a meeting of the boys and girls in the Jewish settlement of Denver, and I was amazed at the interest these children took in their little debates and recitations, and what a powerful factor it seemed to be to bring out certain unsuspected qualities in many little (so-called) "ragamuffins of the street."

I have visited all the large industrial schools in this country (generally miscalled reform-schools), and in every one of these institutions, even more than in the public schools, the stage is being utilized as an educational factor. Recently I visited Lancaster, Ohio, where there are over a thousand boys between 10 and 16 or 17 years of age, and also Lansing, Mich., where there are nearly eight hundred boys of similar age. All of these boys, of course, were taken in hand by the State because of the commission of some wrongful act. The fact that they did a bad thing did not necessarily make them bad boys. I know that in each one of these schools I observed that the instructors called particular attention to the work they had done along this line. They spoke of it with the greatest enthusiasm. Its helpful influence among the boys was very evident. Surely, if this kind of work was such a powerful factor for good among the so-called delinquent children, how much more important it was, as it seemed to me, that it should be employed before they became delinquent, and as a means of preventing their delinquency by inspiring them with higher and nobler ideals. Of course, it was only one of many influences for good, but certainly an important one.

#### A BOSTON EXPERIENCE.

A notable movement has been inaugurated for the benefit of the school children in Boston, where under the auspices of the Education Committee of the Twentieth Century Club an Educational Series of English plays has been given since 1905, by arrangement with the lessees of the Castle Square Theatre,—one of the largest in Boston. A sufficient number of subscriptions—one dollar for the entire series of five plays—was guaranteed the theatre for teachers and children in the public schools of Boston and the neighborhood. And the following plays have been given by first-class companies to crowded houses of young scholars of both sexes and their teachers: "Much Ado About Nothing," "She Stoops to Conquer," "The Merchant of Venice," "Macbeth," "Julius Cæsar," "The Rivals," "Twelfth Night," "As You Like It," "The Merchant of Venice," with the happiest result upon the school work,—the plays being taken up as part of the work in English, both before and after the representation.

## AUGUSTUS THOMAS ON THE STAGE AS AN EDUCATOR—IN IDEALS.

By any person's ideal of anything we mean the best mental picture of that particular thing which that person is capable of forming. At different periods of his life, a person may have different ideals of the same thing. Very few persons hold throughout a lifetime one unchanging ideal of anything. For example, generally a boy's ideal father, that is, the best mental picture he can form of a father, will be his idea of his own father. It sometimes happens, as the boy grows older, and has added knowledge, that he sees, or thinks he sees, certain habits or points of character in his father that might have been improved. His idea of what the best father should be has thereby changed. His ideal has grown.

The value of an ideal is the strong disposition that we all have to be as much like that ideal as possible, the constant wish we all have to imitate it. If we ever grow to the standard of one of our ideals, we find that our imagination, our power to make a mental picture, has also grown, and we then make another and a better ideal, and begin growing toward that.

The imagination of most grown-up men has a long start ahead of their performance. That is also true of some boys. Most of us are capable of forming a mental picture of a man, so brave, so gentle, so true, so honest, so charitable, so chivalrous, so modest, so unselfish, that if we were to be that man for one week or perhaps one important day, we should do so at considerable immediate loss to our business, although many teachers believe that the perfect practice of all these virtues in daily life would finally result in business success and prosperity.

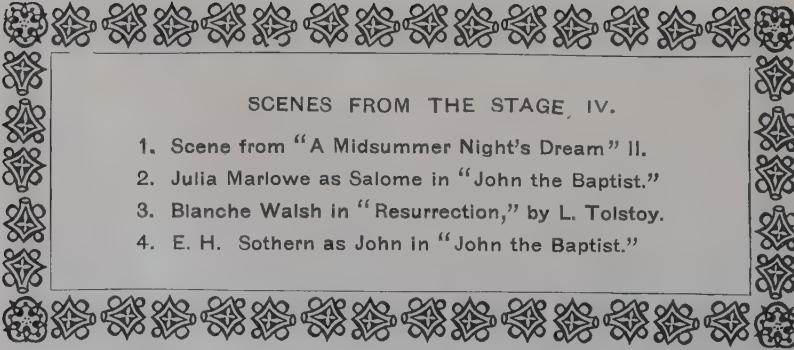
A brave fireman climbs a ladder and rescues a poor woman and her baby from a burning building. The next morning thousands of men, too fat to climb ladders, and too timid to go into burning buildings, read of the brave deed, and wipe from their eyes the tears of genuine emotional appreciation. The fireman had given their ideal performance of a fireman's duty.

Whenever, anywhere, a brave man willingly sacrifices his life for others, the heart of the whole world throbs one beat quicker. That hero was our representative. He acted as we hope we would have acted had his duty been our own.

Besides having our ideals realized in the occasional conduct of heroes, we have them realized in the theatre by means of the performance of dramas written for that purpose.

The best theatres and the best actors and the most improving dramas for their particular audiences, are in nurseries and attics. A boy with his lead soldiers playing Bunker Hill, or a girl with Mother's apron arranged as a trailing skirt, and playing "Kind lady, come to see," is realizing most completely the most improving ideal he or she is capable of entertaining at that time. When the boy becomes a man, and the girl becomes a woman, business and housekeeping afford





SCENES FROM THE STAGE, IV.

1. Scene from "A Midsummer Night's Dream" II.
2. Julia Marlowe as Salome in "John the Baptist."
3. Blanche Walsh in "Resurrection," by L. Tolstoy.
4. E. H. Sothern as John in "John the Baptist."

fewer opportunities for the realization of their brightest ideals, and they turn to the theatre to see their better dreams made substance.

The most successful and best loved dramas are those that realize in some form or other one of the ideals which most men and most women have already set up in their own hearts for their own guidance. Most good men and most good women have each formed in his or her heart a picture of a man or woman very like himself or herself, remaining, even through considerable difficulty and opposition, true and loyal to a sweetheart or a lover. Even bad men and unfortunate women are often cheered by such a mental picture. The majority of successful dramas are those which have in them a story showing this loyalty and truth between lovers. Loyalty of another kind, perhaps more popular with very young auditors, than the loyalty of lovers, is that between friends. Several successful plays are based upon the loyalty of friends.

Sacrifice of self or self-interest to the benefit or for the protection of another is a third popular exhibit in successful plays. Patriotism or loyalty to one's country or King is a fourth theme fairly popular.

After these plain and simple attachments, come others, such as devotion to an idea, to an abstract principle, or to one of the several virtues. But as the distinct human and personal note gets thinner or less evident in a play, the audiences get thinner and less in evidence in the theatre where the play is given.

It takes some literary education to decide rightly whether a play is well written. It requires some special knowledge of plays to judge truly whether one is well constructed, but any boy or girl of reasonable honesty can listen to a play, and then by looking into his or her own heart tell whether that play has a good subject. The subject of a play is its most important factor.

The greatest dramatists of every time and nation have always written with a feeling if not with a sure knowledge that the theatre was a place for the realization of ideals. The lessons from the plays that have lived, and from those that presumably will live, are always lessons that make the auditors stronger in their resolutions to do right themselves, and more charitable in their judgment of their fellow-men who have apparently done wrong.

Lessons learned in a theatre from a play are more agreeably learned than lessons in other ways and are remembered more vividly. A book speaks to the mind through the eye. A teacher speaks to the mind through the ear. The play in the theatre speaks to the mind through both the eye and the ear, by action and by word, and very often, when the play is accompanied by appropriate music, it speaks through a medium that is neither word nor action, and which, ignoring the reason, goes directly to the emotions, or as we say "to the heart," and the message is thereby three-fold.

The heart learns more quickly than the mind and remembers longer.

## F. F. MACKAY: IS THE STAGE AN EDUCATOR?

It is generally conceded that a study of history teaches the philosophy of political economy and social union.

A distinguished statesman once said, "I know of no way of judging the future but by the past."

Shakespeare says, "The purpose of playing, both at the first and now, was and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature; scorn her own image; and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure." We may deduce from this proposition that the stage, when properly guided in the production of properly constructed plays, based upon the principles enunciated by Shakespeare in the above sentence, should be and is an educator.

We may gather from Shakespeare's statement as to the purpose of playing, that he did not contemplate what is now called "the problem drama." Whether such dramas are educational in their last analysis is a question yet to be solved, for it runs into the question of psychology, and the psychology of the human being is affected continuously by impressions from environments. But when a play presents the age and body of the time, by which we understand the manners and customs of the period, we then have a work of reference from which we may deduce precedents worthy of emulation, or faults and defects in manners and customs to be avoided.

The word "education" means a leading out of the human mind in any given direction. A man may be educated in languages; he may be educated in the general philosophy of life, and through his knowledge of the philosophy of life he may deduce a correct system of morals or honesty toward his fellow men. While men are governed largely by impressions from environments, which sometimes control and diminish the force of heredity, they are very apt to be governed and directed by the last impressions made upon the mind.

The stage, at the present time, does not present, in the majority of performances given, a very elevating character of plays. It is true that at the present time more of Shakespeare's plays are occupying the stage than those of any other author, ancient or modern; still they do not occupy a sufficient space in the dramatic season of the United States to control and direct the educational force of which the proper dramatic play is capable.

It is contended that the theatre should be a place of amusement. Against this proposition no reasonable man will protest if the amusement is governed by the principle that in the world of amusement everything is legitimate that entertains and does not demoralize.

Upon this principle one may visit the theatre and witness the play of "Hamlet," or he may go to the circus and witness the tumblings and "jigs" of the clown; but, in either case, he will carry away an impression that is educational in its effect, for it will largely influence, not only his future actions, but his forms of speech. In either case, whether we witness a graceful and truthful portrayal of the thoughts

and philosophy of Shakespeare in the drama of "Hamlet," or whether we look at the tumblings and listen to the jokes of the clown, we find ourselves, after the play is over, quoting the thoughts of one or doing the gymnastics of the other. A happy blending of these two effects might be very efficient in developing the intellectual and the physical forces of the man. The old Roman motto "A sound mind in a sound body" is just as applicable to a healthful condition of society to-day as it was when first uttered.

We have some very clever dramatic authors in America, and there are, no doubt, many clever plays lying upon the shelf and waiting the favorable moment for their production by the authors; but unless the plays are extremely sensational, or made up of very light mental pabulum, the managers of the present day do not think it profitable to produce them. It is true the stage, or the theatre, is not the place for scientific or purely intellectual lectures; but there is no reason why the clever dramatist should not be able to present the virtues and follies of society in such form as to be at once interesting, amusing, and instructive; as he has done in countless instances in the past and will do in the future.

From the very earliest ages the drama has been considered educational, and in the time of Shakespeare even, men and women went to the theatre to listen to the intellectual force presented by Shakespeare, Jonson, Beaumont, Fletcher, Webster, and that class of men. The intellectual force of the litterateurs of that time was largely presented in dramas, for the libraries were not as rich in volumes as they are to-day and people went to the theatre for instruction as well as amusement. Indeed the ancient Greeks and Romans taught their philosophy and their morals largely through the theatre, of which *Æschylus*, Sophocles, Euripides, and Aristophanes are most notable examples. If, then, the present dramatic authors would comply with the rule laid down by Shakespeare, that "the purpose of playing, both at the first and now, was and is, to hold the mirror up to nature," the patrons of the drama would find cause for reflection. Reflection is the power that holds down and guides perception. So if people could see, as it were, in a mirror a reflection of their society, there might be engendered a power for improving their present and future conduct of life by the lesson of such presentations. A view of their follies might be amusing, and a presentation of their faults might teach them how to improve. This would be educational. A rôle which the stage has often filled, and might do so more often.

## OUR STAGE TO-DAY.

BY HENRY ARTHUR JONES, M. A. (HARVARD).

I DO not think it can be doubted that the theatre, considered as something apart from the drama, has a far tighter hold upon all classes in America than in England; it is much more of an institution, less of an after-dinner entertainment. Its popularity in all the large cities is enormous, and is constantly growing.

It would be interesting to compare the nightly receipts taken to witness plays, as distinct from variety entertainments, in the large cities of America, with the nightly receipts taken to witness plays, as distinct from variety entertainments, in the large cities of England. The result would, I doubt not, be enormously in favor of America. This is, of course, only an outward and visible sign, which may, or may not, be allied to an inward and spiritual grace. But I do not think any impartial observer can doubt that the average American audience has a somewhat different attitude towards a play from that which is characteristic of the average English audience; there is more electricity in the air, more alertness, and what strikes one most of all, the American audience shows no suspicion of ill-temper.

I have been present at one or two first-night failures in New York; the audience were evidently not pleased with the play. Strange to say, they did not boo or hiss! Some of them quietly left the theatre, the others quietly remained to the end, and gave a courteous, but not an enthusiastic, reception to the actors. This customary first-night politeness does not save bad or unpopular plays; but it gives a chance of success to those plays of merit which, amongst the thousand caprices of production, may, for some reason or other, fail to please on the first night. I believe this urbane spirit amongst first-night audiences is of great value to the development of the drama. It allows, and encourages, experiment; and, accordingly, we find, among many other encouraging signs of intellectual advance on the American stage, that plays by writers like Ibsen and Maeterlinck have comparatively long and prosperous runs.

In America, as in England, one great crying need is felt by all who know and can judge what schools of acting mean, by all who have watched the results of such training as is given at the Théâtre Français, such as was given in our old provincial stock companies. I mean the need of a training school, which also gives to actors constant and varied practice before the public. Those who are curious to know what such training means to a dramatic author may be asked to watch carefully the methods and resources, say, of Lionel Brough or of Mrs. Charles Calvert, on the English stage; or, indeed, of any actors who were trained in the old school. In America, as in England, the absence of such a school of training must be appar-

ent to any one who is really acquainted with the very great art of acting. But stock companies are still numerous in outlying American cities, and send valuable recruits to the metropolitan stage. And, further, American actors gain in breadth, if, perhaps, they lose in finish, by having to speak on larger stages.

An interesting experiment, one that may go a little way to counteract the baneful effect on actors of long runs, is that which is sometimes made on the American stage, of interchanging rôles. I had the great delight of watching the original Mrs. Dane in England, and the original Mrs. Dane in America, as they alternated their parts in successive performances. Miss Ashwell's fine and moving performance is admired equally in New York as in London, and she was most enthusiastically received. Miss Margaret Anglin's performance was on rather different lines, but was equally admirable and powerful. America has a fine tragic actress in Margaret Anglin. All her performances show great power and distinction; she shines in comedy as in tragedy. This experiment of alternating rôles is one that might, perhaps, be copied on the London stage; sometimes with conspicuous advantage to one of the actors; sometimes with considerable enlightenment to the audience; sometimes, I think, in bare justice to the author. It might pave the way to another custom that one would like to see introduced: that is, the appearance of a leading actor or actress in modern rôles which have been "created" (to use the quaint phraseology in vogue) by other leading actors and actresses.

We constantly see the great French actresses and actors appearing in modern rôles which have been "created" by other French actors and actresses. To name one instance in a hundred, we were given a chance of seeing Sarah Bernhardt in *Francillon* almost immediately after it had been "created" by Bartet—recently, we have seen the great Coquelin in a quite secondary part in a modern comedy after it had been "created" by another actor in Paris. What a lesson in acting, and in modesty! I tremble to think what would happen to the English author who would dare to ask an (imaginary) English actor of Coquelin's standing: "Will you please play this quite secondary and quite unsympathetic rôle in my play for a few performances?" Yet how Coquelin scored! A short time ago a revival of a successful English comedy was contemplated; the leading part was offered to a leading English actor, but was refused on the grounds that he could not afford to play the part, as Mr. —— (another leading English actor) had "created" it. Surely the custom of interchanging parts on the stage could not be other than illuminating.

I have now touched upon the main facts that struck me as an English visitor to the American theatres. But these facts and tendencies of the American theatre are of quite secondary import and significance when compared with the rapid progress of two movements recently started in circles somewhat outside and apart from the general body of the playgoing public. If any one were asked to

name the reason that the French have a national drama and the English have none, he would say: "The French drama is a part of French literature, and is honored as a fine art; the English drama is considered as an amusement pure and simple, is judged on that level, and is not suspected by English playgoers to be a fine art."

In America, two recent movements go to indicate the progress of the national drama and its elevation into a fine art. There is in all the large cities a very definite movement towards the establishment and endowment of a national theatre. Americans have a relentless habit of getting things done. They are wisely and generously receptive in matters of art. A great sum of money will be spent to endow this national theatre. It will attract all the best talent in acting and authorship of the English-speaking race. If wisely managed, it will inevitably become the leading theatre where English is spoken. In other cities—outside New York—Chicago, for instance—a repertoire theatre is already in working order, and receives gratifying and increasing support.

A like movement is afoot in Boston and the other large cities. But national theatres are mere mausoleums of the drama, as cathedrals are mere mausoleums of religion, unless a live flame of spiritual impulse lights them up. This live flame of interest in the drama seems to be already kindled in America.

In the leading American universities, in Harvard and Yale, the greatest interest is taken in modern drama. Professor Baker at Harvard, and Professor Phelps at Yale, have wisely led and encouraged this interest in their students. I believe that the action of Professor Baker and Professor Phelps will have lasting results upon the future national American drama. Already an outside popular supplementary interest has been created. But it is not only in the universities that a serious intellectual inquiry has been raised concerning the modern drama. The action of Professor Baker and Professor Phelps has incidentally aroused a keen interest in the modern drama in all the schools and colleges of America. And this, in its turn, has started a demand for the modern printed drama among the general playgoers of America. Now an interest in the printed drama, a continual study of the modern plays in actual vogue, is our chief security against all kinds of imposture on the stage. This is the second movement that is nascent among American playgoers, their interest in modern printed dramas. It is allied to, it is chiefly derived from, the new interest that has recently been quickened in the American universities.

## ELEONORA DUSE.

BY ARTHUR SYMONS.

**E**LEONORA DUSE is a great artist, the type of the artist, and it is only by accident that she is an actress. Circumstances having made her an actress, she is the greatest of living actresses; she would have been equally great in any other art. She is an actress through being the antithesis of the actress; not, indeed, by mere reliance upon nature, but by controlling nature into the forms of her desire, as the sculptor controls the clay under his fingers. She is the artist of her own soul, and it is her force of will, her mastery of herself, not her abandonment to it, which make her what she is.

A great, impersonal force, rushing towards the light, looking to every form of art for help, for sustenance, for inspiration; a soul which lives on the passionate contemplation of beauty, of all the forms of beauty, without preference for Monteverde or Rodin, for Dante or Leonardo; an intelligence alert to arrest every wandering idea that can serve it; Duse seems to live in every nerve and brain-cell with a life which is sleepless and unslackening. She loves art so devotedly that she hates the mockery of her own art, in which disdain forces her to be faultless; hating the stage, wondering why some one in the audience does not rise from his seat, and leap upon the stage, and cry, "Enough of this!" she acts half mechanically, with herself, pulling up all the rags of her own soul, as she says, and flinging them in the face of the people, in a contemptuous rage. When she is not on the stage she forgets the stage; if, in the street, some words of one of her parts come to her with a shiver, it is some passage of poetry, some vivid speech in which a soul speaks. Why she acts as she does, and how she succeeds in being so great an artist while hating her art, is her secret, she tells us; hinting that it is sorrow, discontent, thwarted desires, that have tortured and exalted her into a kind of martyrdom of artistic mastery, on the other side of which the serenity of a pained but indomitable soul triumphs.

To those who have seen Duse only across the footlights, Duse must be impenetrable, almost the contradiction of herself. As one talks with her one begins to realize the artist through the woman. There is in her a sombre and hypnotic quietude, as she broods in meditation, her beautiful, firm hand grasping the arm of the chair without movement, but so tightly that the knuckles grow rigid; her body droops sideways in the chair, her head rests on her other hand, the eyes are like a drowsy flame; the whole body thinks. Her face is sad with thought, with the passing over it of all the emotions of the world, which she has felt twice over, in her own flesh and in the creative

From "Studies in Seven Arts." E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

energy of her spirit. Her stillness is the stillness of one in the act to spring. There is no transition from the energy of speech to the energy of silence. When she speaks, the words leap from her lips one after another, hurrying, but always in colored clothes, and with beautiful movements. As she listens silently to music, she seems to remember, and to drink in nourishment for her soul, as she drinks in perfume, greedily, from flowers, as she possesses a book or a picture, almost with violence. I have never seen a woman so passionate after beauty. I have never seen a woman so devoured by the life of the soul, by the life of the mind, by the life of the body.

When she talks intently with some one whose ideas interest her, she leaves her chair, comes and sits down quite close, leans over till her face almost touches one's face, the eyes opening wider and wider until one sees an entire rim of white about the great brown pupils; but, though she occasionally makes a gesture, she never touches one, never lays her hand on one's sleeve; remains impersonal, though so close. Her intent eyes see nothing but the ideas behind one's forehead; she has no sense of the human nearness of body to body, only of the intellectual closeness of soul to soul. She is a woman always, but she is a woman almost in the abstract; the senses are asleep, or awake only to give passion and substance to the disembodied energy of the intellect. When she speaks of beautiful things her face takes light as from an inner source; the dark and pallid cheeks curve into sensitive folds, the small, thin-lipped mouth, scarcely touched with color, grows half tender, half ironical, as if smiling at its own abandonment to delight; an exquisite tremor awakens in it, as if it brushed against the petal of a flower, and thrilled at the contact; then the mouth opens, freely, and the strong white teeth glitter in a vehement smile.

I have seen her before a Rodin, a Whistler, and a Turner. As she handled the little piece of clay, in which two figures, suggested, not expressed, embrace passionately, in a tightening quiver of the whole body, which seems to thrill under one's eyesight, it seemed as if force drank in force until the soul of the woman passed into the clay, and the soul of the clay passed into the woman. As she stood before the portrait of Carlyle, which she had never seen, though a photograph of it goes with her wherever she goes, there was the quietude of content, perfect satisfaction, before a piece of ardent and yet chastened perfection. As she moved about the room of the Turners, in the National Gallery, it was with little cries, with a sort of unquiet joy. "The dear madman!" she repeated, before picture after picture, in which a Venice, so false to the Venice which she knew, so true to a Venice which had been actually thus seen, rose up like a mist of opals, all soft flame and rushing light. And, her eyes full of that intoxication, she almost ran out of the gallery, refusing to look to right or left, that she might shut down her eyelids upon their vision.

Here are a few of her words, written down from memory, as nearly as I can in the way she said them; but how empty, as I see them written down, of the color and life of the words themselves!

"To save the theatre, the theatre must be destroyed, the actors and actresses must all die of the plague. They poison the air, they make art impossible. It is not drama that they play, but pieces for the theatre. We should return to the Greeks, play in the open air; the drama dies of stalls and boxes and evening dress, and people who come to digest their dinner.

"The one happiness is to shut one's door upon a little room, with a table before me, and to create; to create life in that isolation from life.

"We must bow before the poet, even when it seems to us that he does wrong. He is a poet, he has seen something, he has seen it in that way; we must accept his vision because it is vision.

"Since Shakespeare and the Greeks there has been no great dramatist, and these gathered up into themselves the whole life of the people and the whole work of their contemporaries. When we say Shakespeare we mean all the Elizabethan drama. Ibsen? Ibsen is like this room where we are sitting, with all the tables and chairs. Do I care whether you have twenty or twenty-five links on your chain? Hedda Gabler, Nora, and the rest: it is not that I want! I want Rome and the Coliseum, the Acropolis, Athens; I want beauty, and the flame of life. Maeterlinck? I adore Maeterlinck. Maeterlinck is a flower. But he only gives me figures in a mist. Yes, as you say, children and spirits.

"I have tried, I have failed, I am condemned to play Sardou and Pinero. Some day another woman will come, young, beautiful, a being all of fire and flame, and will do what I have dreamed; yes, I am sure of it, it will come; but I am tired, at my age I cannot begin over again. Ah, my dear friend [to Dolmetsch] how happy you are here. What are those boards up there? You have had them for twelve years, you say, and they are ripening to be made into instruments; they are only boards now, one day they will sing. My head is full of old boards like that.

"Rossetti is like a perverse young man who has been nicely brought up: he does not give himself up to it, he is only half himself. Look at Watts's portrait: the fine, mad eyes, and then the weak and heavy chin. The eyes desire some feverish thing, but the mouth and chin hesitate in pursuit. All Rossetti is in that story of the MS. buried in his wife's coffin. He could do it, he could repent of it; but he should have gone and taken it back himself: he sent his friends!

"Rossetti's Italian verse, how can I give you an idea of it? Suppose a blind man, and one puts before him a bouquet of flowers, and he smells it, and says: 'This is jasmine, and this is a rose,' but he says it like one who does not know flowers.

"At Athens, in the Museum, there is the mask of a tragic actress; the passion of sorrow, seen for a moment on the face of a woman on the stage, is engraved into it, like a seal. In Rome, quite lately, they have found a bronze head, which has lain under water for centuries; the features are almost effaced, but it is beautiful, as if veiled; the water has passed over it like a caress.

"I have known Wagner in Venice, I have been in Bayreuth, and I saw in Wagner what I feel in his music, a touch of something a little conscious in his supremacy. Wagner said to himself: 'I will do what I want to do, I will force the world to accept me'; and he succeeded, but not in making us forget his intention. The music, after all, never quite abandons itself, is never quite without self-consciousness, it is a tremendous sensuality, not the unconsciousness of passion. When Beethoven writes music he forgets both himself and the world, is conscious only of joy, or sorrow, or the mood which has taken him for its voice.

"Do you remember what Flaubert, that little priest, said of Shakespeare? 'If I had met Shakespeare on the stairs, I should have fainted.' The people I would like to have met are Shakespeare and Velasquez.

"Could I live without the stage? You should not have said that. I have passed three years without acting. I act because I would rather do other things. If I had my will I would live in a ship on the sea, and never come nearer to humanity than that."

The face of Duse is a mask for the tragic passions, a mask which changes from moment to moment, as the soul models the clay of the body after its own changing image. Imagine Rodin at work on a lump of clay. The shapeless thing awakens under his fingers, a vague life creeps into it, hesitating among the forms of life; it is desire, waiting to be born, and it may be born as pity or anguish, love or pride; so fluid is it to the touch, so humbly does it await the accident of choice. The face of Duse is like the clay under the fingers of Rodin. But with her there can be no choice, no arresting moment of repose; but an endless flowing onward of emotion, like tide flowing after tide, moulding and effacing continually. Watch her in that scene of "La Dame aux Camélias," where Armand's father pleads with Marguerite to give up her lover for the sake of her love. She sits there quietly beside the table, listening and saying nothing, thinking mournfully, debating with herself, conquering herself, making the great decision. The outline of the face is motionless, set hard, clenched into immobility; but within that motionless outline every nerve seems awake, expression after expression sweeps over it, each complete for its instant, each distinct, each like the finished expression of the sculptor, rather than the uncertain forms of life, as they appear to us in passing. The art of the actor, it is supposed, is to give, above all things, this sense of the passing moment, and to give

it by a vivacity in expression which shall more than compete with life itself. That is the effective thing; but what Duse does is, after all, the right thing. We have rarely, in real life, the leisure to watch an emotion in which we are the sharers. But there are moments, in any great crisis, when the soul seems to stand back and look out of impersonal eyes, seeing things as they are. At such moments it is possible to become aware of the beauty, the actual plastic beauty, of passionate or sorrowful emotion, as it interprets itself, in all its succession of moods, upon the face. At such moments, as at the supreme moment of death, all the nobility of which a soul is capable comes transformingly into the body; which is then, indeed, neither the handmaid, nor the accomplice, nor the impediment of the soul, but the soul's visible identity. The art of Duse is to do over again, consciously, this sculpture of the soul upon the body.

The reason why Duse is the greatest actress in the world is that she has a more subtle nature than any other actress, and that she expresses her nature more simply. All her acting seems to come from a great depth, and to be only half telling profound secrets. No play has ever been profound enough, and simple enough, for this woman to say everything she has to say in it. When she has thrilled one, or made one weep, or exalted one with beauty, she seems to be always holding back something else. Her supreme distinction comes from the kind of melancholy wisdom which remains in her face after the passions have swept over it. Other actresses seem to have heaped up into one great, fictitious moment all the scattered energies of their lives, the passions that have come to nothing, the sensations that have withered before they flowered, the thoughts that have never quite been born. The stage is their life; they live only for those three hours of the night; before and after are the intervals between the acts. But to Duse those three hours are the interval in an intense, consistent, strictly personal life; and, the interval over, she returns to herself, as after an interruption.

And this unique fact makes for her the particular quality of her genius. When she is on the stage she does not appeal to us with the conscious rhetoric of the actress; she lets us overlook her, with an unconsciousness which study has formed into a second nature. When she is on the stage she is always thinking; at times, when the playing of her part is to her a mere piece of contemptuous mechanism, she thinks of other things, and her acting suddenly becomes acting, as in "Fedora" and all but the end of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray." At every moment of a play in which emotion becomes sincere, intelligent, or in which it is possible to transform an artificial thing into reality, she is profoundly true to the character she is representing, by being more and more profoundly herself. Then it is Magda, or Gioconda, or Marguerite Gautier who thinks, feels, lives, endures love and anguish and shame and happiness before us; and it is Magda, or Gioconda, or Marguerite Gautier because it is the primary

emotion, the passion itself, everything in it which is most personal because it is most universal.

To act as Duse acts, with an art which is properly the antithesis of what we call acting, is, no doubt, to fail in a lesser thing in order to triumph in a greater. Her greatest moments are the moments of most intense quietness; she does not send a shudder through the whole house, as Sarah Bernhardt does, playing on one's nerves as on a violin. "Action," with her as with Rimbaud, "is a way of spoiling something," when once action has mastered thought, and got loose to work its own way in the world. It is a disturbance, not an end in itself; and the very expression of emotion, with her, is all a restraint, the quieting down of a tumult until only the pained reflection of it glimmers out of her eyes, and trembles among the hollows of her cheeks. Contrast her art with the art of Irving, to whom acting is at once a science and a tradition. To Irving, acting is all that the word literally means; it is an art of sharp, detached, yet always delicate movement; he crosses the stage with intention, as he intentionally adopts a fine, crabbed, personal, highly conventional elocution of his own; he is an actor, and he, acts, keeping nature, or the too close semblance of nature, carefully out of his composition. He has not gone to himself to invent an art wholly personal, wholly new; his acting is no interruption of an intense inner life, but a craftsmanship into which he has put all he has to give. It is an art wholly rhetoric, that is to say, wholly external; his emotion moves to slow music, crystallizes into an attitude, dies upon a long-drawn-out word. And it is this external, rhetorical art, this dramatized oratory, that we have always understood as acting, until Duse came upon the stage with new ideas and a new method. At once rhetoric disappeared, with all that is obvious in its loss, as well as what is somewhat less obviously gained by it. Duse's art, in this, is like the art of Verlaine in French poetry; always suggestion, never statement, always a renunciation. It comes into the movement of all the arts, as they seek to escape from the bondage of form, by a new, finer mastery of form, wrought outwards from within, not from without inwards. And it conquers almost the last obstacle, as it turns the one wholly external art, based upon mere imitation, existing upon the commonest terms of illusion, triumphing by exaggeration, into an art wholly subtle, almost spiritual, a suggestion, an evasion, a secrecy.

## PANTOMIME AND DANCING.

BY ARTHUR SYMONS.

**I**T might be contended that in the art of the theatre an absolute criticism can admit nothing between pantomime and the poetic drama. In these two extremes, drama in outline and drama elaborated to the final point, the appeal is to the primary emotions, and with an economy and luxuriance of means, each of which is in its own way inimitable. It is an error to believe that pantomime is merely a way of doing without words, that it is merely the equivalent of words. Pantomime is thinking overheard. It begins and ends before words have formed themselves, in a deeper consciousness than that of speech. And it addresses itself, by the artful limitations of its craft, to universal human experience, knowing that the moment it departs from those broad lines it will become unintelligible. It risks existence on its own perfection, as the rope-dancer does, to whom a false step means downfall. And it appeals, perhaps a little too democratically, to people of all nations. Becoming aristocratic, getting sheer through the accidents of life without staying by the way in the manner of the realistic drama, it adds the beauty of primary emotions, and is the poetic drama. Between lie the non-essentials, a kind of waste.

All drama, until one comes to the poetic drama, is an imitation of life, as a photograph is an imitation of life; and for this reason it can have, at the best, but a secondary kind of imaginative existence, the appeal of the mere copy. To the poetic drama nature no longer exists; or rather, nature becomes, as it has been truly said nature should become to the painter, a dictionary. Here is choice, selection, combination: the supreme interference of beauty. Pantomime, in its limited way, is again no mere imitation of nature: it is a transposition, as an etching transposes a picture. It observes nature in order that it may create a new form for itself, a form which, in its enigmatic silence, appeals straight to the intellect for its comprehension, and, like ballet, to the intellect through the eyes.

And pantomime has that mystery which is one of the requirements of true art. To watch it is like dreaming. How silently, in dreams, one gathers the unheard sound of words from the lips that do but make pretence of saying them! And does not every one know that terrifying impossibility of speaking which fastens one to the ground for the eternity of a second, in what is the new, perhaps truer, computation of time in dreams? Something like that sense of suspense seems to hang over the silent actors in pantomime, giving them a nervous exaltation which has its subtle, immediate effect upon us, in

From "Studies in Seven Arts." New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

tragic or comic situation. The silence becomes an atmosphere, and with a very curious power of giving distinction to form and motion.

I do not see why people should ever break silence on the stage except to speak poetry. Here, in pantomime, you have a gracious, expressive silence, beauty of gesture, a perfectly discreet appeal to the emotions, a transposition of the world into an elegant, accepted convention: in a word, all the outlines of the picture. Poetry comes, not only looking beautiful, not only excluding what should not be there, but saying beautiful things, the only things worth saying when once words begin to be used, not for their mere utility (the ordering of dinner, a bargain, the arrangement of one's affairs), but for their beauty in a form of art. Here is the picture completed, awaiting only, for its ideal presentment, the interpretative accompaniment of music, which Wagner will give it, in what is so far the most complete form of art yet realized.

#### THE STAGE AND DANCING.

The abstract thinker, to whom the question of practical morality is indifferent, has always loved dancing, as naturally as the moralist has hated it. The Puritan, from his own point of view, is always right, though it suits us, often enough, for wider reasons, to deny his logic. The dance is life, animal life, having its own way passionately. Part of that natural madness which men were once wise enough to include in religion, it began with the worship of the disturbing deities, the gods of ecstasy, for whom wantonness, and wine, and all things in which energy passes into an ideal excess, were sacred. It was cast out of religion when religion cast out nature: for, like nature itself, it is a thing of evil to those who renounce instincts. From the first it has mimed the instincts. It can render birth and death, and it is always going over and over the eternal pantomime of love; it can be all the passions, and all the languors; but it idealizes these mere acts, gracious or brutal, into more than a picture; for it is more than a beautiful reflection, it has in it life itself, as it shadows life; and it is farther from life than a picture. Humanity, youth, beauty, playing the part of itself, and consciously, in a travesty, more natural than nature, more artificial than art: but we lose ourselves in the boundless bewilderments of its contradictions.

The dance, then, is art because it is doubly nature: and if nature, as we are told, is sinful, it is doubly sinful. A waltz, in a drawing-room, takes us suddenly out of all that convention, away from those guardians of our order who sit around the walls, approvingly, unconsciously; in its winding motion it raises an invisible wall about us, shutting us off from the whole world, in with ourselves; in its fatal rhythm, never either beginning or ending, slow, insinuating, gathering impetus which must be held back, which must rise into the blood, it tells us that life flows even as that, so passionately and so easily and so inevitably; and it is possession and abandonment.

the very pattern and symbol of earthly love. Here is nature (to be renounced, to be at least restrained) hurried violently, deliberately, to boiling point. And now look at the dance, on the stage, a mere spectator. Here are all these young bodies, made more alluring by an artificial heightening of whites and reds on the face, displaying, employing, all their natural beauty, themselves full of the sense of joy in motion, or affecting that enjoyment, offered to our eyes like a bouquet of flowers, a bouquet of living flowers, which have all the glitter of artificial ones. As they dance, under the changing lights, so human, so remote, so desirable, so evasive, coming and going to the sound of a thin, heady music which marks the rhythm of their movements like a kind of clinging drapery, they seem to sum up in themselves the appeal of everything in the world that is passing, and colored, and to be enjoyed; everything that bids us take no thought for the morrow, and dissolve the will into slumber, and give way luxuriously to the delightful present.

How fitly then, in its very essence, does the art of dancing symbolize life; with so faithful a rendering of its actual instincts! And to the abstract thinker, as to the artist, all this really primitive feeling, all this acceptance of the instincts which it idealizes, and out of which it makes its own beauty, is precisely what gives dancing its pre-eminence among the more than imitative arts. The artist, it is indeed true, is never quite satisfied with his statue which remains cold, does not come to life. In every art men are pressing forward, more and more eagerly, farther and farther beyond the limits of their art, in the desire to do the impossible: to create life. Realizing all humanity to be but a masque of shadows, and this solid world an impromptu stage as temporary as they, it is with a pathetic desire of some last illusion, which shall deceive even ourselves, that we are consumed with this hunger to create, to make something for ourselves, of at least the same shadowy reality as that about us. The art of the ballet awaits us, with its shadowy and real life, its power of letting humanity drift into a rhythm so much of its own, and with ornament so much more generous than its wont.

And something in the particular elegance of the dance, the scenery; the avoidance of emphasis, the evasive, winding turn of things; and, above all, the intellectual as well as sensuous appeal of a living symbol, which can but reach the brain through the eyes, in the visual, concrete, imaginative way; has seemed to make the ballet concentrate in itself a good deal of the modern ideal in matters of artistic expression. Nothing is stated, there is no intrusion of words used for the irrelevant purpose of describing; a world rises before one, the picture lasts only long enough to have been there: and the dancer, with her gesture, all pure symbol, evokes, from her mere beautiful motion, idea, sensation, all that one need ever know of event. There, before you, she exists, in harmonious life; and her rhythm reveals to you the soul of her imagined being.

## THE EARLIEST ATTACK ON THE ENGLISH STAGE.

BY JOHN NORTHBROOKE.

NOTE.—The following throws an interesting side light on the article, “The Drama before Shakespeare.” See page 265.

**T**HE book described below is the earliest attack published in English against plays and the performances of them in public, preceding the more noted assault from Stephen Gosson by about six months. It is inferred that Northbrooke’s “Treatise,” as far as regards plays and players, was provoked by the recent building of two theatres seeing that he mentions the members by name.

His attack runs in the form of a dialogue between youth and age. It commences with a dissertation against idleness, and it is not until p. 28 that the disputants begin to consider the effects of “vaine plaies and enterludes.”

Youth asks the opinion of Age “touching Plaies and Plaiers, which are commonly used and much frequented, especially here in this noble and honourable citie of London.”

Age goes at large into the question, mentioning how theatres “with other such lyke places besides” (alluding perhaps to the playhouse which had just been constructed in Blackfriars), and gathering indignation as he proceeds. Finally he bursts out: “Truly, you may see dayly what multitudes are gathered together at these Plaies, of all sorts, to the great displeasure of almighty God and danger of their souls.” Each of his arguments he follows up with a battery of citations from St. Chrysostom, St. Ambrose, St. Augustine, and other fathers of the Church. When youth ventures to urge “that many times they played histories out of the Scriptures,” his indignation culminates against such people, as on that account contend that “Plaies are as good as sermons.” “Many,” he adds, “can tarrie at a vayne Plaie two or three Hours, when as they will not abide scarce one Houre at a Sermon.”

His definition of Tragedy and Comedy will also bear repetition: “A Tragedie is properlie a kinde of Plaie, in the which, calamities & miserable endes of Kyngs, Princes and great Rulers are described & set forth, and it hath for the most part, a sadde and heauie beginning and ending. A Comedie hath in it, humble & private persons, it beginneth with turbulent & troublesome matters, but it hath a merrie ende.”

From “A Treatise wherein Dicing, Dauncing, Vaine Plaiese or Enterludes with other idle pastimes, etc., commonly used on the Sabbath day are reproved by the authoritie of the words of God and auncient writers. Made Dialoguewise by John Northbrooke, etc. Imprinted at London by Thomas Dawson, for George Bishoppe, Anno, 1579.”

## STORIES OF THE STANDARD OPERAS.

BY CHARLES ANNESLEY.

L'AFRICaine. Opera in 5 acts by Meyerbeer. Text by  
E. Scribe, translated by Gumpert.

THE first scene is laid in Lisbon. Donna Ines, Admiral Diego's daughter, is to give her hand to Don Pedro, a counsellor of King Emmanuel of Portugal. But she has pledged her faith to Vasco da Gama, who has been sent with Diaz, the navigator, to double the Cape, in order to seek for a new land, containing treasures similar to those discovered by Columbus. Reports have reached Lisbon that the whole fleet has been destroyed, when suddenly Vasco da Gama appears before the assembled council of state.

He eloquently describes the dangers of the unknown seas near the Cape and gives an account of the shipwreck, from which he alone has escaped. He then places his maps before the council, endeavoring to prove that beyond Africa there is another country, yet to be explored and conquered.

Vasco has on his way home picked up a man and a woman of an unknown race. Those slaves, however, stubbornly refuse to betray the name of their country, and a lively debate ensues between the Grand Inquisitor and the younger, more enlightened members of the council, as to the course which should be adopted with Vasco. At last, owing to the irritation caused by his violent reproaches, fanaticism is victorious, and instead of being furnished with a ship to explore those unknown lands, he is thrown into prison, on the plea of his being a heretic, for having maintained the existence of countries which were not mentioned in the Holy Scriptures.

The second act takes place in a cell of the Inquisition, in which Vasco has been languishing for a month past, in the company of the strange slaves Nelusco and Selica. The latter has lost her heart to the proud Portuguese, who saved her and her companion from a slave-ship. But Vasco is only thinking of Ines, and Nelusco, who honors in Selica not only his Queen, but the woman of his love, tried to stab Vasco—the Christian, whom he hates with a deadly hatred. Selica hinders him and rouses the sleeping Vasco, who has been dreaming of and planning his voyage to the unknown country.

Selica now shows him on the map the way to her native isle, and he vows her eternal gratitude. His liberty is indeed near at hand, for hardly has he given his vow than Ines steps in to announce that Vasco is free. She has paid dearly for her lover's deliverance, however, for she has given her hand to Vasco's rival Don Pedro, who, having got all Vasco's plans and maps, is commissioned by government to set out on the voyage of discovery.

Ines has been told that Vasco has forgotten her for Selica the

slave. In order to prove his fidelity, our ungrateful hero immediately presents her with the two slaves, and Don Pedro resolves to make use of them for his exploration.

In the third act we are on board of Don Pedro's ship in the Indian seas. Donna Ines is with her husband and Nelusco has been appointed pilot. Don Alvar, a member of the council and Don Pedro's friend, warns the latter that Nelusco is meditating treason, for they have already lost two ships; but Pedro disregards the warning. A typhoon arises, and Nelusco turns the ship again northward. But Vasco has found means to follow them on a small sailing vessel; he overtakes them and, knowing the spot well where Diaz was shipwrecked, he entreats them to change their course, his only thought being Donna Ines' safety. But Pedro, delighted to have his rival in his power, orders him to be bound and shot. Ines, hearing his voice, invokes her husband's mercy. Just then the tempest breaks out, the vessel strikes upon a rock and the cannibals inhabiting the neighboring country leap on board to liberate their Queen Selica and to massacre the whole crew, in the fulfilment of which intention they are, however, arrested by Selica.

In the following acts Selica resides as Queen on the Isle of Madagascar. The people render her homage, but her priests demand the strangers' lives as a sacrifice to their gods, while the women are condemned to inhale the poisoned perfume of the Manzanillo-tree.—In order to save Vasco, Selica proclaims him her husband and takes Nelusco as witness, swearing to him that if Vasco is sacrificed she will die with him. Nelusco, whose love for his Queen is greater even than his hatred for Vasco, vouches for their being man and wife, and the people now proceed to celebrate the solemn rites of marriage.

Vasco, at last recognizing Selica's great love, and believing Ines dead, once more vows eternal fidelity to her, but alas! hearing the voice of Ines, who is about to be led to death, he turns pale and Selica but too truly divines the reason.

In the fifth act Selica is resolved to put her rival to death. She sends for her, but perceiving Ines' love, her wrath vanishes, her magnanimity soars above her hatred of the Christians, and she orders Nelusco to bring Ines and Vasco on board of a ship about to sail for Portugal.

Selica herself, unable to endure life without her beloved one, proceeds to the Cape, where the Manzanillo-tree spreads his poisonous shade.—Her eyes fastened on the vast ocean and on the white sail of the retiring vessel, she inhales the sweet but deadly perfume of the blossoms, and the returning Nelusco finds her dying, while an unseen chorus consoles her with the thought that in Love's eternal domain all are equal.

**Aïda.** Grand Romantic Opera in 4 acts by Giuseppe Verdi. Text by Antonio Ghislanzoni. Translated into German by S. Schanz. English version by Kenney.

The scene of action is alternately Memphis and Thebes, and the story belongs to the period when the Pharaohs sat on the throne.

In the first act we see the King's palace at Memphis. Ramphis, the High Priest of Pharaoh, announces to the Egyptian General Radamès that the Ethiopians are in revolt and that the goddess Isis has decided who shall be leader of the army sent out against them. Radamès secretly hopes to be the elected, in order to win the Ethiopian slave Aïda, whom he loves, not knowing that she is a King's daughter.

Enter Amneris, daughter of Pharaoh. She loves Radamès without his knowledge and so does Aïda. Amneris, suspecting this, swears to avenge herself, should her suspicion prove correct.

The King's messenger announces that Amonasro, the Ethiopian King (Aïda's father), is marching to the capital, and that Radamès is chosen to conquer the foe. Radamès goes to the temple to invoke the benediction of the goddess and to receive the sacred arms.

In the second act Amneris, in order to test Aïda's feelings, tells her that Radamès fell in battle, and finds her doubts confirmed by Aïda's terror. Amneris openly threatens her rival, and both hasten to receive the soldiers, who return victorious. In Radamès' suite walks King Amonasro, who has been taken prisoner, disguised as a simple officer. Aïda recognizes her father, and Amonasro telling his conqueror that the Ethiopian King has fallen, implores his clemency. Radamès, seeing Aïda in tears, adds his entreaties to those of the Ethiopian; and Pharaoh decides to set the prisoners free, with the exception of Aïda's father, who is to stay with his daughter. Pharaoh then gives Amneris to Radamès as a recompense for his services.

In the third act Amonasro has discovered the mutual love of his daughter and Radamès and resolves to make use of it. While Amneris prays in the temple that her bridegroom may give his whole heart to her, Amonasro bids his daughter discover the secret of the Egyptian war-plans from her lover. Amonasro hides himself, and Aïda has an interview with Radamès, in which he reveals all to her. She persuades him to fly with her, when Amonasro shows himself, telling him that he has heard all and confessing that he is the Ethiopian King. While they are speaking, Amneris overtakes and denounces them. Amonasro escapes with his daughter, Radamès remains in the land of Ramphis, the High Priest.

In the fourth act Radamès is visited in his cell by Amneris, who promises to save him from the awful death of being buried alive, if he renounces Aïda. But Radamès refuses, though she tells him that Aïda has fled into her country, her father being slain on their flight.

Amneris at length regrets her jealousy and repents, but too late!

Nothing can save Radamès, and she is obliged to see him led into his living tomb. Amneris curses the priests, who close the subterranean vaults with a rock. Radamès, preparing himself for death, discovers Aïda by his side. She has found means to penetrate into his tomb, resolved to die with her lover.

While she sinks into his arms, Amneris prays outside for Radamès' peace and eternal happiness.

**BALLO IN MASCHERA.** A Lyric Drama in 5 acts by Verdi.  
Text by F. M. Piave.

The libretto may be explained shortly, as it is almost identical with Auber's "Masked Ball."

Count Richard, governor of Boston, is adored by the people but hated by the noblemen, who resolve upon his death. He loves Amelia, the wife of his secretary and best friend René, who in vain tries to warn him of the plots of his enemies, but who faithfully watches over his safety.

An old sorceress of negro blood, Ulrica, is to be banished by the decree of the high Judge, but Richard's page Oscar speaks in her favor, and the Count decides to see her himself and test her tricks. He invites his lords to accompany him to the sibyl's dwelling, and orders Oscar to bring him a fisherman's disguise. His enemies, Samuel and Tom, follow him.

The second act shows Ulrica in her cottage seated at a table, conjuring Satan. A crowd of people are around her, amongst them Richard in disguise. A sailor, Sylvan, advances first to hear his fate, and while Ulrica is prophesying that better days await him, Richard slips a roll of gold with a scroll into Sylvan's pocket and so makes the witch's words true. Sylvan, searching in his pockets, finds the gold and reads the inscription on the scroll: "Richard to his dear officer Sylvan," and all break out into loud praises of the clever sibyl.

A short while after a servant announces Amelia, and the sorceress, driving the crowd away, ushers her in, while Richard conceals himself. He listens with delight to the confession of her sinful love to himself, against which she asks for a draught, which might enable her to banish it from her heart. Ulrica advises her to pluck a magic herb at midnight, which grows in the fields where the criminals are executed. Amelia shudders but promises to do as she is bidden, while Richard secretly vows to follow and protect her. Amelia departs and the people flock in again. Richard is the first to ask what is his fate. The sibyl reluctantly tells him that his life is to be destroyed by the first person who shall touch his hand on this very day. Richard vainly offers his hand to the bystanders, they all recoil from him, when suddenly his friend René comes in, and heartily shakes Richard's outstretched hand. This seems to break the spell, for everybody knows René to be the Count's dearest friend, and now believes

the oracle to be false. Nevertheless Ulrica, who only now recognizes the Count, warns him once more against his enemies, but he laughs at her, and shows the sorceress the verdict of her banishment, which however he has cancelled. Full of gratitude Ulrica joins in the universal song of praise, sung by the people to their faithful leader.

The third act opens on the ghostly field where Amelia is to look for the magic herb. She is frozen with horror, believing that she sees a ghost rise before her; Richard now turns up, and breaks out into passionate words, entreating her to acknowledge her love for him. She does so, but implores him at the same time not to approach her, and to remain true to his friend. While they speak René surprises them. He has followed Richard to save him from his enemies, who are waiting to kill him. Richard wraps himself in his friend's cloak, after having taken René's promise to lead the veiled lady to the gates of the town without trying to look at her. René swears, but fate wills it otherwise, for hardly has Richard departed, when the conspirators throng in, and enraged at finding only the friend, try to tear the veil off the lady's face. René guards her with his sword, but Amelia springing between the assailants lets fall her veil, and reveals her face to her husband and to the astonished men, thereby bringing shame and bitter mockery on them both. René, believing himself betrayed by wife and friend, asks the conspirators to meet him in his own house on the following morning, and swears to avenge the supposed treachery.

In the fourth act in his own house René bids his wife prepare herself for death. He disbelieves in her protest of innocence, but at last, touched by her misery, he allows her to take a last farewell of her son. When she is gone, he resolves rather to kill the seducer than his poor weak wife. When the conspirators enter he astonishes them by his knowledge of their dark designs, but they wonder still more, when he offers to join them in their evil purpose. As they do not agree who it shall be that is to kill Richard, René makes his wife draw the lot from a vase on the table. The chosen one is her own husband.—At this moment Oscar enters with an invitation to a masked ball from the court. René accepts, and the conspirators decide to seize the opportunity to put their foe to death. They are to wear blue dominos with red ribbons; their password is "death."

The next scene shows a richly decorated ballroom. René vainly tries to find out the Count's disguise, until it is betrayed to him by the page, who believes that René wants to have some fun with his master. Amelia waylaying Richard implores him to fly, and when he disbelieves her warnings, shows him her face. When he recognizes her, he tenderly takes her hand, and tells her that he too has resolved to conquer his passion, and that he is sending her away to England with her husband. They are taking a last farewell, but alas! fate overtakes Richard in the shape of René, who runs his dagger

through him. The crowd tries to arrest the murderer, but the dying Count waves them back, and with his last breath tells his unhappy friend that his wife is innocent. Drawing forth a document and handing it to René, the unfortunate man reads the Count's order to send them to their native country. Richard pardons his misguided friend and dies with a blessing on his beloved country.

**BALLO IN MASCHERA, OR GUSTAVUS THE THIRD.** Grand Historic Opera  
in 5 acts by Auber. Text by Scribe.

This opera has had a curious fate, its historical background having excited resistance and given rise to scruples. The murder of a king was not thought a fit subject for an opera, and so the libretto was altered and spoilt.

The Italians simply changed the names and the scene of action; Verdi composed a new opera from the same matter and succeeded admirably; nevertheless Auber's composition is preferred in Germany, Scribe's libretto being by far the better, while the music is original and vivacious, as well as full of pleasant harmony and fine instrumentation.

The scene is laid in Stockholm in the year 1792. Gustavus the Third, King of Sweden, loves the wife of his friend and counsellor Ankarström, and is loved in return, both struggling vainly against this sinful passion. Ankarström has detected a plot against the King's life, and warning him, asks that the traitor be punished, but Gustavus refuses to listen, trusting in his people and in his friend's fidelity. His minister Kaulbart desires him to condemn a sorceress named Arvedson, who is said to be able at will by means of certain herbs and potions to cause persons to love or hate each other. The King refuses to banish the woman unheard and decides to visit her. Ankarström tries to dissuade, but the King insists, and accordingly goes to Arvedson in disguise. During the witch's conjuration Malwina, his lady-love, appears, who seeks help from the sorceress against her forbidden passion. The concealed King hears Arvedson tell her to go at midnight and gather a herb, which grows on the graves of criminals, and triumphant in his knowledge of Malwina's confessed love, Gustavus decides to follow her there.

When she has gone, he mockingly orders the witch to tell him his fortune, and hears from her that he shall be killed by the man who first tenders him his hand. Just then Ankarström, who comes to protect the King against his enemy, enters and they shake hands.

In the third act Malwina meets the King on the dismal spot to which she had been directed; but Ankarström, whose watchful fidelity never suffers him to be far from the King, and who is utterly ignorant of the deception being practised upon him, saves the lovers from further guilt. After a severe conflict with himself, Gustavus consents to fly in his friend's cloak, Ankarström having pledged his honor not to ask the veiled lady's secret, and to conduct her safely

back to the city. This plan is frustrated by the conspirators, who rush in and are about to attack the King. Malwina throws herself between him and the combatants, and the husband then recognizes in the King's companion his own wife. Full of indignation he turns from her and joins the conspirators, promising to be one of them.

He swears to kill his unhappy wife, but not until another has first fallen.

In the fourth act the conspirators have a meeting in Ankarström's house, where they decide to murder the King. The lots being cast, the duty to strike the death-blow falls on Ankarström, and Malwina herself draws the fatal paper. At this moment an invitation to a masked ball is brought by the King's page Oscar, and the conspirators resolve to take advantage of this opportunity for the execution of their design.

In the last act the King, happy to know Malwina safe from discovery, resolves to sacrifice his love to honor and friendship. He is about to give Ankarström the proof of his friendship, by naming him governor of Finland, and the minister is to depart with his wife on the morning after the ball. Meanwhile the King is warned by a missive from an unknown hand not to appear at the ball, but he disregards it. He meets Malwina at the ball. His page, thinking to do the King a service, has betrayed his mask to Ankarström. Malwina warns the prince, but in vain, for while he presents her with the paper which is to send her and her husband to their own beloved country, Ankarström shoots him through the heart. Gustavus dies, pardoning his murderer.

**IL BARBIERE DI SEVIGLIA.** Comic Opera in 2 acts by Rossini.

Count Almaviva is enamoured of Rosina, the ward of Doctor Bartolo. She is most jealously guarded by the old man, who wishes to make her his own wife. In vain the Count serenades her; she does not appear, and he must needs invent some other means of obtaining his object. Making the acquaintance of the lighthearted and cunning barber Figaro, the latter advises him to get entrance into Bartolo's house in the guise of a soldier possessing a billet of quartering for his lodging. Rosina herself has not failed to hear the sweet love-songs of the Count, known to her only under the simple name of Lindoro; and with southern passion, and the lightheartedness which characterizes all the persons who figure in this opera, but which is not to be mistaken for frivolity, Rosina loves her nice lover and is willing to be his own. Figaro has told her of Almaviva's love, and in return she gives him a note, which she has written in secret. But the old Doctor is a sly fox, he has seen the inky little finger, and determines to keep his eyes open.

When the Count appears in the guise of a half-drunken dragoon, the Doctor sends Rosina away, and tries to put the soldier out of the house, pretending to have a license against all billets. The Count

resists, and while Bartolo seeks for his license, makes love to Rosina, but after the Doctor's return there arises such an uproar that all the neighbors and finally the guards appear, who counsel the Count to retire for once.

In the second act the Count gains entrance to Bartolo's house as a singing-master, who is deputed to give a lesson instead of the fever-stricken Basilio. Of course the music-lesson is turned into a love-lesson.

When all seems to be going well, the real Maestro, Basilio, enters and all but frustrates their plans. With gold and promises Figaro bribes him to retreat, and the lovers agree to flee on the coming night.

Almost at the last moment the cunning of Bartolo hinders the projected elopement: he shows a letter, which Rosina has written, and makes Rosina believe that her lover, whom she only knows as Lindoro, in concert with Figaro is betraying her to the Count. Great is her joy, when she detects that Lindoro and Count Almaviva are one and the same person, and that he loves her as truly as ever.—They bribe the old notary, who has been sent for by Bartolo to arrange his own (Bartolo's) wedding with Rosina. Bartolo signs the contract of marriage, with Figaro as witness, and detects too late that he has been duped, and that he has himself united the lovers. At last he submits with pretty good grace to the inevitable, and contents himself with Rosina's dowry, which the Count generously transfers to him.

*LA BOHÈME.* Adapted from Henry Murger's "Vie de Bohème."  
Music by Giacomo Puccini.

The first act opens in a garret in Paris, in about 1830, and shows us Rudolph the painter and Marcel the poet, from whose Bohemian mode of life the opera derives its name, at work. Alas! there is no fire in the grate, and the cold is so intense that Marcel is about to break up a chair for firewood.

Rudolph prevents him and kindles a fire with his manuscript instead, crying: "My drama shall warm us." The second act of the manuscript follows the first one, by the blaze of which the artists joyfully warm their half-frozen hands. The paper is quickly burnt to ashes, but before they have time to lament this fact the door is opened by two boys bringing food, fuel, wine, and even money. Schaunard, a musician, brings up the rear, to whom neither Marcel nor Rudolph pays the least attention.

It seems that an Englishman engaged Schaunard to sing to his parrot till it dies, but after three days Schaunard becomes so heartily sick of his task that he poisons the bird and runs away.

He suggests that they all go out for supper, it being Christmas Eve. They decide to drink some of the wine first, but they are interrupted by the landlord, who demands his quarter's rent. He soon imbibes so much of the wine that he becomes intoxicated and corre-

spondingly jovial.—After joking him about his love adventures he finds himself standing outside the door in pitch darkness. The others meanwhile prepare to go out to supper, with the exception of Rudolph, who remains behind to finish a manuscript article.

A pretty young girl soon knocks, carrying a candle and a key. He begs her to come in, and be seated, and she swoons while refusing. He revives her with some wine, and she goes off with her relighted candlestick, but forgets her key, which she has dropped in her swoon, and for which she at once comes back. A draught blows out the candle and Rudolph keeps the key, while pretending to look for it.—Suddenly he clasps the girl's hand and he and she exchange confidences, while confessing their love for each other.

When Rudolph's friends call him he invites Mimi, who is a flower girl, to accompany him.

The second act takes place before the well-known Café Momus in the Quartier Latin, where Rudolph and Mimi join Schaunard and Marcel.

Rudolph has bought her a pink bonnet and introduces her to his friends, the fourth of whom is Colline the Philosopher.

The party eat and drink amid the noise and bustle of the fair, when Marcel suddenly sees his old love Musette, gorgeously arrayed and leaning upon the arm of an old man. Marcel turns pale, while his friends make fun of the fantastic couple, much to Musette's anger. She at once begins to make overtures to Marcel, who feigns utter indifference.—Musette's old admirer orders supper, in the hope of pacifying her, while she addresses Marcel in fond whispers. The others watch the scene with amusement, but Rudolph devotes all his attentions to Mimi. Musette suddenly complains that her shoes hurt her and sends her aged lover off for another pair. Then she proceeds to make friends with Marcel. When the waiter brings the bill, Musette tells him that the old gentleman will settle for everything after his return.

The party profits by the approach of the patrol, who causes a turmoil, in the midst of which they all escape. Alcindor, the old admirer, finds only two bills awaiting him, when he returns with the new shoes. Musette has been carried away shoeless by her old friend.

The third scene takes place on the outskirts of Paris called "Barrière de l'Enfer" (The Toll Gate of Hell). To the left there is a tavern, over which hangs Marcel's picture "The Crossing of the Red Sea," as a signboard. The day is breaking, the customhouse officials are still sleeping around the fire, but the scavengers coming from Chantilly soon awake them.

The gate is opened to admit milk-women, carters, peasants with baskets, and finally Mimi.

She looks wretched and is at once seized with a terrible fit of coughing. As soon as she can speak, she asks the name of the tavern, where she knows Marcel is working. When he emerges from the inn

she implores his help, saying Rudolph is killing her by his insane jealousy. Marcel promises to intervene, and when Rudolph comes out of the tavern Mimi hides behind the trees.

She hears Rudolph say she is doomed to die, and coughs and sobs so violently that her presence is revealed.

Rudolph remorsefully takes the poor weak creature in his arms, and they decide to make it up.

Their reconciliation is interrupted by Marcel, who is upbraiding Musette. This flighty damsel has one lover after another, although she really loves Marcel alone.

The fourth and last scene takes us back to the garret, where Marcel and Rudolph are alone, Musette and Mimi having left them. They each kiss mementos of their lady-loves when Schaunard appears with bread and herring. Gayety is soon restored and a regular frolic takes place. Musette enters in a state of great agitation, to say that Mimi, who is in the last stage of consumption, is there and wants to see Rudolph once more. The latter carries her on the little bed. As there is nothing in the house with which to revive her, Musette decides to sell her earrings in order to procure medicines, a doctor, and a muff, for which Mimi longs.

Schaunard also goes out, so that the lovers are left alone.—A touching scene follows, when Rudolph shows Mimi the pink bonnet he has cherished all the time. Musette and Marcel soon return with medicines and a muff, upon which Mimi sinks into the sleep from which there is no awakening with a sweet smile of satisfaction.

**DIE FLEDERMAUS (THE BAT).** A Comic Operetta in 3 acts by Meilhac and Halévy.  
Music by Johann Strauss.

A serenade, which is listened to by Adèle, Rosalind Eisenstein's maid, but is intended for her mistress, begins the first act. Adèle has just received an invitation from her sister Ida to a grand entertainment to be given by a Russian prince, Orlofsky by name. She is longing to accept it, and attempts to get leave of absence for the evening from her mistress, when the latter enters, by telling her that an aunt of hers is ill, and wishes to see her. Rosalind, however, refuses to let Adèle go out, and the maid disappears, pouting. While Rosalind is alone, her former singing master and admirer Alfred suddenly turns up. He it was who had been serenading her, and Rosalind, succumbing to her old weakness for tenors, promises to let Alfred return later, when her husband is not at home. Herr Eisenstein, a banker, has just been sentenced to five days' imprisonment, a misfortune which his hot temper has brought upon him. The sentence has been prolonged to eight days through the stupidity of his lawyer, Dr. Blind, who follows Eisenstein on to the stage. The banker finally turns Dr. Blind out of the house, after upbraiding him violently.—Rosalind tries to console Eisenstein, and finally decides to see what a good supper will do towards soothing his ruffled

spirits. While she is thus occupied Eisenstein's friend Dr. Falck appears, bringing his unlucky friend an invitation to an elegant soirée which Prince Orlofsky is about to give.—Eisenstein is quite ready to enjoy himself before going to prison, and when Rosalind re-enters, she finds her husband in excellent spirits. He does not, however, partake of the delicious supper she sets before him with any great zest. But he takes a tender, although almost joyful, leave of his wife, after donning his best dress suit. Rosalind then gives Adèle leave to go out, much to the maid's surprise. After Adèle has gone, Alfred again puts in an appearance. Rosalind only wishes to hear him sing again, and is both shocked and frightened when Alfred goes into Herr Eisenstein's dressing-room, and returns clad in the banker's dressing-gown and cap. The tenor then proceeds to partake of what is left of the supper, and makes himself altogether at home. But a sudden ring at the door announces the arrival of Franck, the governor of the prison, who has come with a cab to fetch Eisenstein. Rosalind is so terrified at being found *tête-à-tête* with Alfred, that she introduces him as her husband. After a tender farewell, Alfred good-naturedly follows the governor to prison.

The second act opens in the garden of a café, where the guests of Prince Orlofsky are assembled. Adèle enters, dressed in her mistress's best gown, and looking very smart. Eisenstein, who is also present, at once recognizes her, as well as his wife's finery. But Adèle and the whole party pretend to be very indignant at his mistaking a fine lady for a maid. Prince Orlofsky proceeds to make Eisenstein most uncomfortable, by telling him that Dr. Falck has promised to afford him great amusement, by playing some practical joke at Eisenstein's expense. The last guest who enters is Rosalind, whom nobody recognizes, because she is masked. Dr. Falck introduced her as a Hungarian countess, who has consented to be present at the soirée only on condition that her incognito be respected. She catches just a glimpse of Eisenstein, who is flirting violently with Adèle instead of being in prison, and determines to punish him. Noticing the magnificent attire and fine form of the supposed countess, Eisenstein at once devotes himself to the newcomer. He even counts her heart-beats with the aid of a watch which he keeps for that purpose, without, however, giving it away as he always promises to do. But Rosalind suddenly takes possession of the watch, and slips away with it.—The whole party finally assembles at supper, where Eisenstein becomes very jovial, and tells how he once attended a masquerade ball with his friend Falck, who was disguised as a bat. Eisenstein, it appears, induced his friend to drink so heavily that he fell asleep in the street, where Eisenstein left him. Falck did not wake up till morning, when he had to go home amid the jeers of a street crowd, by whom he was nicknamed "Dr. Fledermaus."—Eisenstein's story creates much amusement, but Dr. Falck only smiles, saying, he who laughs last, laughs best.

After a champagne supper and some dancing, Eisenstein remembers, when the clock strikes six, that he ought to be in prison. Both he and Dr. Falck take a merry leave of the boisterous party.

The third act begins with Franck's return to his own room, where he is received by the jailer.—Frosch has taken advantage of his master's absence to get drunk, while Franck himself has likewise become somewhat intoxicated. He grows drowsy while recalling the incidents of Prince Orlofsky's fête, and finally falls fast asleep.

Adèle and her sister Ida interrupt his slumbers, in order to ask the supposed marquis to use his influence in the former's behalf. Adèle confesses that she is in reality a lady's maid, but tries to convince Franck, the supposed marquis, and her sister (who is a ballet dancer), of her talents by showing them what she can do in that line.—A loud ring soon puts an end to the performance. While the jailer conducts Adèle and Ida to No. 13, Eisenstein arrives and gives himself up. Franck and he are much surprised to find themselves face to face with each other in prison, after each had been led to suppose the other a marquis, at the fête. They are naturally much amused to learn each other's identity. Meanwhile Dr. Blind enters, to undertake the defence of the impostor Eisenstein. He turns out to be the genuine Eisenstein, who again turns Blind out of door, and possesses himself of his cap and gown and of his spectacles, in which he interviews his double.—Alfred has been brought in from his cell, when Rosalind also enters, carrying her husband's watch, and prepared for revenge. Both Alfred and she alternately state their grievances to the supposed lawyer, who quite loses his temper, when he learns of Alfred's *tête-à-tête* with his wife, and how completely she has fooled him. Throwing off his disguise, he reveals his identity, only to be reviled by his wife for his treachery. He in turn vows to revenge himself on Rosalind and on her admirer, but the entrance of Dr. Falck, followed by all the guests who were at Prince Orlofsky's fête, clears up matters for all concerned. While making fun of the discomfited Eisenstein, he explains that the whole thing is a huge practical joke of his invention which he has played on Eisenstein in return for the trick Eisenstein played on him years ago, which he related at the fête. All the guests had been bidden to the fête by Dr. Falck with the consent of the prince in order to deceive Eisenstein. The latter, when convinced of his wife's innocence, embraces her. All toast one another in champagne, which they declare to be the King of Wines.

**CARMEN.** Opera in 4 acts by Georges Bizet.

Carmen, the heroine, is a Spanish gypsy, fickle and wayward, but endowed with all the wild graces of her nation. She is adored by her people, and so it is not to be wondered at that she has many of the stronger sex at her feet. She is betrothed to Don José, a brigadier of the Spanish army; of course he is one out of many; she

oon grows tired of him, and awakens his jealousy by a thousand caprices and cruelties.

Don José has another bride, sweet and lovely Micaëla, waiting for him at home, but she is forgotten as soon as he sees the proud gypsy.

Micaëla seeks him out, bringing to him the portrait and the benediction of his mother, aye, even her kiss, which she gives him with slushes. His tenderness is gone, however, so far as Micaëla is concerned, as soon as he casts one look into the lustrous eyes of Carmen. This passionate creature has involved herself in a quarrel and wounded one of her companions, a laborer in a cigarette manufactory. She is to be taken to prison, but Don José lets her off, promising to meet her in the evening at an inn kept by a man named Lillas Pastia, where they are to dance the Seguedilla.

In the second act we find them there together, with the whole band of gypsies. Don José, more and more infatuated by Carmen's charms, is willing to join the vagabonds, who are at the same time smugglers. He accompanies them in a dangerous enterprise of this kind, but no sooner has he submitted to sacrifice love and honor for the gypsy than she begins to tire of his attentions. José has pangs of conscience, he belongs to another sphere of society and his feelings are of a softer kind than those of nature's unruly child. She transfers her affections to a bullfighter named Escamillo, another of her suitors, who returns her love more passionately. A quarrel ensues between the two rivals. Escamillo's knife breaks and he is about to be killed by Don José, when Carmen intervenes, holding back his arm. Don José, seeing that she has duped him, now becomes her deadly foe, filled with undying hatred and longing for revenge.

Micaëla, the tender-hearted maiden, who follows him everywhere like a guardian-angel, reminds him of his lonely mother, everybody advises him to let the fickle Carmen alone,—Carmen who never loved the same man for more than six weeks. But in vain, till Micaëla tells him of the dying mother asking incessantly for her son; then at last he consents to go with her, but not without wild imprecations on his rival and his faithless love.

In the fourth act we find ourselves in Madrid. There is to be a bullfight; Escamillo, its hero, has invited the whole company to be present in the circus.

Don José appears there too, trying for the last time to regain his bride. Carmen, though warned by a fellow gypsy, Frasquita, knows no fear. She meets her old lover outside the arena, where he tries hard to touch her heart. He kneels at her feet, vowing never to forsake her and to be one of her own people, but Carmen, though wayward, is neither a coward nor a liar, and boldly declares that her affections are given to the bullfighter, whose triumphs are borne to their ears on the shouts of the multitude. Almost beside himself with love and rage José seizes her hand and attempts to drag her away, but she escapes from him, and throwing the ring, José's gift,

at his feet, rushes to the door of the arena.—He overtakes her, however, and just as the trumpets announce Escamillo's victory, in a perfect fury of despair he stabs her through the heart, and the victorious bullfighter finds his beautiful bride a corpse.

**CAVALIERIA RUSTICANA (SICILIAN RUSTIC CHIVALRY).** Opera in 1 act  
by Pietro Mascagni. Text after Verga's drama of the same  
name by Targioni-Tozzetti and Menasci.

The following are the very simple facts of the story, which takes place in a Sicilian village.

Turridu, a young peasant, has loved and wooed Lola before entering military service. At his return he finds the flighty damsel married to the wealthy carrier Alfio, who glories in his pretty wife and treats her very well.—Turridu tries to console himself with another young peasant-girl, Santuzza, who loves him ardently, and to whom he has promised marriage.

The opera only begins at this point.

Lola, the coquette, however, cannot bear to know that her former sweetheart should love another woman. She flirts with him, and before the curtain has been raised after the overture, Turridu's lovesong is heard for Lola, who grants him a rendezvous in her own house.

This excites Santuzza's wildest jealousy. She complains to Turridu's mother, who vainly tries to soothe her. Then she has a last interview with Turridu, who is just entering the church. She reproaches him first with his treachery, then implores him not to forsake her and leave her dishonored.

But Turridu remains deaf to all entreaty, and flings her from him. At last, half mad through her lover's stubbornness, Santuzza betrays him and Lola to Alfio, warning the latter that his wife has proved false.—After church Alfio and Turridu meet in mother Lucia's tavern.—Alfio refusing to drink of Turridu's wine, the latter divines that the husband knows all. The men and women leave while the two adversaries after Sicilian custom embrace each other, Alfio biting Turridu in the ear, which indicates mortal challenge.—Turridu, deeply repenting his folly, as well as his falsehood towards poor Santuzza, recommends her to his mother.—He hurries into the garden, where Alfio expects him;—a few minutes later his death is announced by the peasants, and Santuzza falls back in a dead swoon; with which the curtain closes over the tragedy.

**COSI FAN TUTTE.** Comic Opera in 2 acts by Mozart. Text by Da Ponte, newly arranged by L. Schneider and Ed. Devrient.

Don Fernando and Don Alvar are betrothed to two Andalusian ladies, Rosaura and Isabella.

They loudly praise their ladies' fidelity, when an old bachelor, named Onofrio, pretends that their sweethearts are not better than

other women and accessible to temptation. The lovers agree to make the trial and promise to do everything which Onofrio dictates. Thereupon they announce to the ladies that they are ordered to Havannah with their regiment, and after a tender leave-taking, they depart to appear again in another guise, as officers of a strange regiment. Onofrio has won the ladies-maid, Dolores, to aid in the furtherance of his schemes and the officers enter, beginning at once to make love to Isabella and Rosaura, but each, as was before agreed, to the other's affianced.

Of course the ladies reject them, and the lovers begin to triumph, when Onofrio prompts them to try another temptation. The strangers, mad with love, pretend to drink poison in the young ladies' presence. Of course these tenderhearted maidens are much aggrieved; they call Dolores, who bids her mistresses hold the patients in their arms; then coming disguised as a physician, she gives them an antidote. By this clumsy subterfuge they excite the ladies' pity and are nearly successful in their foolish endeavors, when Dolores, pitying the cruelly tested women, reveals the whole plot to them.

Isabella and Rosaura now resolve to enter into the play. They accept the disguised suitors, and even consent to a marriage. Dolores appears in the shape of a notary, without being recognized by the men. The marriage contract is signed, and the lovers disappear to return in their true characters, full of righteous contempt. Isabella and Rosaura make believe to be conscience-stricken, and for a long while torment and deceive their angry bridegrooms. But at last they grow tired of teasing, they present the disguised Dolores, and they put their lovers to shame by showing that all was a farce. Of course the gentlemen humbly ask their pardon, and old Onofrio is obliged to own himself beaten.

THE CID. A Lyric Drama in 3 acts. Text and Music by Peter Cornelius.

The scene is laid in Burgos in Castile in the year 1064. The first act opens with a large concourse of people, assembled to celebrate Ruy Diaz' victory over the Moors.

In the midst of their rejoicings a funeral march announces Chimene, Countess of Lozan, whose father has been slain by Diaz. While she wildly invokes the King's help against the hero the latter enters, enthusiastically greeted by the people, who adore in him their deliverer from the sword of the infidels.

He justifies himself before King Fernando, relating with quiet dignity how he killed Count Lozan in open duel to avenge his old father, whose honor the Count had grossly attacked. Nevertheless he is ready to defend himself against anybody who is willing to fight for Donna Chimene, and for this purpose he throws down his glove, which is taken up by Alvar Farnez, his friend and companion in arms, who is madly in love with Chimene.—While they are preparing for the duel the Bishop Luyn Calvo, an uncle of Diaz, intervenes, en-

treating his nephew to desist from further bloodshed and to surrender his sword Tizona into his the priest's hands. After a hard struggle with himself the hero, who secretly loves Chimene, yields, and hands his sword to Calvo, who at once offers it to Chimene, thereby giving the defenceless hero into her hands.

Exultingly she swears to take vengeance on Diaz, who stands motionless, looking down with mournful dignity on the woman whom he loves and who seems to hate him so bitterly.

In the midst of this scene the war cry is heard. The enemy has again broken into the country and has already taken and burnt the fortress of Belforad. All crowd round Diaz, beseeching him to save them. While he stands mute and deprived of his invincible sword Chimene, mastering her own grief at the sight of her country's distress, lays down Tizona at Fernando's feet. Ruy Diaz now receives his sword back from the hands of the King, and brandishing it high above his head he leads the warriors forth to freedom or death.

The second act takes place in Chimene's castle. Her women try to beguile their mistress's sorrow by songs, and when they see her soothed to quiet, they retire noiselessly. But hardly does she find herself alone than pain and grief overcome her again. She longs to avenge her father's death on Diaz, and yet deep in her heart there is a feeling of great admiration for him. In vain she wrestles with her feelings, invoking the Almighty's help to do what is right. In this mood Alvar finds her and once more assures her of his devotion and repeats that he will fight with Diaz as soon as the country is freed from the enemy. He leaves her, and night sets in, and in the darkness Diaz steals in, for he cannot resist his heart's desire to see Chimene once more before the battle. In the uncertain rays of the moonlight she at first mistakes him for her father's ghost, but when he pronounces her name she recognizes him, and violently motions him away, but he falls on his knee and pours out his hopeless love. At last his passion overcomes all obstacles; she forgives him, and at his entreaty she calls him by his name, saying: "Ruy Diaz, be victorious!" Full of joy he blesses her and goes to join his men, who are heard in the distance calling him to lead them to battle.

The third act is played once more in Burgos.

Diaz has been victorious; the whole army of captives defiles before the throne, and a rejoicing assemblage of nobles and people does homage to the King. Even the Moorish Kings bend the knee voluntarily; they have been unfortunate, but they have been conquered by the greatest hero of the world; they are conquered by "the Cid"! When the King asks them what the name means, they tell him that its signification is "Master"; full of enthusiasm all around adopt this name for their hero. The Cid will be Diaz' title henceforth, immortal as his glorious star!

The people loudly call for Diaz to appear, but are told that immediately after the battle Alvar had sent the hero a challenge. At the

same time Alvar enters unhurt, and Chimene, who stands near the King with her women ready to greet the victor, grows white and faint, believing that Diaz has been killed by Alvar. She impetuously interrupts the latter, who begins to relate the events, and unable to control her feelings any longer she pours out her long pent-up love for Diaz, at the same time bewailing the slain hero and swearing faithfulness to his memory unto death.—“He lives,” cries Alvar, and at this moment the Cid, as we must now call him, appears, stormily hailed by great and small.

Deeply moved he lays down his victorious sword at the feet of his King, who embraces him, pronouncing him Sire of Saldaja, Cardenja, and Belforad. Then he leads him to his lady, who sinks into his arms supremely happy. The Bishop blesses the noble pair, and all join in his prayer that love may guide them through life and death.

**LA DAME BLANCHE.** Comic Opera in 3 acts by Boieldieu. Text by Scribe.

The scene is laid in Scotland, the subject being taken from Walter Scott's romance, “Guy Mannering.”

George Brown, the hero of the opera, a young lieutenant in the English service, visits Scotland. He is hospitably received by a tenant of the late Count Avenel, who has been dead for some years. When he arrives the baptism of the tenant's youngest child is just being celebrated, and seeing that they lack a godfather, he good-naturedly consents to take the vacant place.

Seeing the old castle of the Avenels, he asks for its history, and the young wife Jenny tells him that according to the traditions of the place it is haunted by a ghost, as is the case in almost every old castle. This apparition is called the “White Lady,” but unlike other ghosts she is good, protecting her sex against fickle men. All the people around believe firmly in her and pretend to have seen her themselves. In the castle there exists a statue which bears the name of this benevolent genius, and in it the old Lord has hidden treasures. His steward Gaveston, a rogue, who has taken away the only son of the Count in the child's earliest days, brings the castle with all its acres to public sale, hoping to gain it for himself.

He has a charming ward, named Anna. It is she who sometimes plays the part of the White Lady. She has summoned the young tenant Dickson, who is sincerely devoted to her, into the castle, and the young man, though full of fear, yet dare not disobey the ghostly commands.

George Brown, thirsting for a good adventure, and disbelieving in the ghost story, declares that he will go in Dickson's place.

In the second act George, who has found entrance into the castle, calls for the White Lady, who appears in the shape of Anna. She believes that Dickson is before her and she reveals her secret to him, imploring his help against her false guardian Gaveston, who means to rob the true and only heir of his property. She knows that the

missing son of the Avenels is living, and she has given a promise to the dying Countess to defend his rights against the rapacious Gaveston. George gives his hand to the pretended ghost in token of fidelity, and the warm and soft hand which clasps his awakes tender feelings in him. On the following morning Dickson and his wife, Jenny, are full of curiosity about George's visit, but he does not breathe a word of his secret.

The sale of the castle, as previously announced, is to begin, and Dickson has been empowered beforehand by all the neighboring farmers to bid the highest price, in order not to let it fall into the hands of the hateful Gaveston. They bid higher and higher, but at length Dickson stops, unable to go farther. Gaveston feels assured of his triumph, when George Brown, recalling his vow to the White Lady, advances boldly, bidding one thousand pounds more. Anna is beside him, in the shape of the spectre, and George obediently bids on, till the castle is his for the price of three hundred thousand pounds. Gaveston, in a perfect fury, swears to avenge himself on the adventurer, who is to pay the sum in the afternoon. Should he prove unable to do so, he shall be put into prison. George, who firmly believes in the help of his genius, is quietly confident, and meanwhile makes an inspection of the castle. Wandering through the vast rooms, dim recollections arise in him, and hearing the minstrel's song of the Avenels, he all at once remembers and finishes the romance, which he heard in his childhood.

The afternoon comes and with it Mac-Irton, the justice of peace. He wants the money, and George begs to await the White Lady, who promised her help. Anna appears, bringing the treasure of the Avenels hidden in the statue, and with it some documents, which prove the just claims of Edwin, Count Avenel. This long-lost Count she recognizes in George Brown, whose identity with the playmate of her youth she had found out the night before. Gaveston approaches full of wrath to tear aside the ghost's white veil, and sees his own ward, Anna.

The happy owner of castle and country holds firm to the promise which he gave the White Lady, and offers hand and heart to the faithful Anna, who has loved him from her childhood.

**DELILA.** An Opera in 3 acts by Ferdinand Lemaire. With Music by Camille Saint-Saëns. German translation by Richard Pohl.

The libretto is a biblical one; the scene is laid in Gaza, in Palestine, 1,150 years before Christ.

In the first act, the Israelites, groaning under the yoke of the Philistines, pray to God for deliverance. They are derided and insulted by Abi Melech, satrap of Gaza, but Samson, unable longer to endure the blasphemy hurled by the Heathen against the God of Israel, rises up in mighty wrath, and so inspires his brethren that

they suddenly take up arms, and precipitating themselves on their unsuspecting oppressors, first slay Abi Melech and then rout the whole army of the Philistines.

The High Priest of the heathen god Dagon, finding his friend slain, vows to be avenged upon the Israelites, but he is deserted by all his companions, who flee before Samson's wrath.

In the next scene the Israelites return victorious and are greeted with triumphant songs and offerings of flowers. Even the Philistine Delila, the rose of Sharon, receives them with her maidens, and pays homage to the hero Samson.

Delila had enthralled him once before, and again her beauty causes him very nearly to forget his people and his duty; but an aged Israelite implores him not to listen any more to the arts and wiles of the enchantress.

In the second act, Delila has an interview with the High Priest, whom she promises to avenge her people by winning Samson's love once more.

She proudly refuses the reward which the High Priest offers her, for it is her bitter hatred against the hero, who once loved and then forsook her, which prompts her to ruin him and to force from him by every means in her power the secret of his strength.

When the High Priest has left her, Samson comes down the steep mountain path, drawn to Delila's house against his will. She receives him with the greatest tenderness, and once more her beauty and her tears assert their power over him, so that he sinks at her feet and falters out his love for her. But in vain, she tries to lure his secret from him. At last she leaves with words of contempt and scorn and enters the house. This proves his undoing. Goaded beyond earthly power he rushes after her and seals his fate. After a while the Philistines surround the house and Delila herself delivers her unfortunate lover, whom she has deprived of his strength by cutting off his locks, into the hands of his foes.

In the third act we find Samson in prison. Bereft of his eyesight he has to turn the heavy mill. From the outside the wailings and reproaches of his Israelite brethren are heard, who have again been subjugated by their foes. Bitterly repentant, Samson implores God to take his life as the price of his people's deliverance.

In the last scene he is led away to Dagon's temple, there to be present at the festival of the Philistines, celebrated with great pomp in honor of their victory.

On the conclusion, after an exquisite ballet, Delila presents a golden cup to the blind hero, and insults and jeers at him for having been fool enough to believe in her love for him, the enemy of her country. Samson maintains silence, but when they order him to sacrifice at Dagon's shrine, he whispers to the child, who is guiding him, to lead him to the pillars of the temple.

This being done he loudly invokes the God of Israel, and seizing

the pillars tears them down with mighty crash, burying the Philistines under the ruins of the temple.

*LE DOMINO NOIR.* Comic Opera in 3 acts by Auber. Text by Scribe.

The scene is laid in Madrid in the last century.

The Queen of Spain gives a masqued ball, at which our heroine, Angela, is present, accompanied by her companion, Brigitta. There she is seen by Horatio di Massarena, a young nobleman, who had met her a year before at one of these balls and fell in love with her, without knowing her.

This time he detains her, but is again unable to discover her real name, and confessing his love for her he receives the answer that she can be no more than a friend to him. Massarena detains her so long that the clock strikes the midnight hour as Angela prepares to seek her companion. Massarena confesses to having removed Brigitta under some pretext, and Angela in despair cries out that she is lost. She is in reality a member of a convent, and destined to be Lady-Abbess, though she has not yet taken the vows. She is very highly connected, and has secretly helped Massarena to advance in his career as a diplomatist.—Great is her anxiety to return to her convent after midnight, but she declines all escort, and walking alone through the streets, she comes by chance into the house of Count Juliano, a gentleman of somewhat uncertain character, and Massarena's friend. Juliano is just giving a supper to his gay friends, and Angela bribes his housekeeper, Claudia, to keep her for the night. She appears before the guests disguised as an Arragonian waiting-maid, and charms them all, and particularly Massarena, with her grace and coquetry. But as the young gentlemen begin to be insolent, she disappears, feeling herself in danger of being recognized. Massarena, discovering in her the charming black domino, is very unhappy to see her in such company.—Meanwhile Angela succeeds in getting the keys of the convent from Gil-Perez, the porter, who had also left his post, seduced by his love of gormandizing, and had come to pay court to Claudia. Angela troubles his conscience and frightens him with her black mask, and flies. When she has gone, the housekeeper confesses that her pretended Arragonian was a stranger, by all appearance a noble lady, who sought refuge in Juliano's house.

In the third act Angela reaches the convent, but not without having had some more adventures. Through Brigitta's cleverness her absence has not been discovered. At length the day has come when she is to be made Lady-Abbess and she is arrayed in the attire suited to her future high office, when Massarena is announced to her.—He comes to ask to be relieved from a marriage with Ursula, Lord Elfort's daughter, who is destined for him, and who is also an inmate of the convent, but whom he cannot love. Notwithstanding her disguise he recognizes his beloved domino, who, happily for both, is released by the Queen from her high mission and permitted to choose a

husband.—Of course it is no other than the happy Massarena; while Ursula is consoled by being made Lady-Abbess, a position which well suits her ambitious temper.

DON JUAN. Opera in 2 acts by Mozart. Text by Da Ponte.

The hero, spoilt by fortune and blasé, is ever growing more reckless. He even dares to attack the virtue of Donna Anna, one of the first ladies of a city in Spain, of which her father, an old Spanish Grandee, as noble and as strict in virtue as Don Juan is oversatiated and frivolous, is governor. The old father, coming forward to help his beloved daughter, with drawn dagger attacks Don Juan, who, compelled to defend himself, has the misfortune to stab his assailant.

Donna Anna, a lady not only noble and virtuous, but proud and high-spirited, vows to avenge her father's death. Though betrothed to a nobleman named Octavio, she will never know any peace until her father, of whose death she feels herself the innocent cause, is avenged. Her only hope is death, and in that she offers the liveliest contrast to her betrothed, who shows himself a gentleman of good temper and qualities, but of a mind too weak for his lady's high-flown courage and truly tragic character. Though Octavio wants to avenge Donna Anna's father, he would do it only to please her. His one aim is marriage with her. Her passionate feelings he does not understand.

Don Juan, pursued not only by Donna Anna, but also by his own neglected bride, Donna Elvira, tries to forget himself in debauches and extravagances. His servant Leporello, in every manner the real counterpart of his master, is his aider and abettor. A more witty, a more amusing figure does not exist. His fine sarcasm brings Don Juan's character into bold relief; they complement and explain each other.

But Don Juan, passing from one extravagance to another, sinks deeper; everything he tries begins to fail him, and his doom approaches.—He begins to amuse himself with Zerlina, the young bride of a peasant named Masetto, but each time, when he seems all but successful in his aim of seducing the little coquette, his enemies, who have united themselves against him, interfere and present a new foe in the person of the bridegroom, the plump and rustic Masetto. At last Don Juan is obliged to take refuge from the hatred of his pursuers. His flight brings him to the grave of the dead governor, in whose memory a life-size statue has been erected in his own park. Excited to the highest pitch and almost beside himself, Don Juan even mocks the dead; he invites him to a supper. The statue moves its head in acceptance of the dreadful invitation of the murderer.

Towards evening Donna Elvira comes to see him, willing to pardon everything if only her lover will repent. She fears for him and for his fate; she does not ask for his love, but only for the repentance of his follies, but all is in vain. The half-drunken Don Juan laughs

at her, and so she leaves him alone. Then the ghostly guest, the statue of the governor, enters. He too tries to move his host's conscience; he fain would save him in the last hour. Don Juan remains deaf to those warnings of a better self, and so he incurs his doom. The statue vanishes, the earth opens, and the demons of hell devour Don Juan and his splendid palace.

DON PASQUALE. Comic Opera in 3 acts by Donizetti. Text done after  
Ser Marcantonio by Salvatore Cammerano.

The wealthy old bachelor Don Pasquale desires to marry his only nephew to a rich and noble lady, but, finding a hindrance in Ernesto's love for another, decides to punish his headstrong nephew by entering himself into marriage and thus disinheriting Ernesto.

His physician Malatesta, Ernesto's friend, pretends to have discovered a suitable partner for him in the person of his (Malatesta's) sister, an "Ingénue," educated in a convent and utterly ignorant of the ways of the world.

Don Pasquale maliciously communicates his intentions to the young widow Norina, telling her to distrust Malatesta. The latter, however, has been beforehand with him, and easily persuades Norina to play the part of his (Malatesta's) sister, and to endeavor, by the beauty of her person and the modesty of her demeanor, to gain the old man's affections. Should she succeed in doing so, Don Pasquale and Norina are to go through a mock form of marriage,—a notary, in the person of a cousin, named Carlo, has already been gained for the purpose,—after which Norina, by her obstinacy, extravagance, capriciousness, and coquetry, is to make the old man repent of his infatuation and ready to comply with their wishes.

Urged on by her love for Ernesto, Norina consents to play the part assigned to her, and the charming simplicity of her manners, her modesty and loveliness so captivate the old man that he falls into the trap and makes her an offer of his hand. The marriage takes place, and one witness failing to appear, Ernesto, who happens to be near, and who is aware of the plot, is requested to take his place.—Besides appointing Norina heiress of half his wealth, Don Pasquale at once makes her absolute mistress of his fortune. Having succeeded in attaining her aim, Norina throws aside her mask, and by her self-will, prodigality, and waywardness, drives her would-be husband to despair. She squanders his money, visits the theatre on the very day of their marriage, ignoring the presence of her husband in such a manner that he wishes himself in his grave, or rid of the termagant, who has destroyed the peace of his life.—The climax is reached on his discovery among the accounts, all giving proof of his wife's reckless extravagance, a billet-doux pleading for a clandestine meeting in his own garden. Malatesta is summoned and cannot help feeling remorse on beholding the wan and haggard appearance of his friend. He recommends prudence, advises Don Pasquale to assist,

himself unseen, at the proposed interview, and then to drive the guilty wife from the house. The jealous husband, though frankly confessing the folly he had committed in taking so young a wife, at first refuses to listen to Malatesta's counsel, and determines to surprise the lovers and have them brought before the judge. Finally, however, he suffers himself to be dissuaded and leaves the matter in Malatesta's hands.

In the last scene the lovers meet, but Ernesto escapes on his uncle's approach, who is sorely disappointed at having to listen to the bitter reproaches of his supposed wife, instead of being able to turn her out of doors.

Meanwhile, Malatesta arrives, summons Ernesto, and in his uncle's name gives his (Don Pasquale's) consent to Ernesto's marriage with Norina, promising her a splendid dowry.

Don Pasquale's wife, true to the part she has undertaken to play, of course opposes this arrangement; and Don Pasquale, too happy to be able to thwart his wife, hastens to give his consent, telling Ernesto to fetch his bride. His dismay on discovering that his own wife, whom he has only known under the name of Sophronia, and his nephew's bride are one and the same person, may be easily imagined.—His rage and disappointment are, however, somewhat diminished by the reflection that he will no longer have to suffer from the whims of the young wife who had inveigled him into the ill-assorted marriage, and he at length consents, giving the happy couple his blessing.

**LES DRAGONS DE VILLARS (THE BELL OF THE HERMIT).** Comic Opera in 3 acts by Louis Aimé Maillart. Text after the French by G. Ernst.

The scene is laid in a French mountain-village near the frontier of Savoy towards the close of the war in the Cevennes in 1704.

In the first act peasant women in the service of Thibaut, a rich country Squire, are collecting fruit. Georgette, Thibaut's young wife, controls their work. In compliance with a general request she treats them to a favorite provengal song, in which a young girl, forgetting her first vows, made to a young soldier, gives her hand to another suitor. She is interrupted by the sound of trumpets. Thibaut, hurrying up in great distress, asks the women to hide themselves at once, because soldiers are marching into the village. He conceals his own wife in the pigeon house. A detachment of dragoons arrive, and Belamy, their corporal, asks for food and wine at Thibaut's house. He learns that there is nothing to be had and in particular that all the women have fled, fearing the unprincipled soldiers of King Louis XIV., sent to persecute the poor Huguenots or Camisards, who are hiding in the mountains,—further that the "Dragons de Villars" are said to be an especially wild and dissolute set.

Belamy is greatly disgusted, and after having had his dinner and a sleep in Thibaut's own bed, decides to march on. The Squire gladly offers to accompany the soldiers to St. Gratien's grotto near the

hermitage, where they have orders to search for the Huguenot refugees.

While Belamy is sleeping, Thibaut calls his servant Silvain and scolds him because, though his best servant, he has now repeatedly been absent overlong on his errands; finally he orders him to saddle the mules.

Stammering, Silvian owns that they have gone astray in the mountains, but that he is sure of their being found in due time. While Thibaut expresses his fear that they may be stolen by the fugitives, Rose Friquet, an orphan-girl, brings the mules, riding on the back of one of them. Thibaut loads her with reproaches, but Silvain thanks her warmly, and though she mockingly repudiates his thanks, he discovers that she has taken the mules in order not to let the provost into Silvain's secret. The fact is that Silvain carries food every day to the refugees, and Rose Friquet, the poor goat-keeper, who is despised and supposed to be wicked and malicious, protects him in her poor way, because he once intercepted a stone which was meant for her head.

While the soldiers are dining, Belamy, who has found Georgette's bonnet, demands an explanation.

Thibaut, confused, finds a pretext for going out, but Rose betrays to Belamy first the wine-cellar and then Georgette's hiding-place. The young wife cries for help and Rose runs in to fetch Thibaut. Belamy is delighted with the pretty Georgette, but she tells him rather anxiously that all the wives of the village must needs remain entirely true to their husbands, for the hermit of St. Gratien, though dead for two hundred years, is keeping rigid watch, and betrays every case of infidelity by ringing a little bell, which is heard far and wide.

Belamy is somewhat desirous to try the experiment with Georgette, and asks her to accompany him to the hermitage instead of her husband.

After having found the other women in the village, the soldiers, to Thibaut's great vexation, decide to stay and amuse themselves. Silvain rejoices, and after a secret sign from Rose resolves to warn the refugees in the evening.

In the second act Rose and Silvain meet near St. Gratien. Rose, after telling him that all the paths are occupied by sentries, promises to show him a way for the refugees which she and her goat alone know. Silvain, thanking her warmly, endeavors to induce her to care more for her outward appearance, praising her pretty features. Rose is delighted to hear for the first time that she is pretty, and the duet ensuing is one of the most charming things in the opera. Silvain promises to be her friend henceforth, and then leaves in order to seek the Camisards. After this Thibaut appears seeking his wife, whom he has seen going away with Belamy. Finding Rose he imagines he has mistaken her for his wife, but she laughingly corrects him, and he proceeds to search for Georgette. Belamy now comes and courts

Thibaut's wife. But Rose, seeing them, resolves to free the path for the others.—No sooner has Belamy tried to snatch a kiss from his companion than Rose draws the rope of the hermit's bell, and she repeats the proceeding until Georgette takes flight, while Thibaut rushes up at the sound of the bell. Belamy reassures him, intimating that the bell may have rung for Rose (though it never rings for girls), and accompanies him to the village. But he soon returns to look for the supposed hermit who has played him this trick and finds Rose instead, who does not perceive him.—To his great surprise, Silvain comes up with the whole troop of refugees, leading the aged clergyman, who had been a father to him in his childhood. Silvain presents Rose to them as their deliverer and vows to make her his wife.—Rose leads them to the secret path, while Silvain returns to the village, leaving Belamy triumphant at his discovery.

In the third act we find the people on the following morning speaking of nothing but Silvain's wedding with Rose and of the hermit's bell. Nobody knows who has been the culprit, but Thibaut slyly calculates that the hermit has rung beforehand when Rose the bride kissed the dragoon. Having learned that the soldiers had been commanded to saddle their horses in the midst of the dancing the night before, and that Belamy, sure of his prey, has come back, he believes that Rose has betrayed the poor Camisards in order to win the price set on their heads and this opinion he now communicates to Silvain.

To keep Belamy away from Georgette, the sly Squire has conducted him to the wine-cellar, and the officer, now half-drunk, admits having had a rendezvous with Rose.—When Thibaut has retired, Belamy again kisses Georgette, and lo, the bell does not ring this time!

Meanwhile, Rose comes down the hill, neatly clad and glowing with joy and pride, and Georgette, disregarding Thibaut's reproofs, offers her the wedding-garland. The whole village is assembled to see the wedding, but Silvain appears with dark brow and when Rose radiantly greets him, he pushes her back fiercely, believing that she betrayed the refugees, who are, as he has heard, caught. Rose is too proud to defend herself, but when Georgette tries to console her she silently draws from her bosom a paper containing the information that the refugees have safely crossed the frontier.—Great is Silvain's shame and heartfelt his repentance.—Suddenly Belamy enters, beside himself with rage, for his prey has escaped and he has lost his patent as lieutenant together with the remuneration of two hundred pistoles, and he at once orders Silvain to be shot. But Rose bravely defends her lover, threatening to reveal the dragoon's neglect of duty. When, therefore, Belamy's superior appears to hear the important news of which the messenger told him, his corporal is only able to stammer out that nothing in particular has happened; and so, after all, Georgette is saved from discovery and Rose becomes Silvain's happy bride.

## THE DUSK OF THE GODS.\* Third Day of the Nibelungen Ring by Wagner.

The third day opens with a prelude in which we see three Norns weaving the world's fate. When the cord breaks, they fly; the dawn of another world is upon them.

In the first act Siegfried bids Brünnhilde farewell. His active soul thirsts for deeds, and Brünnhilde, having taught him all she knows, does not detain him. He gives her the fatal ring in token of remembrance, confiding her to the care of Loge. Then we are transported to the Giebichung's hall on the Rhine. Gunther and his sister Gutrune sit there together with their gloomy half-brother Hagen. The latter advises his brother to marry, telling him of the beautiful woman guarded by the flames. When he has sufficiently excited Gunther's longing, he suggests that, as Siegfried is the only one able to gain Brünnhilde, Gunther should attach him to his person by giving him Gutrune as wife. This is to be achieved by a draught which has the power of causing oblivion. Whoever drinks it forgets that ever a woman has existed beside the one who has tended the potion. Hagen well knows of Siegfried's union with Brünnhilde, but Gunther and Gutrune are both ignorant of it.

Siegfried arrives and is heartily welcomed. All turns out as Hagen has foretold. By the fatal potion Siegfried falls passionately in love with Gutrune so that he completely forgets Brünnhilde. He swears blood-brotherhood to Gunther, and promises to win Brünnhilde for him. Then the two depart on their errand.

Meanwhile the Valkyrie Waltraute comes to Brünnhilde and beseeches her to render Siegfried's ring to the Rhine-daughters in order to save the Gods from destruction. Brünnhilde refuses to part with the token of her husband's love; and hardly has Waltraute departed than fate overtakes her in the person of Siegfried, who ventures through the flames in Gunther's shape. She vainly struggles against him, he snatches the ring from her, and so she is conquered. Siegfried holds vigil through the night, his sword separating him and the woman he wooed; and in the early dawn he leads her away to her bridegroom, who takes Siegfried's place unawares.

In the second act Alberich appears to Hagen. He tells his son of the story of the ring and bids him kill Siegfried and recover the stolen treasure for its owner.—Siegfried appears announcing Gunther's and Brünnhilde's arrival. The bridal pair are received by all their men, but the joy is soon damped by Brünnhilde recognizing in the bridegroom of Gutrune her own husband. Siegfried does not know her, but she discovers her ring on his hand and asserting that Gunther won it from her this hero is obliged to acknowledge the shameful rôle he played.—Though Siegfried swears that his sword Nothung guarded him from any contact with Gunther's bride, Brünnhilde responds in a most startling manner, and both swear on Hagen's spear that it may pierce them should their words prove

\* See also *The Rhinegold*, *Siegfried*, and *The Valkyrie*.

false. All this makes a dreadful impression on the weak mind of Gunther.

When Siegfried has withdrawn in high spirits with his bride Gutrune, Hagen hoping to gain the ring offers to avenge Brünnhilde on the faithless Siegfried. Brünnhilde, in her deadly wrath, betrays to him the only vulnerable spot beneath Siegfried's shoulder. Gunther consents reluctantly to their schemes.

The third act opens with a scene on the Rhine. The Rhine-daughters try to persuade Siegfried to render them the ring. He is about to throw it into the water when they warn him of the evil which will befall him should he refuse their request. This awakens his pride, and laughing he turns from them, he the fearless hero. His fellow-hunters overtake him, and while he relates to them the story of his life Hagen mixes a herb with his wine, which enables him to remember all he has forgotten. Hagen then treacherously drives his spear into Siegfried's back, killing him. He dies with Brünnhilde's praise on his lips. The funeral march, which here follows, is one of the most beautiful ever written. When the dead hero is brought to the Giebichung's hall, Gutrune bewails him loudly. A dispute arises between Hagen and Gunther about the ring, which ends by Hagen slaying Gunther. But, lo, when Hagen tries to strip the ring off the dead hand the fingers close themselves and the hand raises itself, bearing testimony against the murderer. Brünnhilde appears to mourn for the dead; she drives away Gutrune, who sees too late that under the influence of the fatal draught Siegfried forgot his lawful wife whom she now recognizes in Brünnhilde. The latter, taking a long farewell of her dead husband, orders a funeral pile to be erected. As soon as Siegfried's body is placed on it, she lights it with a firebrand, and when it is in full blaze she mounts her faithful steed, leaping with it into the flames.

When the fire sinks the Rhine-daughters are seen to snatch the ring, which is now purified from its curse by Brünnhilde's death.

Hagen, trying to wrench it from them, is drawn into the waves and so dies.

A dusky light, like that of a new dawn, spreads over heaven, and through a mist Walhalla, with all the Gods sleeping peacefully, may be perceived.

**ERNANI.** A Melodramatic Opera in 4 parts. Taken from Victor Hugo's Drama  
of the same name. Text by F. Maria Piave. Music by Giuseppe Verdi.

Ernani, an Italian rebel of obscure parentage, is the accepted lover of Donna Elvira, the high-born niece of Don Ruy Gomez de Silva, Grandee of Spain.

Donna Elvira is also coveted by Don Carlos, King of Spain, and by her old uncle Silva, who is about to wed her, much against her will.

Ernani comes to Silva's castle in the garb of a pilgrim and finds

the King in Donna Elvira's room trying to lure her away. Here they are surprised by de Silva, who, failing to recognize his sovereign, challenges both men to mortal combat.—When he recognizes the King in one of his foes he is in despair and humbly craves his pardon, which is granted to him.—At the same time Don Carlos sends Ernani away on a distant errand, hoping to rid himself of him once for all; but Donna Elvira vows to kill herself rather than belong either to the King or to her uncle, and promises unwavering constancy to her lover Ernani.

Nevertheless, the second act shows Elvira on the eve of her wedding with her uncle, de Silva.

Ernani, once more proclaimed an outlaw, seeks refuge in de Silva's castle, again disguised as a pilgrim. But when Ernani hears of Donna Elvira's approaching marriage with de Silva, he reveals his identity and offers his head to the old man, telling him that his life is forfeited and that a reward is offered for his capture. De Silva is too generous to betray his rival; he orders the gates of the castle to be barred at once.—While this is being done Ernani violently reproaches Elvira for having played him false. She answers that she has been led to believe him dead, and dissolved in tears they embrace tenderly. Thus they are surprised by de Silva, who, though for the time being bound by the laws of hospitality, swears to destroy Ernani wherever he may find him.

For the moment, however, he conceals his foe so well that Don Carlos' followers cannot find him. Though the King threatens to take the old man's life, the nobleman remains true to his word and even makes the greatest sacrifice by delivering Elvira as a hostage into the King's hands.

Left alone, he opens Ernani's hiding-place and challenges him to fight, but when the latter proves to him that Don Carlos is his rival and wants to seduce Elvira, de Silva's wrath turns against the King.

He accepts Ernani's offer to help him in frustrating the King's designs, but at the same time he reminds him that his life is forfeited.—Ernani declares himself satisfied and gives de Silva a bugle, the sound of which is to proclaim that the hour of reckoning between the two foes has come.

The third act takes place at Aix-la-Chapelle.

The King has heard of the conspiracy against his life. While the conspirators assemble in the Imperial Vaults he is concealed behind the monument of Charlemagne, and frustrates their designs by advancing from his hiding-place and proclaiming himself Emperor.

At the same moment the people rush in and do homage to Charles V.—Ernani surrenders to his foes, but Elvira implores the Emperor's pardon, which is granted; and Charles crowns his gracious act by uniting the lovers and creating Ernani Duke of Segorbia.

Both Elvira and Ernani go to Seville to celebrate their nuptials. But in the midst of their bliss Ernani hears the sound of his bugle

and de Silva appears and claims his rival's life. In vain the lovers implore his mercy; de Silva is inexorable, and relentlessly gives Ernani the choice between a poisoned draught and a dagger. Seizing the latter Ernani stabs himself, while Donna Elvira sinks senseless beside his corpse, leaving the aged de Silva to enjoy his revenge alone.

FIDELIO. Opera in 2 acts by L. van Beethoven.

Florestan, a Spanish nobleman, has dared to blame Don Pizarro, the governor of the state prison, a man as cruel as he is powerful. Pizarro has thus become Florestan's deadly foe, he has seized him secretly and thrown him into a dreadful dungeon, reporting his death to the Minister.

But this poor prisoner has a wife, Leonore, who is as courageous as she is faithful. She never believes in the false reports, but disguising herself in male attire, resolves not to rest until she has found her husband.

In this disguise we find her in the first act: she has contrived to get entrance into the fortress where she supposes her husband imprisoned, and by her gentle and courteous behavior and readiness for service of all kinds has won not only the heart of Rocco, the jailer, but that of his daughter Marcelline, who falls in love with the gentle youth and neglects her former lover Jaquino. Fidelio persuades Rocco to let her help him in his office with the prisoners. Quivering with mingled hope and fear she opens the prison gates to let the state prisoners out into the court, where they may for once have air and sunshine.

But seek as she may she cannot find her husband, and in silent despair she deems herself baffled.

Meanwhile, Pizarro has received a letter from Sevilla announcing the Minister's forthcoming visit to the fortress. Pizarro, frightened at the consequences of such a call, resolves to silence Florestan for ever. He orders the jailer to kill him, but the old man will not burden his soul with a murder and refuses firmly. Then Pizarro himself determines to kill Florestan, and summons Rocco to dig a grave in the dungeon in order to hide all traces of the crime.

Rocco, already looking upon the gentle and diligent Fidelio as his future son-in-law, confides to him his dreadful secret, and with fearful forebodings she entreats him to accept her help in the heavy work. Pizarro gives his permission, Rocco being too old and feeble to do the work quickly enough if alone; Pizarro has been rendered furious by the indulgence granted to the prisoners at Fidelio's entreaty, but a feeling of triumph overcomes every other when he sees Rocco depart for the dungeon with his assistant.

Here we find poor Florestan chained to a stone; he is wasted to a skeleton as his food has been reduced in quantity week by week by the cruel orders of his tormentor. He is gradually losing his reason, he has visions and in each one beholds his beloved wife.

When Leonore recognizes him she well-nigh faints, but with a superhuman effort of strength she rallies and begins her work. She has a piece of bread with her which she gives to the prisoner and with it the remainder of Rocco's wine. Rocco, mild at heart, pities his victim sincerely, but he dares not act against the orders of his superior, fearing to lose his position or even his life.

While Leonore refreshes the sick man, Rocco gives a sign to Pizarro that the work is done, and bids Fidelio leave; but she only hides herself behind a stone pillar, waiting with deadly fear for the coming event and decides to save her husband or to die with him.

Pizarro enters, secretly resolved to kill not only his foe but also both witnesses of his crime. He will not kill Florestan, however, without letting him know who his assailant is. So he loudly shouts his own much-feared name, but while he raises his dagger Leonore throws herself between him and Florestan, shielding the latter with her breast. Pizarro, stupefied like Florestan, loses his presence of mind. Leonore profits by it and presents a pistol at him, with which she threatens his life should he attempt another attack. At this critical moment the trumpets sound, announcing the arrival of the Minister, and Pizarro, in impotent wrath, is compelled to retreat. They are all summoned before the Minister, who is shocked at seeing his old friend Florestan in this sad state, but not the less delighted with and full of reverence for the noble courage of Leonore.

Pizarro is conducted away in chains; and the faithful wife with her own hands removes the fetters which still bind the husband for whom she has just won freedom and happiness.

Marcelline, feeling inclined to be ashamed of her mistake, returns to her simple and faithful lover, Jaquino.

*LA FIGLIA DEL REGGIMENTO.* Comic Opera in 2 acts by Gaëtano Donizetti.  
Text by St. George and Bayard.

The scene in the first act is laid near Bologna in the year 1815; the second act in the castle of the Marchesa di Maggiorivoglio.

Mary, a vivandière, has been found and educated by a French sergeant, named Sulpice, and, therefore, belongs in a sense to his regiment, which is on a campaign in Italy. She is called the "daughter" of the regiment which has adopted her, and she has grown up a bright and merry girl, full of pluck and spirit, the pet and delight of the whole regiment.

Tonio, a young Swiss, who has fallen in love with Mary, is believed by the grenadiers to be a spy, and is about to be hanged. But Mary, knowing that he has only come to see her, tells them that he lately saved her life when she was in danger of falling over a precipice.

This changes everything and, on his expressing a desire to become one of them, the grenadiers suffer the Swiss to enlist into their company. After the soldiers' departure he confesses his love to Mary, who returns it heartily. The soldiers agree to give their

consent, when the Marchesa di Maggiorivoglio appears, and by a letter once affixed to the foundling Mary, addressed to a Marchesa of the same name and carefully kept by Sulpice, it is proved that Mary is the Marchesa's niece. Of course this noble lady refuses her consent to a marriage with the low-born Swiss and claims Mary from her guardian. With tears and laments Mary takes leave of her regiment and her lover, who at once decides to follow her. But he has enlisted as a soldier and is forbidden to leave the ranks. Sulpice and his whole regiment curse the Marchesa, who thus carries away their joy.

In the second act Mary is in her aunt's castle. She has masters of every kind for her education in order to become a lady *comme il faut*, but she cannot forget her freedom and her dear soldiers, and instead of singing solfeggios and cavatinas, she is caught warbling her "Rataplan" to the Marchesa's grief and sorrow. Nor can she cease to think of Tonio, and only after a great struggle has she been induced to promise her hand to a nobleman, when she suddenly hears the well-beloved sound of drums and trumpets. It is her own regiment with Tonio as their leader, for he has been made an officer on account of his courage and brave behavior. Hoping that his altered position may turn the Marchesa's heart in his favor, he again asks for Mary, but his suit is once more rejected. Then he proposes flight, but the Marchesa, detecting his plan, reveals to Mary that she is not her niece, but her own daughter, born in early wedlock with an officer far beneath her in rank, who soon after died in battle. This fact she has concealed from her family, but as it is now evident that she has closer ties with Mary, the poor girl dares not disobey her, and, though broken-hearted, consents to renounce Tonio.

The Marchesa invites a large company of guests to celebrate her daughter's betrothal to the son of a neighboring duchess. But Mary's faithful grenadiers suddenly appear to rescue her from those hateful ties, and astonish the whole company by their recital of Mary's early history. The obedient maiden, however, submissive to her fate, is about to sign the marriage contract when at last the Marchesa, touched by her obedience and her sufferings, conquers her own pride and consents to the union of her daughter with Tonio. Sulpice and his soldiers burst out into loud shouts of approbation, and the high-born guests retire silently and disgusted.

DER FLIEGENDE HOLLÄNDER (THE FLYING DUTCHMAN).  
Romantic Opera in 3 acts by Wagner.

The Flying Dutchman is a sort of Wandering Jew, condemned to sail forever on the seas until he has found a woman whose love to him is faithful unto death.

In the first act we find ourselves on the high seas. Daland, a Norwegian skipper, has met with several misfortunes on his way home,

and is compelled to anchor on a deserted shore. There he finds the Flying Dutchman, who vainly roves from sea to sea to find death and with it peace. His only hope is Doomsday. He has never found a maiden faithful to him, and he knows not how often and how long he has vainly tried to be released from his doom. Once, every seven years, he is allowed to go on shore and take a wife. This time has now come again, and hearing from Daland that he has a daughter, sweet and pure, he begins to hope once more, and offers all his wealth to the father for a shelter under the Norwegian's roof and for the hand of his daughter Senta.—Daland is only too glad to accept for his child what to him seems an immense fortune, and so they sail home together.

In the second act we find Senta in the spinning-room. The servants of the house are together spinning and singing. Senta is amongst them, but her wheel does not turn; she is dreamily regarding an old picture. It is that of the Flying Dutchman, whose legend so deeply touches her that she has grown to love its hero without having in reality seen him.

Senta has a wooer already in the person of Erick the hunter, but she does not care much for him. With deep feeling she sings to the spinning maidens the ballad of the doomed man as she has heard it from Mary, her nurse:

An old captain wanted to sail round the Cape of Good Hope, and as the wind was against him, he swore a terrible oath that he never would leave off trying. The devil heard him and doomed him to sail on to eternity, but God's angel had pity on him and showed him how he could find deliverance through a wife faithful unto the grave.

All the maidens pray to God to let the maiden be found at last, when Senta ecstatically exclaims: "I will be his wife!" At this moment her father's ship is announced. Senta is about to run away to welcome him, but is detained by Erick, who tries to win her for himself. She answers evasively; then Daland enters and with him a dark and gloomy stranger. Senta stands spellbound: she recognizes the hero of her picture. The Dutchman is not less impressed, seeing in her the angel of his dreams and as it were his deliverer; and so, meeting by the guidance of a superior power, they seem created for each other, and Senta, accepting the offer of his hand, swears to him eternal fidelity.

In the third act we see the Flying Dutchman's ship; everybody recognizes it by its black mast and its blood-red sail. The Norwegian sailors call loudly to the mariners of the strange ship, but nothing stirs, everything seems dead and haunted. At last the unearthly inhabitants of the Dutch ship awake; they are old and gray and wrinkled, all doomed to the fate of their captain. They begin a wild and gloomy song, which sends a chill into the hearts of the stout Norwegians.

Meanwhile, Erick, beholding in Senta the betrothed of the Dutch-

man, is in despair. Imploring her to turn back, he calls up old memories and at last charges her with infidelity to him.

As soon as the Dutchman hears this accusation he turns from Senta, feeling that he is again lost. But Senta will not break her faith. Seeing the Dutchman fly from her, ready to sail away, she swiftly runs after him and throws herself from the cliff into the waves.

By this sacrifice the spell is broken, the ghostly ship sinks forever into the ocean, and an angel bears the poor wanderer to eternal rest, where he is re-united to the bride who has proved faithful unto death.

**FRA DIAVOLO.** Comic Opera in 3 acts by Auber. Text by Scribe.

The scene is laid at Terracina in Italy. Fra Diavolo is a celebrated and much-feared chief of brigands. The Roman court of justice has set a price of 10,000 piastres on his head. In the first act we meet with the Roman soldiers, who undertake to win the money. Their captain Lorenzo has a double aim in trying to catch the brigand. He is Zerline's lover, but having no money, Zerline's father Matteo, the owner of a hotel, threatens to give her to a rich farmer's son. Meanwhile Fra Diavolo has forced his society on a rich English lord, Cookburn by name, who is on his wedding-tour with his fair young wife Pamella. Lord Cookburn looks jealously at Fra Diavolo, though he does not recognize in him a brigand. The English are robbed by Diavolo's band. Disgusted with the insecurity of "la bella Italia" they reach the inn at Terracina, where the dragoons, hearing the account of this new robbery, believe that it was Fra Diavolo with his band, and at once decide to pursue him.

Shortly afterwards Fra Diavolo arrives at the inn disguised as the Marquis of San Marco, under which name the English lord has already made his acquaintance. He is not enchanted by the arrival of this Marquis; he fears a new flirtation with his own fair wife. Pamella wears most valuable diamonds, and these strike the eye of Fra Diavolo.

He sees that the English have been clever enough to conceal the greater part of their wealth and resolves to put himself speedily into possession of it.

He is flirting desperately with Pamella and looking tenderly at the pretty Zerline when the soldiers return, having captured twenty of the brigands and retaken the greater part of Lord Cookburn's money and jewels. Lorenzo, the captain of the dragoons, is rewarded by the magnanimous Lord with 10,000 lire, and may now hope to win Zerline's hand. But Fra Diavolo vows to avenge the death of his comrades on Lorenzo.

In the second act he conceals himself behind the curtains in Zerline's sleeping-room, and during the night he admits his two companions Beppo and Giacomo. Zerline enters and is about to retire

to rest after praying to the Holy Virgin for protection.—During her sleep Giacomo is to stab her, while the two others are to rob the English Milord.

But Zerline's prayer and her innocence touch even the robbers: the deed is delayed, and this delay brings Lorenzo upon them. Fra Diavolo's two companions hide themselves, and the false Marquis alone is found in Zerline's room. He assures Lorenzo that he had a rendezvous with his bride, and at the same time whispers into Milord's ear that he came by appointment with Milady, showing her portrait, of which he had robbed her the day before, as proof. The consequence of these lies is a challenge from Lorenzo, and a meeting with Diavolo is fixed. The latter is full of triumphant glee; he has arranged a deep-laid plan with the surviving members of his band and hopes to ensnare not only Lorenzo but his whole company. Ordinarily Diavolo is a noble brigand; he never troubles women, and he loads poor people with gifts, taking the gold out of rich men's purses only, but now he is full of ire and his one thought is of vengeance.

Finally he is betrayed by the carelessness of his own helpmates. Beppo and Giacomo, seeing Zerline, recognize in her their fair prey of the evening before and betray themselves by repeating some of the words which she had given utterance to. Zerline, hearing them, is now able to comprehend the wicked plot which was woven to destroy her happiness. The two banditti are captured and compelled to lure their captain into a trap. Diavolo appears, not in his disguise as a Marquis, but in his own well-known dress with the red plume waving from his bonnet, and being assured by Beppo that all is secure, is easily captured. Now all the false imputations are cleared up. Milord is reconciled to his wife and Lorenzo obtains the hand of the lovely Zerline.

**DER FREISCHÜTZ.** Romantic Opera in 3 acts by C. M. von Weber.  
Text by Friedrich Kind.

A young huntsman, Max, is in love with Agathe, daughter of Cuno, the chief-ranger of Prince Ottocar of Bohemia. Max woos her, but their union depends on a master-shot which he is to deliver on the following morning.

During a village festival he has all day been unlucky in shooting, and we see him, full of anger and sorrow, being mocked at by peasants more lucky than he.

His comrade, Caspar, one of the ranger's older huntsmen, is his evil genius. He has sold himself to the devil, is a gloomy, mysterious fellow, and hopes to save his soul by delivering some other victim to the demon. He wants to tempt Max to try enchanted bullets, to be obtained at the cross-roads during the midnight hour by drawing a magic circle with a bloody sword and invoking the name of the mysterious huntsman. Father Cuno, hearing him, drives him away, begging Max to think of his bride and to pray to God for success.

But Max cannot forget the railleries of the peasants; he broods over his misfortunes and when he is well-nigh despairing, Caspar, who meanwhile calls Samiel (the devil in person) to help, encourages him to take refuge in stimulants. He tries to intoxicate the unhappy lover by pouring drops from a phial into his wine. When Max has grown more and more excited, Caspar begins to tell him of nature's secret powers, which might help him. Max first struggles against the evil influence, but when Caspar, handing him his gun, lets him shoot an eagle soaring high in the air, his huntsman's heart is elated and he wishes to become possessed of such a bullet. Caspar tells him that they are enchanted and persuades him to a meeting in the Wolf's-glen at midnight, where the bullets may be moulded.

In the second act Agathe is with her cousin Aennchen. Agathe is the true German maiden, serious and thoughtful almost to melancholy. She presents a marked contrast to her gay and light-hearted cousin, who tries to brighten Agathe with fun and frolic. They adorn themselves with roses which Agathe received from a holy hermit who blessed her, but warned her of impending evil. So Agathe is full of dread forebodings, and after Aennchen's departure she fervently prays to Heaven for her beloved. When she sees him come to her through the forest with flowers on his hat, her fears vanish and she greets him joyously. But Max only answers hurriedly that, having killed a stag in the Wolf's-glen, he is obliged to return there. Agathe, filled with terror at the mention of this ill-famed name, wants to keep him back, but ere she can detain him he has fled. With hurried steps Max approaches the Wolf's-glen, where Caspar is already occupied in forming circles of black stones, in the midst of which he places a skull, an eagle's wing, a crucible, and a bullet-mould. Caspar then calls on Samiel, invoking him to allow him a few more years on earth. To-morrow is the day appointed for Satan to take his soul, but Caspar promises to surrender Max in exchange. Samiel, who appears through the cleft of a rock, agrees to let him have six of the fatal balls, reserving only the seventh for himself.

Caspar then proceeds to make the bullets, Max only looking on, stunned and remorseful at what he sees. His mother's spirit appears to him, but he is already under the influence of the charm; he cannot move. The proceeding goes forward amid hellish noise. A hurricane arises, flames and devilish forms flicker about, wild and horrible creatures rush by and others follow in hot pursuit. The noise grows worse, the earth seems to quake, until at length after Caspar's reiterated invocations Samiel shows himself at the word "seven." Max and Caspar both make the sign of the cross, and fall on their knees more dead than alive.

In the third act we find Agathe waiting for her bridesmaids. She is perturbed and sad, having had frightful dreams and not knowing what has become of Max. Aennchen consoles her, diverting her

with a merry song, until the bridesmaids enter, bringing flowers and gifts. They then prepare to crown her with the bridal wreath, when, lo, instead of the myrtle there lies in the box a wreath of white roses, the ornament of the dead.

Meanwhile everybody is assembled on the lawn near Prince Ottocar's tent to be present at the firing of the master-shot. The Prince points out to Max a white dove as an object at which to aim. At this critical moment Agathe appears, crying out: "Don't shoot, Max, I am the white dove!" But it was too late; Max has fired, and Agathe sinks down at the same time as Caspar, who has been waiting behind a tree and who now falls heavily to the ground, while the dove flies away unhurt. Everybody believes that Max has shot his bride, but she is only in a swoon; the bullet has really killed the villain Caspar. It was the seventh, the direction of which Samiel reserved for himself, and Satan, having no power over the pious maiden, directed it on Caspar, already forfeited to him. Max confesses his sin with deep remorse. The Prince scornfully bids him leave his dominions for ever. But Agathe prays for him, and at last the Prince follows the hermit's advice, giving the unhappy youth a year of probation, during which to prove his repentance and grow worthy of his virtuous bride.

FRIEND FRITZ. A Lyric Comedy in 3 acts by Pietro Mascagni. Text after Erokmann-Chartrian's novel of the same name.

Fritz Kobus, a well-to-do landowner, receives the felicitations of his friends on his fortieth birthday. At the same time his old friend Rabbi David, as consummate a match-maker as Fritz is an inveterate bachelor, receives from the latter a loan of 1,200 francs which is to enable a poor girl to marry her lover. Fritz gives it very graciously, congratulating himself that he is free from Hymen's bonds.

He treats his friends to a hearty dinner in which Susel, his tenant's daughter, who comes to present her landlord with a nosegay of violets, joins. Fritz makes her sit beside him, and for the first time remarks the growing loveliness of the young maiden. While they are feasting a gypsy, Seppel, plays a serenade in honor of the birthday, which makes a deep impression on fair Susel. When the latter has departed the joviality of the company increases. Hanczo and Friedrich, two friends, laughingly prophesy to the indignant Fritz that he will soon be married, and David even makes a bet which, should he prove right, will make him owner of one of his friend's vineyards. At the end of the first act a procession of orphans hail the landlord as their benefactor.

In the second act we find our friend Fritz as guest in the house of his tenant. Susel is sedulously engaged in selecting flowers and cherries for her landlord, who, coming down into the garden, is presented by her with flowers. Soon she mounts a ladder, and plucking cherries, throws them to Fritz, who is uncertain which are the sweeter,

the maiden's red lips or the ripe cherries which she offers him. In the midst of their enjoyment the sound of bells and cracking of whips are heard; Fritz's friends enter. He soon takes them off for a walk, only old David stays behind with Susel, pleading fatigue. Taking occasion of her presenting him with a drink of fresh water, he makes her tell him the old story of Isaac and Rebecca, and is quite satisfied to guess at the state of her feelings by the manner in which she relates the simple story. On Fritz's return he archly communicates to him that he has found a suitable husband for Susel, and that he has her father's consent. The disgust and fright which Fritz experiences at this news reveal to him something of his own feelings for the charming maiden. He decides to return home at once, and does not even take farewell of Susel, who weeps in bitter disappointment.

In the third act Fritz, at home again, can find no peace anywhere. When David tells him that Susel's marriage is a decided fact he breaks out, and in his passion downright forbids the marriage. At this moment Susel appears, bringing her landlord a basket of fruit. She looks pale and sad, and when Fritz sarcastically asks her whether she comes to invite him to her wedding, she bursts into tears. Then the real state of her heart is revealed to him, and with passionate avowal of his own love *amico* Fritz takes her to his heart. So David wins his wager, which, however, he settles on Susel as a dowry, promising at the same time to procure wives before long for the two friends standing by.

**THE TWO GRENADIERS.** Comic Opera in 3 acts by Albert Lortzing.

Text adapted from the French.

The scene takes place in a little country town, where we find Busch, a wealthy inn-keeper, making preparations for the arrival of his only son. The young man had entered a Grenadier regiment at the age of sixteen, ten years before, so the joyful event of his home-coming is looked forward to with pleasure by his father and sister Suschen, but with anxiety by a friend of hers, Caroline, to whom young Busch had been affianced before joining his regiment.

Enter two young Grenadiers from the regiment on leave, the younger of whom falls in love with Suschen at first sight. However, as the elder Grenadier, Schwarzbart, dolefully remarks, they are both almost penniless, and he reflects how he can possibly help them in their need. His meditations are interrupted by the arrival of the landlord, who, seeing the two knapsacks and recognizing one of them as that of his son, naturally supposes the owner to be his offspring, in which belief he is confirmed by Schwarzbart, who is induced to practise this deceit, partly by the desire of getting a good dinner and the means of quenching his insatiable thirst, partly by the hope of something turning up in favor of his companion in arms, Wilhelm. As a matter of fact the knapsack does not belong to Wilhelm at all.

On leaving the inn at which the banquet following the wedding of one of their comrades had been held, the knapsacks had inadvertently been exchanged much to Wilhelm's dismay, his own containing a lottery ticket which, as he has just learnt, had won a great prize. The supposed son is of course received with every demonstration of affection by his fond parent, but, though submitting with a very good grace to the endearments of his supposed sister—the maiden with whom he has fallen in love so suddenly,—he resolutely declines being hugged and made much of by the old landlord, this double part being entirely distasteful to his straightforward nature. Nor does his affianced bride, the daughter of the bailiff, fare any better, his affections being placed elsewhere, and their bewilderment is only somewhat appeased by Schwarzbart's explanation that his comrade suffers occasionally from weakness of the brain.

In the next act Peter, a youth of marvellous stupidity and cousin of the bailiff, presents himself in a woeful plight, to which he has been reduced by some soldiers at the same wedding festivities, and shortly after Gustav, the real son, appears on the scene. He is a manly fellow, full of tender thoughts for his home. Great is, therefore, his surprise at finding himself repulsed by his own father, who, not recognizing him, believes him to be an impostor. All the young man's protestations are of no avail, for in his knapsack are found the papers of a certain Wilhelm Stark for whom he is now mistaken.—When silly Peter perceives him he believes him to be the Grenadier who had so ill-treated him at the wedding, though in reality it was Schwarzbart. Gustav is shut up in a large garden-house of his father's; the small town lacking a prison.

In the third act the Magistrate has found out that Wilhelm's papers prove him to be the bailiff's son, being the offspring of his first love,—who had been with a clergyman, and who, after the death of the bailiff's wife, is vainly sought for by his father. Of course this changes everything for the prisoner, who is suddenly accosted graciously by his gruff guardian Barsch, and does not know what to make of his mysterious hints.

Meanwhile Caroline's heart has spoken for the stranger who had addressed her so courteously and chivalrously; she feels that, far from being an impostor, he is a loyal and true-hearted young fellow, and, therefore, decides to liberate him. At the same time enters Wilhelm with Schwarzbart seeking Suschen; Peter slips in for the same reason, seeking her, for Suschen is to be his bride. Gustav (the prisoner), hearing footsteps, blows out the candle in order to save Caroline from being recognized, and so they all run about in the dark, playing hide-and-seek in an infinitely droll manner. At last the bailiff, having heard that his son has been found, comes up with the inn-keeper.—The whole mystery is cleared up, and both sons embrace their respective fathers and their brides.

HANSEL AND GRETEL. A Fairy Tale in 3 pictures by Adelheid Wette.  
Music by Engelbert Humperdinck.

The first act represents the miserable little hut of a broom-maker. Hansel is occupied in binding brooms, Gretel is knitting and singing old nursery-songs, such as "Susy, dear Susy, what rattles in the straw?" Both children are very hungry, and wait impatiently for the arrival of their parents. Hansel is particularly bad-tempered, but the merry and practical Gretel, finding some milk in a pot, soon soothes his ruffled feelings by the promise of a nice rice-pap in the evening. Forgetting work and hunger, they begin to dance and frolic until they roll on the ground together. At this moment their mother enters, and seeing the children idle her wrath is kindled, and she rushes at them with the intention of giving them a sound whipping. Alas! instead of Hansel she strikes the pot and upsets the milk. The mother's vexation cools and only sorrow remains, but she quickly puts a little basket into Gretel's hands and drives the children away, bidding them look for strawberries in the woods. Then, sinking on a chair utterly exhausted, she falls asleep. She is awakened by her husband, who comes in singing and very gay. She sees that he has had a drop too much and is about to reproach him, but the words die on her lips when she sees him unfold his treasure, consisting of eggs, bread, butter, and coffee. He tells her that he has been very fortunate at the church-ale (Kirmes), and bids her prepare supper at once. Alas! the pot is broken, and the mother relates that finding the children idle anger got the better of her and the pot was smashed to pieces. He good-naturedly laughs at her discomfiture, but his merriment is changed to grief when he hears that their children are still in the forest, perhaps even near the Ilsestein, where the wicked fairy lives who entices children in order to bake and devour them. This thought so alarms the parents that they rush off to seek the children in the forest.

The second act is laid near the ill-famed Ilsestein. Hansel has filled his basket with strawberries and Gretel is winding a garland of red hips, with which Hansel crowns her. He presents her also with a bunch of wild flowers and playfully does homage to this queen of the woods. Gretel, enjoying the play, pops one berry after another into her brother's mouth; then they both eat while listening to the cuckoo. Before they are aware of it they have eaten the whole contents of the basket and observe with terror that it has grown too dark either to look for a fresh supply or to find their way home. Gretel begins to weep and to call for her parents, but Hansel, rallying his courage, takes her in his arms and soothes her until they both grow sleepy. The dustman comes, throwing his dust into their eyes, but before their lids close they say their evening prayer; then they fall asleep and the fourteen guardian angels, whose protection they invoked, are seen stepping down the heavenly ladder to guard their sleep.

In the third act the morning dawns. Crystal drops are showered on the children by the angel of the dew; Gretel opens her eyes first and wakes her brother with a song. They are still entranced by the beautiful angel-dream they have had, when suddenly their attention is aroused by the sight of a little house made entirely of cake and sugar. Approaching it on tiptoe they begin to break off little bits, but a voice within calls out "Tip tap, tip tap, who raps at my house?" "The wind, the wind, the heavenly child," they answer, continuing to eat and to laugh, nothing daunted. But the door opens softly and out glides the witch, who quickly throws a rope around Hansel's throat. Urging the children to enter her house she tells her name, Rosina Sweet-tooth. The frightened children try to escape, but the fairy raises her staff and by a magic charm keeps them spell-bound. She imprisons Hansel in a small stable with a lattice-door and gives him almonds and currants to eat, then turning to Gretel, who has stood rooted to the spot, she breaks the charm with a juniper bough and compels her to enter the house and make herself useful.

Believing Hansel to be asleep she turns to the oven and kindles the fire, then breaking into wild glee she seizes a broom and rides on it round the house singing, Gretel all the while observing her keenly. Tired with her exertions the witch awakes Hansel and bids him show his finger, at which command Hansel stretches out a small piece of wood. Seeing him so thin the witch calls for more food, and while she turns her back Gretel quickly takes up the juniper bough and, speaking the formula, disenchants her brother. Meanwhile, the witch, turning to the oven, tells Gretel to creep into it in order to see if the honey cakes are ready, but the little girl, affecting stupidity, begs her to show how she is to get in. The witch impatiently bends forward and at the same moment Gretel assisted by Hansel, who has escaped from his prison, pushes her into the hot oven and slams the iron door.—The wicked witch burns to ashes, while the oven cracks and roars and finally falls to pieces. With astonishment the brother and sister see a long row of children, from whom the honey crust has fallen off, standing stiff and stark. Gretel tenderly caresses one of them, who opens his eyes and smiles. She now touches them all, and Hansel, seizing the juniper bough, works the charm and recalls them to new life. The cake-children thank them warmly, and they all proceed to inspect the treasures of the house, when Hansel hears their parents calling them. Great is the joy of father and mother at finding their beloved ones safe and in the possession of a sweet little house. The old sorceress is drawn out of the ruins of the oven in form of an immense honey-cake, whereupon they all thank Heaven for having so visibly helped and protected them.

**HOFFMANN'S TALES.** A Fantastic Opera in 3 acts by Jules Barbier.  
Music by Jacques Offenbach.

The first scene, a prologue, is laid in Luther's famous wine-cellar in Nuremberg.

The hero of the opera, Hoffmann himself, is there, drinking with a number of gay young students, his friends. He is in a despondent mood, and when urged by his companions to tell them the reason of his depression he declares himself ready to relate the story of his three love adventures, while his friends sit round a bowl of flaming strong punch.

Now the scene changes and the curtain rises on the first act. We find Hoffmann in Spalanzani's house. This man is a famous physiologist, and Hoffmann has entered his house as his pupil in order to make the acquaintance of the professor's beautiful daughter Olympia, whom he has seen at a distance.

This daughter is nothing more than an automaton that has been manufactured by Spalanzani and his friend, the wizard Coppelius. This doll can sing, dance, and speak like a human being. Spalanzani hopes to become rich by means of this clever work of art. As half of Olympia (this is the doll's name) belongs to Coppelius, Spalanzani buys her from him, paying him by a draft on the Jew Elias, though he knows him to be bankrupt.—Hoffmann has been persuaded by Coppelius to purchase a pair of spectacles, through which he looks at Olympia, and taking her for a lovely, living maiden, falls violently in love with her.

Spalanzani now gives a grand entertainment at which he presents his daughter Olympia (the automaton), who surprises everybody by her loveliness and fine singing.—Hoffmann is completely bewitched, and as soon as he finds himself alone with her he makes her an ardent declaration of love and is not at all discouraged by her sitting stock-still and only answering from time to time a dry little "ja, ja." At last he tries to embrace her, but as soon as he touches her she rises and trips away.

Hoffmann's friend Niklas finds him in the seventh heaven of rapture and vainly endeavors to enlighten him as to the reason of the beauty's stiffness and heartlessness.

When the dancing begins Hoffmann engages Olympia and they dance on, always faster and faster until Hoffmann sinks down in a swoon, his spectacles being broken by the fall. Olympia spins on alone as fast as ever and presently dances out of the room, Cochenille vainly trying to stop her. Coppelius now enters in a fury, having found out that Spalanzani's draft on Elias is worthless. He rushes to the room into which Olympia has vanished, and when Hoffmann revives he hears a frightful sound of breaking and smashing, and Spalanzani bursts in with the news that Coppelius has broken his valuable automaton. Thus Hoffmann learns that he has been in love with a senseless doll. The guests, who now enter, shout with

laughter at his confusion, while Spalanzani and Coppelius load each other with abuse.

The second act takes place in Giulietta's palace in Venice. Everything breathes joy and love.—Both Niklas and Hoffmann are courting the beautiful lady. Niklas warns his friend against her, but Hoffmann only laughs at the idea that he is likely to love a courtesan. The latter is entirely in the hand of the wizard Dapertutto, who acts towards Hoffmann as an evil spirit under three different names in each of his three love affairs. Giulietta has already stolen for him the shadow of her former lover Schlemihl; now Dapertutto wounds her vanity by telling her that Hoffman has spoken disdainfully of her, and makes her promise to win the young man's love and by that means to make him give her his reflection from a looking-glass.

She succeeds easily, and there ensues a charming love-duet during which they are surprised by the jealous Schlemihl. Giulietta tells Hoffmann that her former lover has the key of her apartments in his pocket, she then departs leaving the two lovers and Dapertutto alone. When Hoffman peremptorily demands the key from Schlemihl the latter refuses to give it up. The result is a duel, for which Dapertutto offers Hoffmann his sword.

After a few passes Schlemihl is killed and Dapertutto disappears. A few moments afterwards Giulietta's gondola passes before the balcony and Hoffmann sees her leaning on Dapertutto's arm singing a mocking farewell to the poor deserted lover.

The third act takes place in Rath Krespel's house. His daughter Antonia has inherited her mother's gift of a beautiful voice, but, alas! also her tendency to consumption. The greatest joy of her life is singing, which, however, her father has forbidden, knowing this exertion to be fatal to his darling.

She is engaged to be married to Hoffmann, but Krespel is averse to the marriage, seeing in it another danger for his daughter's health, as Hoffman is musical and encourages Antonia to sing. Krespel has forbidden his servant Franz to let anybody see Antonia while he goes out of the house, but Franz, who is very deaf, misunderstands his master's orders and joyously welcomes his mistress's suitor. A delicate love-scene follows, during which Antonia shows her lover that her voice is as fine as ever. When they hear Krespel returning Antonia retires to her own room, but Hoffmann hides himself in an alcove, determined to learn why Antonia is so closely hidden from the world.

Immediately after the father's return Doctor Mirakel enters; Krespel is mortally afraid of this mysterious man, as he believes him to have killed his wife by his drugs and that now he aims at his daughter's life.

This Mirakel is a demon who acts as in the two former instances as Hoffmann's evil genius.—From the conversation of the two men Hoffmann learns the secret of his bride's dangerous inheritance, and when

Mirakel has at last been driven out of the room and Krespel has left it too, the lovers both come back again. Hoffmann by earnest entreaty succeeds in gaining Antonia's promise never to sing any more. But when he has left, Mirakel returns and by invoking the spirit of her mother he goads her on to break her promise. She begins to sing and he urges her on, until she sinks back exhausted. It is thus that her father and her lover find her, and after a few sweet words of farewell she dies in their arms.

The Epilogue takes us back to Luther's cellar, where Hoffmann's companions are still sitting over their punch, the steam of which forms clouds over their heads, while they thank their poor, heart-broken friend for his three stories with ringing cheers.

**LES HUGUENOTS.** Grand Opera in 5 acts by Giacomo Meyerbeer.  
Text by Scribe.

The scene is laid in France at the time of the bloody persecutions of the Protestants or Huguenots by the Catholics. The Duke of Medicis has apparently made peace with Admiral Coligny, the greatest and most famous of the Huguenots, and we are introduced into the castle of Count Nevers, where the Catholic noblemen receive Raoul de Nangis, a Protestant, who has lately been promoted to the rank of captain. During their meal they speak of love and its pleasures and everybody is called on to give the name of his sweetheart. Raoul begins by telling them that once when taking a walk he surprised a band of students molesting a lady in a litter. He rescued her and, as she graciously thanked him for his gallant service, he thought her more beautiful than any maiden he had ever before seen. His heart burnt with love for her, though he did not know her name. While Raoul drinks with the noblemen, Marcel, his old servant, warns him of the danger of doing so.

Marcel is a strict old Protestant and sings a ballad of the Huguenots to the young people, a song wild and fanatic. They laugh at his impotent wrath, when a lady is announced to Count Nevers, in whom Raoul recognizes the lady of his dreams.

Of course he believes her false and bad, while as a matter of fact she only comes to beseech Nevers, her destined bridegroom, to set her free. Nevers does so, though not without pain. When he returns to his companions he conceals the result of the interview and presently Urbain, a page, enters with a little note for Raoul de Nangis in which he is ordered to attend a lady, unknown to him. The others recognize the seal of Queen Margarita of Valois, and finding him so worthy at once seek to gain his friendship.

In the second act we find Raoul with the beautiful Queen, who is trying to reconcile the Catholics with the Protestants. To this end the Queen has resolved to unite Raoul with Valentine, her lady of honor and daughter of the Count of St. Bris, a staunch Catholic. Valentine tells her heart's secret to her mistress, for to her it was that

Raoul brought assistance, and she loves him. The noble Raoul, seeing Margarita's beauty and kindness, vows himself her knight, when suddenly the whole court enters to render her homage. Recognizing her at last to be the Queen, Raoul is all the more willing to fulfil her wishes and offers his hand in reconciliation to the proud St. Bris, promising to wed his daughter. But when he perceives in her the unknown lady whom he believes to be so unworthy he takes back his word. All are surprised, and the offended father vows bloody vengeance.

In the third act Marcel brings a challenge to St. Bris, which the latter accepts, but Maurevert, a fanatical Catholic nobleman, tells him of other ways in which to annihilate his foe. Valentine, though deadly offended with her lover, resolves to save him. Seeing Marcel she bids him tell his master not to meet his enemy alone. Meanwhile Raoul is already on the spot, and so is St. Bris with four witnesses. While they fight, a quarrel arises between the Catholic and the Protestant citizens, which is stopped by Queen Margarita. The enemies accuse each other, and when the Queen is in doubt as to whom she shall believe Valentine appears to bear witness. Then Raoul hears that her interview with Nevers had been but a farewell, sought for but to loosen forever the ties which her father had formed for her against her will; but the knowledge of his error comes too late, for St. Bris has once more promised his daughter to Nevers, who at this moment arrives with many guests, invited for the wedding. The presence of the Queen preserves peace between the different parties, but Raoul leaves the spot with death in his heart.

In the fourth act the dreadful night of St. Bartholomew is already beginning.

We find Valentine in her room despairing. Raoul comes to take a last farewell, but almost immediately St. Bris enters with a party of Catholics and Raoul is obliged to hide in the adjoining room. There he hears the whole conspiracy for the destruction of the Protestants, beginning with their leader, Admiral Coligny. The Catholics all assent to this diabolical plot; Nevers alone refuses to soil his honor and swears only to fight in open battle. The others, fearing treason, decide to bind and keep him prisoner until the next morning. Raoul prepares to save his brethren or die with them. Vain are Valentine's entreaties; though she confesses to her love for him, he yet leaves her, though with a great effort, to follow the path of duty.

In the last act Raoul rushes pale and bloody into the hall where Queen Margarita sits with her husband Henry of Navarre, surrounded by the court.

He tells them of the terrific events which are going on outside and beseeches their help. It is too late, however; Coligny has already fallen and with him most of the Huguenots.

Raoul meets Valentine once more; she promises to save him if he

will go over to her faith. But Marcel reminds him of his oath, and Valentine, seeing that nothing can move her lover's fortitude and firmness, decides to remain with him. She accepts his creed and so they meet death together: Valentine falling by the side of her deadly wounded lover, both praising God with their last breath.

**IIPHIGENIA IN AULIS.** Grand Opera in 3 acts by Gluck. Text of the original rearranged by R. Wagner.

This opera may be called the first part of the tragedy, and Iphigenia in Tauris very beautifully completes it. The music is sure to be highly relished by a cultivated hearer, characterized as it is by a simplicity which often rises into grandeur and nobility of utterance.

The first scene represents Agamemnon rent by a conflict between his duty and his fatherly love; the former of which demands the sacrifice of his daughter, for only then will a favorable wind conduct the Greeks safely to Ilion. Kalchas, the High Priest of Artemis, appears to announce her dreadful sentence. Alone with the King, Kalchas vainly tries to induce the unhappy father to consent to the sacrifice.

Meanwhile, Iphigenia, who has not received Agamemnon's message which ought to have prevented her undertaking the fatal journey, arrives with her mother Klytemnestra. They are received with joy by the people. Agamemnon secretly informs his spouse that Achilles, Iphigenia's betrothed, has proved unworthy of her and that she is to return to Argos at once.—Iphigenia gives way to her feelings. Achilles appears, the lovers are soon reconciled and prepare to celebrate their nuptials.

In the second act Iphigenia is adorned for her wedding and Achilles comes to lead her to the altar when Arkas, Agamemnon's messenger, informs them that death awaits Iphigenia.

Klytemnestra in despair appeals to Achilles and the bridegroom swears to protect Iphigenia. She alone is resigned in the belief that it is her father's will that she should face this dreadful duty. Achilles reproaches Agamemnon wildly and leaves the unhappy father a prey to mental torture. At last he decides to send Arkas at once to Mykene with mother and daughter and to hide them there until the wrath of the goddess be appeased. But it is too late.

In the third act the people assemble before the Royal tent and with much shouting and noise demand the sacrifice. Achilles in vain implores Iphigenia to follow him. She is ready to be sacrificed, while he determines to kill any one who dares touch his bride. Klytemnestra then tries everything in her power to save her. She offers herself in her daughter's stead, and finding it of no avail, at last sinks down in a swoon. The daughter, having bade her an eternal farewell, with quiet dignity allows herself to be led to the altar. When her mother awakes she rages in impotent fury; then she hears the people's hymn to the goddess, and rushes out to die with her child.—The scene

changes.—The High Priest at the altar of Artemis is ready to pierce the innocent victim. A great tumult arises: Achilles with his native Thessalians makes his way through the crowd in order to save Iphigenia, who loudly invokes the help of the goddess. But at this moment a loud thunder peal arrests the contending parties, and when the mist, which has blinded all, has passed, Artemis herself is seen in a cloud with Iphigenia kneeling before her.

The goddess announces that it is Iphigenia's high mind which she demands and not her blood; she wishes to take her into a foreign land, where she may be her priestess and atone for the sins of the blood of Atreus.

A wind favorable to the fleet has risen, and the people filled with gratitude and admiration behold the vanishing cloud and praise the goddess.

**IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS.** Opera in 4 acts by Gluck. Text by Guillard.

The libretto follows pretty exactly the Greek original.

Iphigenia, King Agamemnon's daughter, who has been saved by the goddess Diana (or Artemis) from death at the altar of Aulis, has been carried in a cloud to Tauris, where she is compelled to be High Priestess in the temple of the barbarous Scythians. There we find her after having performed her cruel service for fifteen years.—Human sacrifices are required, but more than once she has saved a poor stranger from this awful lot.

Iphigenia is much troubled by a dream, in which she saw her father deadly wounded by her mother and herself about to kill her brother Orestes. She bewails her fate in having at the behest of Thoas, King of the Scythians, to sacrifice two strangers who have been thrown on his shores. Orestes and his friend Pylades, for these are the strangers, are led to death loaded with chains.

Iphigenia, hearing that they are her countrymen, resolves to save at least one of them in order to send him home to her sister Electra. She does not know her brother Orestes, who, having slain his mother, has fled, pursued by the furies, but an inner voice makes her choose him as a messenger to Greece. A lively dispute arises between the two friends; at last Orestes prevails upon Iphigenia to spare his friend by threatening to destroy himself with his own hands, his life being a burden to him. Iphigenia reluctantly complies with his request, giving the message for her sister to Pylades.

In the third act Iphigenia vainly tries to steel her heart against her victim. At last she seizes the knife, but Orestes' cry, "So you also were pierced by the sacrificial steel, O my sister Iphigenia!" arrests her; the knife falls from her hands and there ensues a touching scene of recognition.

Meanwhile Thoas, who has heard that one of the strangers was about to depart, enters the temple with his bodyguard, and, though Iphigenia tells him that Orestes is her brother and entreats him to

spare Agamemnon's son, Thoas determines to sacrifice him and his sister Iphigenia as well. But his evil designs are frustrated by Pylades, who, returning with several of his countrymen, stabs the King of Tauris. The goddess Diana herself appears and, helping the Greeks in their fight, gains for them the victory. Diana declares herself appeased by Orestes' repentance and allows him to return to Mykene with his sister, his friend, and all his followers.

**LA JUIVE (THE JEWESS).** Grand Opera in 5 acts by Halévy.  
Text by Eugène Scribe.

The scene of action is laid in Constance, in the year 1414, during the Council.

In the first act the opening of the Council is celebrated with great pomp.

The Catholics, having gained a victory over the Hussites, Huss is to be burnt, and the Jews, equally disliked, are oppressed and put down still more than before. All the shops are closed, only Eleazar, a rich Jewish jeweller, has kept his open and is, therefore, about to be imprisoned and put to death when Cardinal de Brogni intervenes and saves the Jew and his daughter Recha from the people's fury. The Cardinal has a secret liking for Eleazar, though he once banished him from Rome. He hopes to gain news from him of his daughter, who was lost in early childhood. But Eleazar hates the Cardinal bitterly. When the mob is dispersed Prince Leopold, the Imperial Commander-in-Chief, approaches Recha. Under the assumed name of Samuel he has gained her affections, and she begs him to be present at a religious feast which is to take place that evening at her father's house. The act closes with a splendid procession of the Emperor and all his dignitaries. Ruggiero, the chief judge in Constance, seeing the hated Jew and his daughter amongst the spectators, is about to seize them once more, when Prince Leopold steps between and delivers them, to Recha's great astonishment.

In the second act we are introduced to a great assembly of Jews, men and women, assisting at a religious ceremony. Samuel is there with them. The holy act is, however, interrupted by the Emperor's niece Princess Eudora, who comes to purchase a golden chain which once belonged to the Emperor Constantin and which she destines for her bridegroom Prince Leopold. Eleazar is to bring it himself on the following day. Samuel, overhearing this, is full of trouble. When the assembly is broken up and all have gone he returns once more to Recha and, finding her alone, confesses that he is a Christian. Love prevails over Recha's filial devotion and she consents to fly with her lover, but they are surprised by Eleazar. Hearing of Samuel's falseness he first swears vengeance, but, mollified by his daughter's entreaties, he only bids him marry Recha. Samuel refuses and has to leave, the father cursing him, Recha bewailing her lover's falseness.

In the third act we assist at the Imperial banquet. Eleazar brings the chain and is accompanied by Recha, who at once recognizes in Eudora's bridegroom her lover Samuel. She denounces the traitor, accusing him of living in unlawful wedlock with a Jewess, a crime which is punishable by death.

Leopold (alias Samuel) is outlawed, the Cardinal Brogni pronounces the anathema upon all three, and they are put into prison.

In the fourth act Eudora visits Recha in prison and by her prayers not only overcomes Recha's hate but persuades her to save Leopold by declaring him innocent. Recha, in her noble-mindedness, pardons Leopold and Eudora and resolves to die alone.

Meanwhile the Cardinal has an interview with Eleazar, who tells him that he knows the Jew who once saved the Cardinal's little daughter from the flames. Brogni vainly entreats him to reveal the name. He promises to save Recha should Eleazar be willing to abjure his faith, but the latter remains firm, fully prepared to die.

In the fifth act we hear the clamors of the people, who furiously demand the Jew's death.

Ruggiero announces to father and daughter the verdict of death by fire. Leopold is set free through Recha's testimony. When in view of the funeral pile Eleazar asks Recha if she would prefer to live in joy and splendor and to accept the Christian faith, but she firmly answers in the negative. Then she is led on to death, and she is just plunged into the glowing furnace when Eleazar, pointing to her, informs the Cardinal that the poor victim is his long-lost daughter; then Eleazar follows Recha into the flames, while Brogni falls back senseless.

**LOHENGRIN.** Romantic Opera in 8 acts by Richard Wagner.

The scene is laid near Antwerp where "Heinrich der Vogler," King of Germany, is just levying troops amongst his vassals of Brabant to repulse the Hungarian invaders. The King finds the people in a state of great commotion, for Count Frederick Telramund accuses Elsa of Brabant of having killed her young brother Godfrey, heir to the Duke of Brabant, who died a short time before, leaving his children to the care of Telramund. Elsa was to be Telramund's wife, but he wedded Ortrud of Friesland and now claims the deserted Duchy of Brabant.

As Elsa declares her innocence, not knowing what has become of her brother, who was taken from her during her sleep, the King resolves to decide by a tourney in which the whole matter shall be left to the judgment of God. Telramund, sure of his rights, is willing to fight with any champion who may defend Elsa. All the noblemen of Brabant refuse to do so and even the King, though struck by Elsa's innocent appearance, does not want to oppose his valiant and trustworthy warrior.

Elsa alone is calm, she trusts in the help of the heavenly knight,

who has appeared to her in a dream, and publicly declares her intention of offering to her defender the crown and her hand. While she prays there arrives a knight in silver armor; a swan draws his boat. He lands, Elsa recognizes the knight of her dream, and he at once offers to fight for the accused maiden on two conditions: first, that she shall become his wife; and second, that she never will ask for his name and his descent.

Elsa solemnly promises and the combat begins. The strange knight is victorious, and Telramund, whose life the stranger spares, is with his wife Ortrud outlawed.

The latter is a sorceress; she has deceived her husband, who really believes in the murder of Godfrey, while as a matter of fact she has abducted the child. In the second act we see her at the door of the Ducal palace, where preparations for the wedding are already being made. She plans vengeance. Her husband, full of remorse and feeling that his wife has led him on to a shameful deed, curses her as the cause of his dishonor. She derides him and rouses his pride by calling him a coward. Then she pacifies him with the assurance that she will induce Elsa to break her promise and ask for the name of her husband, being sure that then all the power of this mysterious champion will vanish.

When Elsa steps on the balcony to confide her happiness to the stars, she hears her name spoken in accents so sad that her tender heart is moved. Ortrud bewails her lot, invoking Elsa's pity. The Princess opens her door, urging the false woman to share her palace and her fortune. Ortrud at once tries to sow distrust in Elsa's innocent heart.

As the morning dawns a rich procession of men and women throng to the Münster where Elsa is to be united to her protector. Telramund tries vainly to accuse the stranger; he is pushed back and silenced. As Elsa is about to enter the church Ortrud steps forward, claiming the right of precedence. Elsa, frightened, repents too late having protected her. Ortrud upbraids her with not even having asked her husband's name and descent. All are taken aback, but Elsa defends her husband, winning everybody by her quiet dignity.

She turns to Lohengrin for protection, but, alas! the venom rankles in her heart.

When they are all returning from church Telramund once more steps forth, accusing Lohengrin and demanding from the King to know the stranger's name. Lohengrin declares that his name may not be told excepting his wife asks. Elsa is in great trouble, but once more her love conquers and she does not put the fatal question.

But in the third act, when the two lovers are alone, she knows no rest. Although her husband asks her to trust him, she fears that he may once leave her as mysteriously as he came and at last she cannot refrain from asking the luckless question. From this moment all happiness is lost to her. Telramund enters to slay his enemy,

but Lohengrin, taking his sword, kills him with one stroke. Then he leads Elsa before the King and loudly announces his secret. He tells the astounded hearers that he is the Keeper of the Holy-Grail. Sacred and invulnerable to the villain, a defender of right and virtue, he may stay with mankind as long as his name is unknown. But now he is obliged to reveal it. He is Lohengrin, son of Percival, King of the Grail, and is now compelled to leave his wife and return to his home. The swan appears, from whose neck Lohengrin takes a golden ring, giving it to Elsa together with his sword and golden horn.

Just as Lohengrin is about to depart Ortrud appears triumphantly declaring that it was she who changed young Godfrey into a swan and that Lohengrin would have freed him too had Elsa not mistrusted her husband.—Lohengrin, hearing this, sends a fervent prayer to Heaven, and loosening the swan's golden chain the animal dips under water and in his stead rises Godfrey, the lawful heir of Brabant. A white dove descends to draw the boat in which Lohengrin glides away and Elsa falls senseless in her brother's arms.

*LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR.* Tragic Opera in 3 acts by Gaëtano Donizetti.  
Text from Scott's romance by Salvatore Cammerano.

Henry Ashton, Lord of Lammermoor, has discovered that his sister Lucia loves his mortal enemy Sir Edgardo of Ravenswood. He confides to Lucia's tutor Raymond that he is lost if Lucia does not marry another suitor of his (her brother's) choice.

Lucia and Edgardo meet in the park. Edgardo tells her that he is about to leave Scotland for France in the service of his country. He wishes to be reconciled to his enemy Lord Ashton, for, though the latter has done him all kinds of evil, though he has slain his father and burnt his castle, Edgardo is willing to sacrifice his oath of vengeance to his love for Lucia. But the lady, full of evil forebodings, entreats him to wait and swears eternal fidelity to him. After having bound himself by a solemn oath he leaves her half-distracted with grief.

In the second act Lord Ashton shows a forged letter to his sister, which goes to prove that her lover is false. Her brother now presses her more and more to wed his friend Arthur, Lord Bucklaw, declaring that he and his party are lost and that Arthur alone can save him from the executioner's axe. At last, when even her tutor Raymond beseeches her to forget Edgardo and, like the others, believes him to be faithless, Lucia consents to the sacrifice. The wedding takes place in great haste, but just as Lucia has finished signing the marriage contract, Edgardo enters to claim her as his own.

With grief and unbounded passion he now sees in his bride a traitress, and tearing his ring of betrothal from her finger he throws it at her feet.

Henry, Arthur, and Raymond order the raving lover to leave the castle, and the act closes in the midst of confusion and despair.

The third act opens with Raymond's announcement that Lucia has lost her reason and has killed her husband in the bridal room. Lucia herself enters to confirm his awful news; she is still in bridal attire, and in her demented condition believes that Arthur will presently appear for the nuptial ceremony. Everybody is full of pity for her, and her brother repents his harshness too late, alas!—Lucia is fast dying, and Eliza leads her away amid the lamentations of all present.

Edgardo, hearing of these things while wandering amid the tombs of his ancestors, resolves to see Lucia once more. When dying she asks for him, but he comes too late. The funeral bells toll, and he stabs himself, praying to be united to his bride in heaven.

**LUCREZIA BORGIA.** A Tragic Opera in 3 acts by Donizetti. Text by Felice Romani after Victor Hugo's drama.

The heroine, whose part is by far the best and most interesting, is the celebrated murderer and poisoner Lucrezia Borgia. At the same time she gives evidence, in her dealings with her son Gennaro, of possessing a very tender and motherly heart, and the songs, in which she pours out her love for him, are really fine as well as touching.

Lucrezia, wife of Don Alfonso, Duke of Ferrara, goes to Venice in disguise to see the son of her first marriage, Gennaro. In his earliest youth he was given to a fisherman, who brought him up as his own son.—Gennaro feels himself attracted towards the strange and beautiful woman who visits him, but hearing from his companions, who recognize and charge her with all sorts of crimes, that she is Lucrezia Borgia, he abhors her. Don Alfonso, not knowing the existence of this son of an early marriage, is jealous, and when Gennaro comes to Ferrara and in order to prove his hatred of the Borgias tears off Lucrezia's name and scutcheon from the palace-gates, Rustighello, the Duke's confidant, is ordered to imprison him. Lucrezia, hearing from her servant Gubella of the outrage to her name and honor, complains to the Duke, who promises immediate punishment of the malefactor.

Gennaro enters, and terror-stricken Lucrezia recognizes her son. Vainly does she implore the Duke to spare the youth. With exquisite cruelty he forces her to hand the poisoned golden cup to the culprit herself, and, departing, bids her accompany her prisoner to the door. This order gives her an opportunity to administer an antidote by which she saves Gennaro's life, and she implores him to fly. But Gennaro does not immediately follow her advice, being induced by his friend Orsini to assist at a grand festival at Prince Negroni's.

Unhappily all those young men, who formerly reproached and offended Lucrezia so mortally in presence of her son, are assembled there by Lucrezia's orders. She has mixed their wine with poison, and herself appears to announce their death. Horror-stricken she

sees Gennaro, who was not invited, among them. He has partaken of the wine like the others, but on her offering him an antidote he refuses to take it; its quantity is insufficient for his friends, and he threatens to kill the murderer. Then she reveals the secret of his birth to him, but he only turns from this mother, for whom he had vainly longed his whole life, and dies. The Duke, coming up to witness his wife's horrible victory, finds all either dead or dying, and Lucrezia herself expires, stricken down by deadly remorse and pain.

**THE MACCABEES.** Opera in 3 acts by Anton Rubinstein. Text by Mosenthal, taken from Otto Ludwig's drama of the same name.

The hero is the famous warrior of the Old Testament. The scene takes place one hundred and sixty years before Christ, partly at Modin, a city in the mountains of Judah, and partly in Jerusalem and its environs.

The first act shows Leah with three of her sons, Eleazar, Joarim, and Benjamin. Eleazar is envious of Judah, the eldest son, whose courage and strength are on everybody's lips, but his mother consoles him by a prophecy that Eleazar shall one day be High Priest and King of the Jews.

The fête of the sheep-shearing is being celebrated and Noëmi, Judah's wife, approaches Leah with garlands of flowers asking for her benediction. But she is repulsed by her mother-in-law, who is too proud to recognize the low-born maid as her equal and slightsls her son Judah for his love. She tries to incite him into rebellion against the Syrians, when Jojakim, a priest, appears. He announces the death of Osias, High Priest of Zion, and calls one of Leah's sons to the important office.—As Judah feels no vocation for such a burden, Eleazar, his mother's favorite, is chosen, and so Leah sees her dream already fulfilled. They are about to depart when the approaching army of the Syrians is announced. Terror seizes the people as Gorgias, the leader of the enemy, marches up with his soldiers and loudly proclaims that the Jews are to erect an altar to Pallas Athene, to whom they must pray henceforth. Leah seeks to inflame Eleazar's spirit, but his courage fails him. The altar is soon erected, and as Gorgias sternly orders that sacrifices are to be offered to the goddess, Boas, Noëmi's father, is found willing to bow to the enemy's commands. But the measure is full, Judah steps forth, and striking Boas, the traitor to their faith, dead, loudly praises Johovah. He calls his people to arms and repulses the Syrians, and Leah, recognizing her son's greatness, gives him her benediction.

The second act represents a deep ravine near Emmaus; the enemy is beaten and Judah is resolved to drive him from Zion's walls, but Jojakim warns him not to profane the coming Sabbath.

Judah tries to overrule the priests and to excite the people, but he is not heard and the enemy is able to kill the psalm-singing soldiers like lambs.

The next scene shows us Eleazar with Cleopatra, daughter of King Antiochus of Syria.

They love each other, and Eleazar consents to forsake his religion for her, while she promises to make him King of Jerusalem.

In the next scene Leah in the city of Modin is greeted with acclamations of joy, when Simei, a relative of the slain Boas, appears to bewail Judah's defeat. Other fugitives coming up confirm his narrative of the massacre.—Leah hears that Judah fled and that Antiochus approaches conducted by her son Eleazar. She curses the apostate.—She has still two younger sons, but the Israelites take them from her to give as hostages to King Antiochus. Leah is bound to a cypress tree by her own people, who attribute their misfortunes to her and to her sons. Only Noëmi, the despised daughter-in-law, remains to liberate the miserable mother, and together they resolve to ask the tyrant's pardon for the sons.

In the third act we find Judah, alone and unrecognized, in the deserted streets of Jerusalem. Hearing the prayers of the people that Judah may be sent to them, he steps forth and tells them who he is, and all sink at his feet swearing to fight with him to the death. While Judah prays to God for a sign of grace, Noëmi comes with the dreadful news of the events at Modin, which still further rouses the anger and courage of the Israelites. Meanwhile Leah has succeeded in penetrating into Antiochus' presence to beg the lives of her children from him. Eleazar, Gorgias, and Cleopatra join their prayers to those of the poor mother, and at last Antiochus consents, and the two boys are led into the room.

But the King only grants their liberty on condition that they renounce their faith. They are to be burnt alive should they abide by their heresy. The mother's heart is full of agony, but the children's noble courage prevails. They are prepared to die for their God, but the unhappy mother is not even allowed to share their death. When Eleazar sees his brothers' firmness, his conscience awakens, and notwithstanding Cleopatra's entreaties he joins them on their way to death. The hymns of the youthful martyrs are heard, but with the sound of their voices there suddenly mingles that of a growing tumult. Antiochus falls, shot through the heart, and the Israelites rush in, headed by Judah, putting the Syrians to flight. Leah sees her people's victory, but the trial has been too great; she sinks back lifeless. Judah is proclaimed King of Zion, but he humbly bends his head, giving all glory to the Almighty God.

THE MAGIC FLUTE (*DIE ZAUBERFLÖTE*.) Opera in 2 acts by Mozart.  
Text by Schikaneder.

Prince Tamino, a youth as valiant as he is noble and virtuous, is implored by the Queen of Night to save her daughter, whom the old and sage High Priest Sarastro has taken from her by force. The bereaved mother pours forth her woe in heart-melting sounds and

promises everything to the rescuer of her child. Tamino is filled with ardent desire to serve her.—On his way he meets the gay Papageno, who at once agrees to share the Prince's adventures. Papageno is the gay element in the opera; always cheerful and in high spirits, his ever-ready tongue plays him many a funny trick. So we see him once with a lock on his mouth by way of punishment for his idle prating. As he promises never to tell a lie any more, the lock is taken away by the three Ladies of the Queen of Night. These Ladies present Tamino with a golden flute, giving at the same time an instrument made with little silver bells to Papageno, both of which are to help them in times of danger. The Queen of Night even sends with them three boy angels. These are to point out to them the ways and means by which they may attain their purpose.

Now the young and beautiful Princess Pamina is pursued by declarations of love from a negro servant of Sarastro. Papageno comes to her rescue, frightening the negro Monostatos with his feathery dress. Papageno, on the other hand, fears the negro on account of his blackness, believing him to be the devil in person. Papageno escapes with Pamina, but the negro overtakes him with his servants. Then Papageno shakes his bells and, lo! all forgetting their wrath, forthwith begin to dance.

Meanwhile Tamino reaches Sarastro's castle and at once asks for the High Priest, poor Pamina's bitter enemy. The Under Priests do not allow him to enter, but explain that their Master Sarastro is as good as he is sage, and that he always acts for the best. They assure Tamino that the Princess lives and is in no danger. Full of thanks the Prince begins to play on his flute; and just then he hears Papageno's bells. At this juncture Sarastro appears, the wise Master before whom they all bow. He punishes the wicked negro; but Tamino and his Pamina are not to be united without first having given ample proof of their love and constancy. Tamino determines to undergo whatever trials may await him, but the Queen of Night, knowing all, sends her three Ladies to deter Tamino and his comrade from their purpose. But all temptation is gallantly set aside; they have given a promise to Sarastro which they will keep.

Even the Queen of Night herself is unable to weaken their strength of purpose; temptations of every kind overtake them, but Tamino remains firm. He is finally initiated into the mysteries of the goddess Isis.

In the interval Pamina deems Tamino faithless. She would faint die, but the three celestial youths console her by assuring her that Tamino's love is true and that he passes through the most severe trials solely on her behalf.

On hearing this Pamina at once asks to share in the trials, and so they walk together through fire and water, protected by the golden flute as well as by their courage and constancy. They come out purified and happy.

Papageno, having lost his companion, has grown quite melancholy and longs for the little wife that was promised to him and shown to him only for a few moments. He resolves at last to end his life by hanging himself, when the celestial youths appear, reminding him of his bells. He begins to shake them, and Papagena appears in feathery dress, the very counterpart of himself. All might now be well were it not that the Queen of Night, a somewhat unreasonable lady, broods vengeance. She accepts the negro Monostatos as her avenger and promises to give him her daughter. But already Sarastro has done his work: Tamino is united to his Pamina, and before the sunny light of truth everything else vanishes and sinks back into night.

**MANON.** Opera in 4 acts by J. Massenet. Text by Henry Meilhac and Philippe Gille.

The subject of this opera is based on Prévost's famous novel "Manon Lescaut."

The scene is laid in France in 1721.

The first act takes place in the courtyard of a large inn at Amiens.

Several young cavaliers are amusing themselves by paying attentions to three pretty ladies. They impatiently call upon their host to bring dinner, and at last it is brought to them in great state.

While they are dining in the large saloon above, the stage-coach arrives with a great number of travellers; amongst them is young Manon, a country girl of sixteen; this is her first journey, which, alas! is to end in a convent, an arrangement made by her parents who think her taste for worldly pleasures is greater than it should be. She is expected by her cousin Lescaut, a Garde du Corps, and while he is looking for her luggage, the young beauty is accosted by Guillot-Marfontaine, an old roué and rich farmer, who annoys her with his equivocal speeches and offers her a seat in his carriage. He is quickly driven away by Lescaut on his return; the young man is, however, enticed away by his comrades to play a game of cards, for which purpose he leaves his cousin a second time. Before long another cavalier approaches Manon; this time it is the Chevalier de Grieux, a young nobleman, whose good looks and charming manners please the young girl much better. They quickly fall in love with each other, and when de Grieux offers to take her to Paris, Manon gladly consents, thankful to escape the convent. Remembering Guillot's offer she proposes to make use of the farmer's carriage, and they drive gaily off just before Lescaut returns to look for his cousin. When this worthy soldier hears that the fugitives have gone off in Guillot's carriage, he abuses the farmer with great fury and swears that he will not rest until he shall have found his little cousin.

The second act takes place in a poorly-furnished apartment in Paris.

De Grieux is about to write to his father, whom he hopes to reconcile to his purpose of marrying Manon by telling him of the girl's beauty,

of her youth and innocence. They are interrupted by the entrance of Lescaut, who, accompanied by de Brétigny, another victim of Manon's charms, comes to avenge the honor of the family. While Grieux takes Lescaut aside and pacifies him by showing him the letter he has just written, de Brétigny tells Manon that her lover will be kidnapped this very evening by his father's orders. Manon protests warmly against this act of tyranny, but de Brétigny warns her that her interference would only bring greater harm to both of them, while riches, honors, and liberty will be hers if she lets things take their course.

Manon, who on the one hand sincerely loves de Grieux while on the other hand she has a longing for all the good things of this world, is very unhappy but allows herself to be tempted. When de Grieux leaves her to post his letter she takes a most tender farewell of the little table at which they have so often sat, of the one glass from which they both drank, and of all the objects around. De Grieux, finding her in tears, tries to console her by picturing the future of his dreams, a little cottage in the wood where they are to live for ever happy and contented. A loud knock interrupts them; Manon, knowing what will happen, tries to detain him, but he tears himself from her and, opening the door, is at once seized and carried off.

The third act opens on the promenade Cour-la-Reine in Paris, a scene of merry-making where all the buying, selling, and amusements of a great fair are going on.

The pretty ladies of the first act, Yavotte, Poussette, and Rosette, are being entertained by new lovers, while rich old Guillot looks in vain for a sweetheart.

Manon, who appears on de Brétigny's arm, is the queen of the festival. She has stifled the pangs of conscience which had troubled her when she left de Grieux, and her passion for jewels and riches is as insatiable as ever. Guillot, who hears that de Brétigny has refused to comply with her last wish, which is to order the ballet of the grand opera to dance in the open market-place for her own amusement, rushes off to pay for this whim himself, hoping thereby to gain the young lady's favor.

Manon slowly wanders about in search of new and pretty things to buy, while Brétigny suddenly finds himself face to face with the old Count de Grieux. When he asks for news of his son the Count tells him that the young man has renounced the world and become an Abbé and is a famous preacher at Saint Sulpice. He cuts de Brétigny's expressions of astonishment short by telling him that this turn of things is due to de Brétigny's own conduct, meaning that the latter had done a bad turn to his friend by crossing his path in relation to a certain pretty young lady. De Brétigny, indicating his lady-love by a gesture, says, "That is Manon," and the Count, perceiving her beauty, quite understands his son's infatuation.

But Manon's quick ears have also caught bits of the conversation, and beckoning to her lover she sends him away to buy a golden bracelet for her. She then approaches the Count and asks if his son has quite overcome his passion for the lady who, she says, was a friend of hers. The old man acknowledges that his son had had a hard struggle with his love and grief, but adds "One must try and forget," and Manon repeats the words and falls into a fit of sad musing.

Meanwhile Guillot has succeeded in bringing the ballet-dancers, who perform a beautiful gavotte and other dances. When these are ended he turns to Manon in hope of a word of praise, but the wilful beauty only turns from him to order her carriage, which is to take her to Saint Sulpice, saying lightly to Guillot that she has not cared to look at the ballet after all.

The next scene takes place in the parlor of the seminary in Saint Sulpice. A crowd of ladies has assembled to praise the new Abbé's fine preaching. They at last disperse when the young Abbé enters with downcast eyes. He is warmly greeted by his father, who has followed him. The father at first tries to persuade him to give up his newly chosen vocation before he finally takes the vows, but, seeing him determined, the Count hands him over his mother's inheritance of 30,000 livres and then bids him good-bye. The young man retires to find strength and forgetfulness in prayer.

When he returns to the parlor he finds Manon. She has also prayed fervently that God would pardon her and help her to win back her lover's heart. A passionate scene ensues in which Manon implores his forgiveness and is at last successful. De Grieux opens his arms to her and abandons his vocation.

The fourth act opens in the luxurious drawing-rooms of a great Paris hotel. Games of hazard and lively conversation are going on everywhere. Manon, arriving with de Grieux, is joyously greeted by her old friends. She coaxes her lover to try his luck at play and is seconded by her cousin Lescaut, himself an inveterate gambler, who intimates that fortune always favors a beginner. Guillot offers to play with de Grieux, and truly fortune favors him. After a few turns, in which Guillot loses heavily, the latter rises, accusing his partner of false play.

The Chevalier, full of wrath, is about to strike him, but the others hold him back and Guillot escapes, vowing vengeance. He soon returns with the police headed by the old Count de Grieux, to whom he denounces young de Grieux as a gambler and a cheat and points out Manon as his accomplice. Old Count de Grieux allows his son to be arrested, telling him he will soon be released. Poor Manon is seized by the guards, though all the spectators, touched by her youth and beauty, beg for her release. The old Count says she only gets her deserts.

The last scene takes place on the high road leading to Havre. Cousin Lescaut meets de Grieux, whom he had promised to try to save

Manon from penal servitude by effecting her escape. Unfortunately the soldiers he employed had meanly deserted him, on hearing which de Grieux violently upbraids him. Lescaut pacifies the desperate nobleman by saying that he has thought of other means of rescuing Manon. Soon the wagons conveying the convicts to their destination are heard approaching. One of these wagons stops. Lescaut, accosting one of the soldiers in charge, hears that Manon is inside, dying. He begs that he may be allowed to take a last farewell of his little cousin, and bribing the man with money he succeeds in getting Manon out of the wagon, promising to bring her to the nearest village in due time.

Manon, sadly changed, totters forward and finds herself clasped in her lover's arms. For a little while the two forget all their woes in the joy of being together; Manon deeply repents of her sins and follies and humbly craves his pardon, while he covers her wan face with kisses. Then he tries to raise her, imploring her to fly with him, but, alas! release has come too late, she sinks back and expires in her lover's embrace.

**MARGUERITE (or FAUST).** Opera in 5 acts by Charles Gounod.

Faust, a celebrated old Doctor, is consumed by an insatiable thirst for knowledge, but, having already lived through a long life devoted to the acquirement of learning and to hard work as a scholar, without having his soul-hunger appreciably relieved, is dissatisfied and in his disappointment wishes to be released from this life which has grown to be a burden to him. At this moment Mephistopheles, the incarnation of the Evil One, appears and persuades him to try life in a new shape. The old and learned Doctor has only known it in theory, Mephisto will now show it to him in practice and in all the splendor of youth and freshness. Faust agrees and Mephisto endows him with youth and beauty. In this guise he sees earth anew. It is Easter time, when all is budding and aglow with freshness and young life, and on such a bright spring day he first sees Margaretha and at once offers her his arm.

But this lovely maiden, pure and innocent, and well-guarded by a jealous brother named Valentin, refuses his company somewhat sharply.—Nevertheless she cannot help seeing the grace and good bearing of the fine cavalier, and the simple village maiden is inwardly pleased with his flattery. A bad fate wills it that her brother Valentin, who is a soldier, has to leave on active service and after giving many good advices and warnings for his beautiful sister's welfare, he goes, and so Mephisto is able to introduce Faust to the unprotected girl by means of a message which he is supposed to have received for an old aunt of Margaretha's, "Frau Marthe Schwertlein." This old gossip, hearing from Mephisto that her husband has been killed in battle, lends a willing ear to the flatteries of the cunning Devil; and Margaretha is left to Faust, who wins her by his love and

easy manners. She is only a simple maiden, knowing nothing of the world's ways and wiles, and she accepts her lover's precious gifts with childish delight.

By and by her brother Valentin returns victorious from the war, but, alas! too late! He challenges his sister's seducer; Mephisto, however, directs Faust's sword and the faithful brother is, much against Faust's own will, slain, cursing his sister with his last breath.

Now Margaretha awakes to the awful reality of her situation and she shrinks from her brother's murderer. Everybody shuns her, and she finds herself alone and forsaken. In despair she seeks refuge in church, but her own conscience is not silenced; it accuses her more loudly than all the pious songs and prayers. Persecuted by evil spirits, forsaken and forlorn, Margaretha's reason gives way and she drowns her new-born child.

Meanwhile Mephisto has done everything to stifle in Faust the pangs of conscience. Faust never wills the evil, he loves Margaretha sincerely, but the bad spirit urges him onward. He shows him all the joys and splendors of earth, and antiquity in its most perfect form in the person of Helena, but in the midst of all his orgies Faust sees Margaretha. He beholds her, pale, unlike her former self, in the white dress of the condemned, with a blood-red circle round the neck. Then he knows no rest, he feels that she is in danger and he bids Mephisto save her.

Margaretha has actually been thrown into prison for her deed of madness and now the executioner's axe awaits her. She sits on the damp straw, rocking a bundle which she takes for her baby, and across her poor, wrecked brain there flit once more pictures of all the scenes of her short-lived happiness. Then Faust enters with Mephisto and tries to persuade her to escape with them. But she instinctively shrinks from her lover, loudly imploring God's and the Saints' pardon. God has mercy on her, for, just as the bells are tolling for her execution, she expires, and her soul is carried to Heaven by angels, there to pray for her erring lover. Mephisto disappears into the earth.

**MARTHA.** Comic Opera in 4 acts by Flotow. Text by W. Friedrich.

Lady Harriet Durham, tired of the pleasures and splendors of Court, determines to seek elsewhere for a pastime, and hoping to find it in a sphere different from her own, disguises herself and her confidant Nancy as peasant girls, in which garb they visit the Fair at Richmond accompanied by Lord Tristan, who is hopelessly enamoured of Lady Harriet and unwillingly complies with her wish to escort them to the adventure in the attire of a peasant.—They join the servant girls who are there to seek employment and are hired by a tenant Plumkett and his foster-brother Lionel, a youth of somewhat extraordinary behavior, his air being noble and melancholy and much

too refined for a country squire, while the other, though somewhat rough, is frank and jolly in his manner.

The disguised ladies take the handsel from them without knowing that they are bound by it, until the sheriff arrives to confirm the bargain. Now the joke becomes reality and they hear that they are actually hired as servants for a whole year.

Notwithstanding Lord Tristan's protestations the ladies are carried off by their masters, who know them under the names of Martha and Julia.

In the second act we find the ladies in the company of the tenants, who set them instantly to work. Of course they are totally ignorant of household work, and as their wheels will not go round Plumkett shows them how to spin. In his rough but kind way he always commands and turns to Nancy, with whom he falls in love, but Lionel only asks softly when he wishes anything done. He has lost his heart to Lady Harriet and declares his love to her. Though she is pleased by his gentle behavior, she is by no means willing to accept a country squire and wounds him by mockery. Meanwhile Plumkett has sought Nancy for the same purpose, but she hides herself and at last the girls are sent to bed very anxious and perplexed at the turn their adventure has taken. But Lord Tristan comes to their rescue in a coach and they take flight, vainly pursued by the tenants.—Plumkett swears to catch and punish them, but Lionel sinks into deep melancholy from which nothing can arouse him.

In the third act we meet them at a Court hunt, where they recognize their hired servants in two of the lady hunters. They assert their right, but the Ladies disown them haughtily, and when Lionel, whose reason almost gives way under the burden of grief and shame which overwhelms him at thinking himself deceived by Martha, tells the whole story to the astonished Court, the Ladies pronounce him insane and Lord Tristan sends him to prison for his insolence, notwithstanding Lady Harriet and Nancy's prayer for his pardon.

Lionel gives a ring to Plumkett, asking him to show it to the Queen, his dying father having told him that it would protect him from every danger.

In the fourth act Lady Harriet feels remorse for the sad consequences of her haughtiness. She visits the prisoner to crave his pardon. She tells him that she has herself carried his ring to the Queen and that he has been recognized by it as Lord Derby's son, once banished from Court but whose innocence is now proved.

Then the proud Lady offers hand and heart to Lionel, but he rejects her, believing himself duped. Lady Harriet, however, who loves Lionel, resolves to win him against his will. She disappears, and dressing herself and Nancy in the former peasant's attire she goes once more to the Fair at Richmond, where Lionel is also brought by his friend Plumkett. He sees his beloved Martha advance towards him, promising to renounce all splendors and live only for him; then

his melancholy vanishes, and he weds her, his name and possessions being restored to him, while Plumkett obtains the hand of pretty Nancy, alias Julia.

THE MASTER-SINGERS OF NÜREMBERG. Opera in 3 acts by Wagner.

In the first act we see St. Catharine's church in Nüremberg, where Divine Service is being celebrated in preparation for St. John's Day. Eva, the lovely daughter of Master Pogner the jeweller, sees the young knight Walter Stolzing, who has fallen in love with Eva and who has sold his castle in Franconia to become a citizen of Nüremberg. She tells him that her hand is promised to the winner of the prize for a master-song, to be sung on the following morning.

We are now called to witness one of those ancient customs still sometimes practised in old German towns. The master-singers appear and the apprentices prepare everything needful for them. Walter asks one of them, called David, an apprentice of Sachs, what he will have to do in order to compete for the prize. He has not learnt poetry as a profession like those worthy workmen, and David vainly tries to initiate him into their old-fashioned rhyming. Walter leaves him, determined to win the prize after his own fashion.

Pogner appears with Beckmesser the clerk, whom he wishes to have as son-in-law. Beckmesser is so infatuated that he does not doubt of his success. Meanwhile Walter comes up to them, entreating them to admit him into their corporation as a master-singer.

Pogner consents, but Beckmesser grumbles, not at all liking to have a nobleman among them.—When all are assembled, Pogner declares his intention of giving his daughter to the winner of the master-song on the day of St. John's festival and all applaud his resolution. Eva herself may refuse him, but never is she to wed another than a crowned master-singer. Sachs, who loves Eva as his own child, seeks to change her father's resolution, at the same time proposing to let the people choose in the matter of the prize, but he is silenced by his colleagues. They now want to know where Walter has learnt the art of poetry and song, and as he designates Walter von der Vogelweide and the birds of the forest, they shrug their shoulders.

He begins at once to give a proof of his art, praising Spring in a song thrilling with melody. Beckmesser interrupts him; he has marked the rhymes on the black tablet, but they are new and unintelligible to this dry verse-maker, and he will not let them pass. The others share his opinion; only Hans Sachs differs from them, remarking that Walter's song, though new and not after the old use and wont rules of Nüremberg, is justified all the same, and so Walter is allowed to finish it, which he does with a bold mockery of the vain poets, comparing them to crows oversounding a singing bird. Sachs alone feels that Walter is a true poet.

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In the second act David the apprentice tells Magdalene, Eva's nurse, that the new singer did not succeed, at which she is honestly

grieved, preferring the gallant younger for her mistress to the old and ridiculous clerk. The old maid loves David; she provides him with food and sweets, and many are the railleries which he has to suffer from his companions in consequence.

The evening coming on we see Sachs in his open workshop; Eva, his darling, is in confidential talk with him. She is anxious about to-morrow, and rather than wed Beckmesser she would marry Sachs, whom she loves and honors as a father. Sachs is a widower, but he rightly sees through her schemes and resolves to help the lovers.

It has now grown quite dark and Walter comes to see Eva, but they have not sat long together when the sounds of a lute are heard.

It is Beckmesser trying to serenade Eva, but Sachs interrupts him by singing himself and thus excites Beckmesser's wrath and despair. At last a window opens and Beckmesser, taking Magdalene for Eva, addresses her in louder and louder tones, Sachs all the time beating the measure on a shoe. The neighboring windows open, there is a general alarm, and David, seeing Magdalene at the window apparently listening to Beckmesser, steals behind this unfortunate minstrel and begins to slap him. In the uproar which now follows Walter vainly tries to escape from his refuge under the lime-tree, but Sachs comes to his rescue and takes him into his own workshop, while he pushes Eva unseen into her father's house, the door of which has just been opened by Pogner.

In the third act we find Sachs in his room. Walter enters, thanking him heartily for the night's shelter. Sachs kindly shows him the rules of poetry, encouraging him to try his luck once more. Walter begins and quite charms Sachs with his love-song. After they have left the room, Beckmesser enters and, reading the poetry which Sachs wrote down, violently charges the shoemaker with wooing Eva himself. Sachs denies it and allows Beckmesser to keep the paper. The latter, who has vainly ransacked his brains for a new song, is full of joy, hoping to win the prize with it.

When he is gone Eva slips in to fetch her shoes and she sees Walter stepping out of his dormitory in brilliant armor. He has found a third stanza to his song, which he at once produces.—They all proceed to the place where the festival is to be held and Beckmesser is the first to try his fortunes, which he does by singing the stolen song. He sadly muddles both melody and words, and being laughed at, he charges Sachs with treachery, but Sachs quietly denies the authorship, pushing forward Walter, who now sings his stanzas inspired by love and poetry. No need to say that he wins the hearers' hearts as he has won those of Eva and Sachs, and that Pogner does not deny him his beloved daughter's hand.

MIGNON. Opera in 3 acts by Ambroise Thomas. Text by Michel Carré and Jules Barbier.

The first two acts take place in Germany.

Lothario, a half-demented old man poorly clad as a wandering minstrel, seeks his lost daughter Sperata. Mignon comes with a band of gypsies, who abuse her because she refuses to dance. Lothario advances to protect her, but Jarno, the chief of the troop, only scorns him, until a student, Wilhelm Meister, steps forth and rescues her, a young actress named Philine compensating the gypsy for his loss by giving him all her loose cash. Mignon, grateful for the rescue, falls in love with Wilhelm and wants to follow and serve him, but the young man, though delighted with her loveliness and humility, is not aware of her love. Nevertheless he takes her with him. He is of good family, but by a whim just now stays with a troop of comedians, to whom he takes his protégée. The coquette Philine loves Wilhelm and has completely enthralled him by her arts and graces. She awakes bitter jealousy in Mignon, who tries to drown herself but is hindered by the sweet strains of Lothario's harp which appeal to the noble feelings of her nature. The latter always keeps near her, watching over the lovely child. He instinctively feels himself attracted towards her; she recalls his lost daughter to him and he sees her as abandoned and lonely as himself. Mignon, hearing how celebrated Philine is, wishes that the palace, within which Philine plays, might be struck by lightning, and Lothario at once executes her wish by setting the house on fire.

While the guests rush into the garden, Philine orders Mignon to fetch her nosegay, the same flowers which the thoughtless youth offered to his mistress Philine. Mignon, reproaching herself for her sinful wish, at once flies into the burning house, and only afterwards does her friend Laërtes perceive that the theatre has caught fire too. Everybody thinks Mignon lost, but Wilhelm, rushing into the flames, is happy enough to rescue her.

The third act carries us to Italy, where the sick Mignon has been brought. Wilhelm, having discovered her love, which she reveals in her delirium, vows to live only for her. Lothario, no longer a minstrel, receives them as the owner of the palace, from which he had been absent since the loss of his daughter. While he shows Mignon the relics of the past, a scarf and a bracelet of corals are suddenly recognized by her. She begins to remember her infantine prayers, she recognizes the hall with the marble statues and her mother's picture on the wall.—With rapture Lothario embraces his long-lost Sperata. But Mignon's jealous love has found out that Philine followed her and she knows no peace until Wilhelm has proved to her satisfaction that he loves her best.

At last Philine graciously renounces Wilhelm and turns to Friedrich, one of her many adorers, whom to his own great surprise she designates as her future husband. Mignon at last openly avows her

passion for Wilhelm. The people, hearing of the arrival of their master, the Marquis of Cypriani, alias Lothario, come to greet him with loud acclamations of joy, which grow still louder when he presents to them his daughter Sperata and Wilhelm, her chosen husband.

*LA MUETTE DE PORTICI.* Grand Historical Opera in 5 acts by Auber. Text by Scribe.

In the first act we witness the wedding of Alfonso, son of the Viceroy of Naples, with the Spanish Princess Elvira. Alfonso, who has seduced Fenella, the Neapolitan Masaniello's dumb sister and abandoned her, is tormented by doubts and remorse, fearing that she has committed suicide. During the festival Fenella rushes in to seek protection from the Viceroy, who has kept her a prisoner for the past month. She has escaped from her prison and narrates the story of her seduction by gestures, showing a scarf which her lover gave her. Elvira promises to protect her and proceeds to the altar, Fenella vainly trying to follow. In the chapel Fenella recognizes her seducer in the bridegroom of the Princess. When the newly married couple come out of the church, Elvira presents Fenella to her husband and discovers from the dumb girl's gestures that he was her faithless lover. Fenella flies, leaving Alfonso and Elvira in sorrow and despair.

In the second act the fishermen, who have been brooding in silence over the tyranny of their foes, begin to assemble. Pietro, Masaniello's friend, has sought for Fenella in vain, but at length she appears of her own accord and confesses her wrongs. Masaniello is infuriated and swears to have revenge, but Fenella, who still loves Alfonso, does not mention his name. Then Masaniello calls the fishermen to arms and they swear perdition to the enemy of their country.

In the third act we find ourselves in the market-place in Naples where the people go to and fro, selling and buying, all the while concealing their purpose under a show of merriment and carelessness. Selva, the officer of the Viceroy's bodyguard from whom Fenella has escaped, discovers her, and the attempt to rearrest her is the sign for a general revolt, in which the people are victorious.

In the fourth act Fenella comes to her brother's dwelling and describes the horrors which are taking place in the town. The relation fills his noble soul with sorrow and disgust. When Fenella has retired to rest, Pietro enters with comrades and tries to excite Masaniello to further deeds, but he only wants liberty and shrinks from murder and cruelties.

They tell him that Alfonso has escaped and that they are resolved to overtake and kill him. Fenella, who hears all, decides to save her lover. At this moment Alfonso begs at her door for a hiding-place. He enters with Elvira, and Fenella, though at first disposed to avenge herself on her rival, pardons her for Alfonso's sake. Masaniello, re-entering, assures the strangers of his protection, and even when Pietro denounces Alfonso as the Viceroy's son he holds his promise sacred.

Pietro, with his fellow conspirators, leaves him full of rage and hatred.

Meanwhile the magistrate of the city presents Masaniello with the Royal Crown and he is proclaimed King of Naples.

In the fifth act we find Pietro with the other fishermen before the Viceroy's palace. He confides to Moreno that he has administered poison to Masaniello in order to punish him for his treason and that the King of one day will soon die. While he speaks Borella rushes in to tell of a fresh troop of soldiers marching against the people with Alfonso at their head. Knowing that Masaniello alone can save them, the fishermen entreat him to take the command of them once more, and Masaniello, though deadly ill and half bereft of his reason, complies with their request. The combat takes place while an eruption of Vesuvius is going on. Masaniello falls in the act of saving Elvira's life. On hearing these terrible tidings Fenella rushes to the terrace, from which she leaps into the abyss beneath, while the fugitive noblemen again take possession of the city.

**NORMA.** Tragic Opera in 2 acts by Bellini. Text by Romani.

Norma, daughter of Orovis, chief of the Druids and High Priestess herself, has broken her vows and secretly married Pollio, the Roman Proconsul. They have two children. But Pollio's love has vanished. In the first act he confides to his companion Flavius that he is enamoured of Adalgisa, a young priestess in the temple of Irminsul, the Druids' god.

Norma, whose secret nobody knows but her friend Clothilde, is worshipped by the people, being the only one able to interpret the oracles of their god. She prophesies Rome's fall, which she declares will be brought about not by the prowess of Gallic warriors but by its own weakness. She sends away the people to invoke alone the benediction of the god. When she also is gone, Adalgisa appears, and is persuaded by Pollio to fly with him to Rome. But remorse and fear induce her to confess her sinful love to Norma, whom she like the others adores. Norma, however, seeing the resemblance to her own fate, promises to release her from her vows and give her back to the world and to happiness, but hearing from Adalgisa the name of her lover, who, as it happens, just then approaches, she of course reviles the traitor, telling the poor young maiden that Pollio is her own spouse. The latter defies her, but she bids him leave. Though as he goes he begs Adalgisa to follow him, the young priestess turns from the faithless lover and craves Norma's pardon for the offence she has unwittingly been guilty of.

In the second act Norma, full of despair at Pollio's treason, resolves to kill her sleeping boys. But they awake and the mother's heart shudders as she thinks of her purpose; then she calls for Clothilde and bids her fetch Adalgisa.

When she appears Norma entreats her to be a mother to her chil-

dren and to take them to their father Pollio, because she has determined to free herself from shame and sorrow by a voluntary death. But the noble-hearted Adalgisa will not hear of this sacrifice and promises to bring Pollio back to his first love. After a touching duet, in which they swear eternal friendship to each other, Norma takes courage again. Her hopes are vain, however, for Clothilde enters to tell her that Adalgisa's prayers were of no avail.—Norma, distrusting her rival, calls her people to arms against the Romans and gives orders to prepare the funeral pile for the sacrifice. The victim is to be Pollio, who was captured in the act of carrying Adalgisa off by force. Norma orders her father and the Gauls away that she may speak alone with Pollio, to whom she promises safety if he will renounce Adalgisa and return to her and to her children. But Pollio, whose only thought is of Adalgisa, pleads for her and for his own death. Norma, denying it to him, calls the priests of the temple to denounce as victim a priestess, who, forgetting her sacred vows, has entertained a sinful passion in her bosom and betrayed the gods. Then she firmly tells them that she herself is this faithless creature, but to her father alone does she reveal the existence of her children.

Pollio, recognizing the greatness of her character, which impels her to sacrifice her own life in order to save him and her rival, feels his love for Norma revive, and stepping forth from the crowd of spectators, he takes his place beside her on the funeral pile. Both commend their children to Norma's father Orovist, who finally pardons the poor victims.

**LE NOZZE DI FIGARO.** Comic Opera in 4 acts by Mozart. Text by Lorenzo da Ponte.

Count Almaviva, though married to Rosina and loving her ardently, cannot bring himself to cease playing the rôle of a gallant cavalier; he likes pretty women wherever he finds them, and, notwithstanding his high moral principles, is carrying on a flirtation with Rosina's maid, the charming Susanna. This does not hinder him from being jealous of his wife, who is here represented as a character both sweet and passive. He suspects her of being overfond of her page, Cherubino.—From the bystanders, Doctor Bartolo and Marcellina, we hear that their old hearts have not yet ceased to glow at the touch of youth and love; Bartolo would fain give his affections to Susanna, while Marcellina pretends to have claims on Figaro.

These are the materials which are so dexterously woven into the complicated plot and which furnish so many funny quid-pro-quos.

In the second act we find Cherubino, the Page, in the rooms of the Countess, who, innocent and pure herself, sees in him only a child; but this youth has a passionate heart and he loves his mistress ardently. Mistress and maid have amused themselves with Cherubino, putting him into women's dresses. The Count, rendered suspicious by a letter, given to him by Basilio, bids his wife open her door. The

women, afraid of his jealousy, detain him a while, and only open the door when Cherubino has got safely through the window and away over the flower beds. The Count, entering full of wrath, finds only Susanna with his wife. Ashamed of his suspicions, he asks her pardon and swears never to be jealous again. All blame in the matter of the letter is put on Figaro's shoulders, but this cunning fellow lies boldly and the Count cannot get the clue to the mystery. Figaro and Susanna, profiting by the occasion, entreat the Count at last to consent to their wedding, which he has always put off. At this moment the gardener Antonio enters, complaining of the spoilt flower beds. Figaro, taking all upon himself, owns that he sprang out of the window, having had an interview with Susanna and fearing the Count's anger. All deem themselves saved when Antonio presents a document which the fugitive has lost. The Count, not quite convinced, asks Figaro to tell him the contents; but the latter, never at a loss and discovering that it is the Page's patent, says that the document was given to him by the Page, the seal having been forgotten. The Count is about to let him off when Bartolo appears with Marcellina, who claims a matrimonial engagement with Figaro. Her claim is favored by the Count, who wishes to see Susanna unmarried. Out of this strait, however, they are delivered by finding that Figaro is the son of the old couple, the child of their early love; and all again promises well. But the Countess and Susanna have prepared a little punishment for the jealous husband as well as for the flighty lover.

They have both written letters in which they ask the men to an interview in the garden. Susanna's letter goes to the Count, Rosina's to Figaro. Under the wings of night the two women meet, each, her own lover, but Susanna wears the Countess' dress, while Rosina has arrayed herself in Susanna's clothes.

The Countess, not usually given to such tricks, is very anxious. While she awaits her husband Cherubino approaches, and taking her for Susanna he, like a little Don Juan as he is, makes love to her. Hearing the Count's steps, he disappears. Almaviva caresses the seeming Susanna, telling her nice things and giving her a ring, which she accepts. They are observed by the other couple and the sly Figaro, who has recognized Susanna notwithstanding her disguise, denounces the Count to her, vows eternal love, and generally makes his bride burn with wrath. In her anger she boxes his ears, upon which he confesses to having known her from the first, and at once restores her good-humor.

Seeing the Count approach they continue to play their former rôles, and the false Countess makes love to Figaro, till the Count accosts her as "traitress." For a while she lets him suffer all the tortures of jealousy, then the lights appear and the Count stands ashamed before his lovely wife, recognizing his mistake. The gentle Countess forgives him, and the repenting husband swears eternal fidelity. He

speedily unites the lovers Figaro and Susanna, and forgives even the little Page Cherubino.

THE NUREMBERG DOLL (DIE NÜRNBERGER PUPPE). Comic Opera in 1 act by A. Adam. Text by Lenzen and Beauplan, translated into German by Ernst Pasqué.

The scene takes place in a toy-shop at Nüremberg. Cornelius the owner, has an only son, Benjamin, whom he dearly loves notwithstanding his stupidity; while he is most unjust to his orphan nephew, Heinrich, whom he keeps like a servant after having misappropriated the latter's inheritance.

The old miser wants to procure a wife for his darling, a wife endowed with beauty and every virtue; and as he is persuaded that such a paragon does not exist in life, he has constructed a splendid doll which he hopes to endow with life by the help of Doctor Faust's magic book.

He only awaits a stormy night for executing his design. Meanwhile he enjoys life, and when presented to us is just going with Benjamin to a masked ball, after sending at the same time his nephew supperless to bed.—When they have left, Heinrich reappears in the garb of Mephistopheles, and clapping his hands his fiancée Bertha, a poor seamstress, soon enters.

Sadly she tells her lover that she is unable to go to the ball, having given all her money, which she had meant to spend on a dress, to a poor starving beggar-woman in the street.

Heinrich, touched by his love's tender heart, good-humoredly determines to lay aside his mask, in order to stay at home with Bertha, when suddenly a bright idea strikes him. Remembering the doll, which his uncle hides so carefully in his closet, which has, however, long been spied out by Heinrich, he shows it to Bertha, who delightedly slips into the doll's beautiful clothes, which fit her admirably.

Unfortunately Cornelius and his son are heard returning while Bertha is still absent dressing. The night has grown stormy, and the old man deems it favorable for his design; so he at once proceeds to open Faust's book and to begin the charm.

Heinrich, who has hardly had time to hide himself in the chimney, is driven out by his cousin's attempts to light a fire. He leaps down into the room and the terrified couple take him for no other than the Devil in person, Heinrich wearing his mask and being besides blackened by soot from the chimney. Perceiving his uncle's terror, he profits by it, and at once beginning a conjuration he summons the doll, that is to say, Bertha in the doll's dress. Father and son are delighted by her performances, but when she opens her mouth and reveals a very wilful and wayward character, Cornelius is less charmed. The doll peremptorily asks for food, and Mephistopheles indicates that it is to be found in the kitchen. While the worthy pair

go to fetch it, Mephistopheles, hastily exchanging words with his lady-love, vanishes into his sleeping room.

The doll now begins to lead a dance which makes the toymaker's hair stand on end. She first throws the whole supper out of the window, following it with plate, crockery, toys, etc. Then, taking a drum, she begins to drill them like a regular tambour-major, slapping their ears, mouths, and cheeks as soon as they try to approach her.

At last, when they are quite worn out, she flies into the closet. But now the father's spirit is roused, he resolves to destroy his and the Devil's work; however, he is hindered by Heinrich, who now makes his appearance and seems greatly astonished at the uproar and disorder he finds in the middle of the night. He only wants to gain time for Bertha to undress and then escape.

Resolutely the old man walks into the closet to slay the doll. But he returns pale and trembling, having destroyed her while asleep and believing to have seen her spirit escape through the window with fiendish laughter.—Yet, awed by his deed, he sees Heinrich returning, who confesses to his uncle that he has found out his secret about the doll, and that, having accidentally broken it, he has substituted a young girl. Cornelius, half dead with fright, sees himself already accused of murder; his only salvation seems to lie in his nephew's silence and instant flight. Heinrich is willing to leave the country provided his uncle give him back his heritage, which consists of 10,000 thalers. After some vain remonstrances the old man gives him the gold. Heinrich, having gained his ends, now introduces Bertha, and the wicked old fool and his son see too late that they have been the dupes of the clever nephew.

**ORFEO E EURYDICE.** Opera in 3 acts by Gluck. Text by  
Raniero di Calzabigi.

Orpheus, the celebrated Greek musician and singer, has lost his wife Eurydice. His mournful songs fill the groves where he laments, and with them he touches the hearts not only of his friends but of the gods. On his wife's grave Amor appears to him and bids him descend into Hades, where he is to move the Furies and the Elysian shadows with his sweet melodies and win back from them his lost wife.

He is to recover her on a condition, which is, that he never casts a look on her on their return to earth; for if he fails in this, Eurydice will be for ever lost to him.

Taking his lyre and casque Orpheus promises obedience, and with new hope sallies forth on his mission. The second act represents the gates of Erebus, from which flames arise. Orpheus is surrounded by furies and demons, who try to frighten him; but he, nothing daunted, mollifies them by his sweet strains and they set free the passage to Elysium, where Orpheus has to win the happy shadows. He beholds Eurydice among them, veiled; the happy shadows readily

surrender her to him, escorting the pair to the gates of their happy vale.

The third act beholds the spouses on their way back to earth. Orpheus holds Eurydice by the hand drawing the reluctant wife on, but without raising his eyes to her face; on and on through the winding and obscure paths which lead out of the infernal regions. Notwithstanding his protestations of love and his urgent demands to her to follow him, Eurydice never ceases to implore him to cast a single look on her, threatening him with her death should he not fulfil her wish. Orpheus, forbidden to tell her the reason of his strange behavior, long remains deaf to her cruel complaints, but at last he yields and looks back, only to see her expire under his gaze. Overwhelmed by grief and despair Orpheus draws his sword to destroy himself, when Amor appears and stays the fatal stroke.

In pity for Orpheus' love and constancy he reanimates Eurydice (contrary, however, to the letter of the Greek tragedy), and the act closes with a beautiful chorus sung in Amor's praise.

**PAGLIACCI (MERRY ANDREW).** Musical Drama in 2 acts and a prologue.  
Music and Text by R. Leoncavallo. Translated into the  
German by Ludwig Hartmann.

In the Prologue, a wonderful piece of music, Tonio the Fool announces to the public the deep tragic sense which often is hidden behind a farce, and prepares them for the sad end of the lovers in this comedy.

The introduction, with its wonderful Largo, is like a mournful lamentation; then the curtain opens, showing the entry of a troop of wandering actors, so common in southern Italy. They are received with high glee by the peasants, and Canio, the owner of the troop, invites them all to the evening's play. Canio looks somewhat gloomy, and he very much resents the taunts of the peasants, who court his beautiful wife Nedda and make remarks about the Fool's attentions to her. Nevertheless Canio gives way to his friends' invitation for a glass of Chianti wine, and he takes leave of his wife with a kiss, which, however, does not quite restore her peace of mind, Nedda's conscience being somewhat disturbed. But soon she casts aside all evil forebodings and vies with the birds in warbling pretty songs, which, though reminding the hearer of Wagner's Siegfried, are of surpassing harmony and sweetness. Tonio the Fool, spying the moment to find Nedda alone, approaches her with a declaration of love, but she haughtily turns from him, and as he only grows more obtrusive and even tries to embrace her, she seizes a whip and slaps him in the face. Provoked to fury, he swears to avenge himself. Hardly has he turned away when the peasant Silvio appears on the wall. He is Nedda's lover, and, having seen Canio sitting in the tavern, he entreats her to separate herself from the husband she

never loved and take flight with him. Nedda hesitates between duty and passion, and at last the latter prevails and she sinks into his arms. This love duet is wonderful in style and harmony. Tonio unfortunately has spied out the lovers and returns with Canio. But, on perceiving the latter's approach, Silvio has leapt over the wall, his sweetheart's body covering his own person so that Canio is unable to recognize his rival; he once more reminds Nedda to be ready that night and then takes flight. With an inarticulate cry Canio rushes after him, and Nedda falls on her knees to pray for her lover's escape, while Tonio the Fool triumphs over her misery. The husband, however, returns defeated; panting, he claims the lover's name, and Nedda's lips remaining sealed he is about to stab his wife when Beppo the Harlequin intervenes, and, wrenching the dagger from his unfortunate master's hands, intimates that it is time to prepare for the play. While Nedda retires Canio breaks out into a bitter wail over his hard lot, which compels him to take part in the farce, which for him is bitter reality. With this air the tragic height of the opera is reached.

In the second act the spectators throng before the small stage, each of them eager to get the best seat. Nedda appears dressed as Columbine, and while she is collecting the money she finds time to warn Silvio of her husband's wrath. The curtain opens and Nedda is seen alone on the stage listening to the sentimental songs of Arlequin, her lover in the play. Before she has given him the sign to enter, Tonio, in the play called Taddeo the Fool, enters, bringing the food which his mistress has ordered for herself and Arlequin. Just as it really happened in the morning, the poor Fool now makes love to her in play; but when scornfully repulsed he humbly retires, swearing to the goodness and pureness of his lady-love. Arlequin entering through the window, the two begin to dine merrily, but Taddeo re-enters, in mocking fright, to announce the arrival of the husband Bajazzo (Canio). The latter, however, is in terrible earnest, and when he hoarsely exacts the lover's name the lookers-on, who hitherto have heartily applauded every scene, begin to feel the awful tragedy hidden behind the comedy. Nedda remains outwardly calm, and mockingly she names innocent Arlequin as the one who had dined with her. Then Bajazzo begins by reminding her how he found her in the street a poor waif and stray, whom he nursed, petted, and loved, and Nedda remaining cold, his wrath rises to fury and he wildly curses her, shrieking, "The name, I will know his name!" But Nedda, though false, is no traitress. "Should it cost my life I will never betray him!" she cries, at the same time trying to save her life by hurrying from the stage amongst the spectators. Too late, alas! Canio already has reached and stabbed her, and Silvio, who rushes forward, also receives his death-stroke from the hands of the deceived husband, who has heard his name slip from the dying lips of his wife. All around stand petrified, nobody dares to touch the

avenger of his honor, who stands by his wife's corpse limp and broken-hearted: "Go," says he, "go, the farce is ended."

**PARSIFAL.** A Festival Drama by Richard Wagner.

The first scene is laid in a forest on the grounds of the keepers of the Grail near Castle Monsalvat. Old Gurnemanz awakes two young Squires for their morning prayer, and bids two Knights prepare a bath for the sick King Amfortas, who suffers cruelly from a wound, dealt him by the sorcerer Klingsor, the deadly foe of the Holy Grail. The Grail is a sacred cup, from which Christ drank at the last Passover and which also received his holy blood. Titurel, Amfortas' father, has built the castle to shield it, and appointed holy men for its service. While Gurnemanz speaks with the Knights about their poor master's sufferings, in rushes Kundry, a sorceress in Klingsor's service, condemned to laugh eternally as a punishment for having derided Christ, while he was suffering on the Cross. She it was who with her beauty seduced Amfortas and deprived him of his holy strength, so that Klingsor was enabled to wring from the King his holy spear Longinus, with which he afterwards wounded him. Kundry is in the garb of a servant of the Grail; she brings balm for the King, who is carried on to the stage in a litter, but it avails him not: "a guileless fool" with a child's pure heart, who will bring back the holy spear and touch him with it, can alone heal his wound.

Suddenly a dying swan sinks to the ground, and Parsifal, a young knight, appears. Gurnemanz reproaches him severely for having shot the bird, but he appears to be quite ignorant of the fact that it was wrong and, when questioned, proves to know nothing about his own origin. He only knows his mother's name "Herzeleid" (heart's affliction), and Kundry, who recognizes him, relates that his father Gamuret perished in battle and that his mother reared him, a guileless fool, in the desert. When Kundry mentions that his mother is dead and has sent her last blessing to her son, Parsifal is almost stunned by this, his first grief. Gurnemanz conducts him to the castle, where the Knights of the Grail are assembled in a lofty hall. Amfortas is laid on a raised couch, and from behind Titurel's voice is heard imploring his son to efface his guilt in godly works. Amfortas, writhing with pain, is comforted by the prophecy:

"By pity lightened, the guileless fool—  
Wait for him,—my chosen tool."

The Grail is uncovered, the blessing given, and the repast of love begins. Amfortas' hope revives, but towards the end his wound bursts out afresh. Parsifal, on hearing Amfortas' cry of agony, clutches at his heart, without, however, understanding his own feelings.

The second act reveals Klingsor's magic castle.

Kundry, not as a demon now, but as a woman of imperious beauty,

is awakened by Klingsor to seduce Parsifal. She yearns for pardon, for sleep and death, but she struggles in vain against the fiendish Klingsor.

The tower gradually sinks; a beautiful garden rises, into which Parsifal gazes with rapture and astonishment. Lovely maidens rush towards him, accusing him of having destroyed their lovers. Parsifal, surprised, answers that he slew them because they checked his approach to their charms. But when their tenderness waxes hotter he gently repulses the damsels and at last tries to escape. He is detained, however, by Kundry, who tells him again of his beloved mother, and when Parsifal is sorrow-stricken at having forgotten her in his thoughtless rambles, she consoles him, pressing his lips with a fervent kiss. This rouses the dreamy youth, he awakes to his duty, he feels the King's spear-wound burning; the unconscious fool is a fool no longer, but conscious of his mission and distinguishing right from wrong. He calls to the Saviour to save him from a guilty passion, and at last he starts up, spurning Kundry. She tells him of her own crime, of Amfortas' fall, and curses all paths and ways which would lead him from her. Klingsor, appearing at her cry, flings the holy spear at Parsifal, but it remains floating over his head, and the youth, grasping it, destroys the magic by the sign of the cross.

In the third act Gurnemanz awakes Kundry from a death-like sleep, and is astonished to find her changed. She is penitent and serves the Grail. Parsifal enters from the woods. Gurnemanz recognizes and greets him, after his wanderings in search of the Grail which have extended over long years. Kundry washes his feet and dries them with her own hair. Parsifal, seeing her so humble, baptizes her with some water from the spring, and the dreadful laugh is taken from her; then she weeps bitterly. Parsifal, conducted to the King, touches his side with the holy spear and the wound is closed. Old Titurel, brought on the stage in his coffin, revives once more a moment, raising his hands in benediction. The Grail is revealed, pouring a halo of glory over all. Kundry, with her eyes fixed on Parsifal, sinks dead to the ground, while Amfortas and Gurnemanz render homage to their new King.

PHILÉMON AND BAUCIS. Opera in 2 acts by Charles Gounod. Text by  
Jules Barbier and Michel Carré, with an intermezzo.

In the first act Jupiter comes to Philémon's hut, accompanied by Vulcan, to seek refuge from a storm, which the god himself has caused. He has come to earth to verify Mercury's tale of the people's badness, and finding the news only too true, besides being uncourteously received by the people around, he is glad to meet with a kindly welcome at Philémon's door.

This worthy old man lives in poverty, but in perfect content with his wife Baucis, to whom he has been united in bonds of love for

sixty long years. Jupiter, seeing at once that the old couple form an exception to the evil rule, resolves to spare them, and to punish only the bad folks. The gods partake of the kind people's simple meal, and Jupiter, changing the milk into wine, is recognized by Baucis, who is much awed by the discovery. But Jupiter reassures her and promises to grant her only wish, which is, to be young again with her husband and to live the same life. The god sends them to sleep, and then begins the intermezzo.

Phrygians are seen reposing after a festival, bacchants rush in and the wild orgies begin afresh. The divine is mocked and pleasure praised as the only god. Vulcan comes, sent by Jupiter to warn them, but as they only laugh at him, mocking Olympus and the gods, Jupiter himself appears to punish the sinners. An awful tempest arises, sending everything to wrack and ruin.

In the second act Philémon's hut is changed into a palace; he awakes to find himself and his wife young again. Jupiter, seeing Baucis' beauty, orders Vulcan to keep Philémon apart, while he courts her. Baucis, though determined to remain faithful to her Philémon, feels, nevertheless, flattered at the god's condescension, and dares not refuse him a kiss. Philémon, appearing on the threshold, sees it, and violently reproaches her and his guest, and, though Baucis suggests who the latter is, the husband does not feel in the least inclined to share his wife's love even with a god. The first quarrel takes place between the couple, and Vulcan, hearing it, consoles himself with the reflection that he is not the only one to whom a fickle wife causes sorrow. Philémon bitterly curses Jupiter's gift; he wishes his wrinkles back, and with them his peace of mind. Throwing down Jupiter's statue, he leaves his wife to the god. Baucis, replacing the image, which happily is made of bronze, sorely repents her behavior towards her beloved husband. Jupiter finds her weeping, and praying that the gods may turn their wrath upon herself alone. The god promises to pardon both if she is willing to listen to his love. She agrees to the bargain, on the condition, namely, that Jupiter shall grant her a favor. He consents, and she entreats him to make her old again. Philémon, listening behind the door, rushes forward to embrace the true wife and joins his entreaties to hers. Jupiter, seeing himself caught, would fain be angry, but their love conquers his wrath. He does not recall his gift, but giving them his benediction he promises never more to cross their happiness.

**THE POSTILION OF LONGJUMEAU.** Comic Opera in 3 acts by Adolphe Adam.  
Text by Leuven and Brunswick.

Chapelou, stage-driver at Longjumeau, is about to celebrate his marriage with the young hostess of the post-house, Madeleine. The wedding has taken place and the young bride is led away by her friends, according to an old custom, while her bridegroom is held back by his comrades, who compel him to sing. He begins the romance

of a young postilion, who had the luck to be carried away by a Princess, having touched her heart by his beautiful playing on the cornet. Chapelou has such a fine voice that the Superintendent of the Grand Opera at Paris, the Marquis de Corey, who hears him, is enchanted, and being in search of a good tenor, succeeds in winning over Chapelou, who consents to leave his young wife in order to follow the Marquis' call to glory and fortune. He begs his friend Bijou, a smith, to console Madeleine by telling her that he will soon return to her. While Madeleine calls for him in tenderest accents, he drives away with his protectors and Bijou delivers his message, determined to try his fortune in a similar way. The desperate Madeleine resolves to fly from the unhappy spot, where everything recalls to her her faithless husband.

In the second act we find Madeleine under the assumed name of Madame de Latour. She has inherited a fortune from an old aunt, and makes her appearance in Paris as a rich and noble lady, with the intention of punishing her husband, whom she, however, still loves. During these six years that have passed since their wedding day, Chapelou has won his laurels under the name of St. Phar, and is now the first tenor of the Grand Opera and everybody's spoilt favorite. Bijou is with him as leader of the chorus, and is called Alcindor. We presently witness a comical rehearsal in which the principal singers are determined to do as badly as possible. They all seem hoarse and, instead of singing, produce the most lamentable sounds. The Marquis de Corey is desperate, having promised this representation to Mme. Latour, at whose country-seat near Fontainebleau he is at present staying. As soon as St. Phar hears the name of this lady, his hoarseness is gone and all sing their best. We gather from this scene that Mme. Latour has succeeded in entralling St. Phar; he has an interview with her, and won by his protestations of love, she consents to marry him.

St. Phar, not wishing to commit bigamy, begs his friend Bijou to perform the marriage ceremony in a priest's garb, but Mme. Latour locks him in her room along with Bourdon, the second leader of the chorus, while a real priest unites the pair for the second time.

St. Phar enters the room in high spirits, when his companions, beside themselves with fear, tell him that he has committed bigamy. While they are in mortal terror of being hanged, Mme. Latour enters in her former shape as Madeleine, and blowing out the candle torments St. Phar, assuming now the voice of Mme. Latour, now that of Madeleine.—After having sent her fickle husband into an abyss of unhappiness and fear, the Marquis de Corey, who had himself hoped to wed the charming widow, appears with the police to imprison the luckless St. Phar, who already considers himself as good as hanged, and in imagination sees his first wife Madeleine rejoicing over his punishment. But he has been made to suffer enough, and at the

last moment Madeleine explains everything, and Chapelou obtains her pardon.

**LE PROPHÈTE.** Opera in 5 acts by Giacomo Meyerbeer.  
Text by Scribe.

The scene is laid in Holland at the time of the wars with the Anabaptists.

Fides, mother of the hero, John von Leyden, keeps an inn near Dordrecht. She has just betrothed a young peasant girl to her son, but Bertha is a vassal of the Count of Oberthal and dares not marry without his permission.

As they set about getting his consent to the marriage, three Anabaptists, Jonas, Mathisen, and Zacharias, appear, exciting the people with their speeches and false promises. While they are preaching, Oberthal enters, but smitten with Bertha's charms he refuses his consent to her marriage and carries her off, with Fides as companion.

In the second act we find John waiting for his bride; as she delays the Anabaptists try to win him for their cause, they prophesy him a crown, but as yet he is not ambitious, and life with Bertha looks sweeter to him than the greatest honors. As the night comes on Bertha rushes in to seek refuge from her pursuer, from whom she has fled.—Hardly has she hidden herself when Oberthal enters to claim her. John refuses his assistance, but when Oberthal threatens to kill his mother he gives up Bertha to the Count, while his mother, whose life he has saved at such a price, asks God's benediction on his head. Then she retires for the night, and the Anabaptists appear once more, again trying to win John over. This time they succeed. Without a farewell to his sleeping mother, John follows the Anabaptists, to be henceforth their leader, their Prophet, their Messiah.

In the third act we see the Anabaptists' camp; their soldiers have captured a party of noblemen, who are to pay ransom. They all make merry and the famous ballet on the ice forms part of the amusements. In the background we see Münster, which town is in the hands of Count Oberthal's father, who refuses to surrender it to the enemy. They resolve to storm it, a resolution which is heard by young Oberthal, who has come disguised to the Anabaptists' camp in order to save his father and the town.

But as a light is struck he is recognized and is about to be killed, when John hears from him that Bertha has escaped. She sprang out of the window to save her honor, and falling into the stream, was saved. When John learns this, he bids the soldiers spare Oberthal's life that he may be judged by Bertha herself.

John has already endured great pangs of conscience at seeing his party so wild and bloodthirsty. He refuses to go further, but, hearing that an army of soldiers has broken out of Münster to destroy the Anabaptists, he rallies. Praying fervently to God for help and vic-

tory, inspiration comes over him and is communicated to all his adherents, so that they resolve to storm Münster. They succeed and in the fourth act we are in the midst of this town, where we find Fides, who, knowing that her son has turned Anabaptist though not aware of his being their Prophet, is receiving alms to save his soul by Masses. She meets Bertha, disguised in a pilgrim's garb. Both vehemently curse the Prophet, when this latter appears to be crowned in state.

His mother recognizes him, but he disowns her, declaring her mad, and by strength of will he compels the poor mother to renounce him. Fides, in order to save his life, avows that she was mistaken and she is led to prison.

In the last act we find the three Anabaptists, Mathisen, Jonas, and Zacharias, together. The Emperor is near the gates of Münster, and they resolve to deliver their Prophet into his hands in order to save their lives.

Fides has been brought into a dungeon, where John visits her to ask her pardon and to save her. She curses him, but his repentance moves her so that she pardons him when he promises to leave his party. At this moment Bertha enters. She has sworn to kill the false Prophet, and she comes to the dungeon to set fire to the gunpowder hidden beneath it. Fides detains her, but when she recognizes that her bridegroom and the Prophet are one and the same person, she wildly denounces him for his bloody deeds and stabs herself in his presence. Then John decides to die also, and after the soldiers have led his mother away, he himself sets fire to the vault.

Then he appears at the coronation-banquet, where he knows that he is to be taken prisoner. When Oberthal, the Bishop, and all his treacherous friends are assembled, he bids two of his faithful soldiers close the gates and fly. This done, the castle is blown into the air with all its inhabitants. At the last moment Fides rushes in to share her son's fate, and all are thus buried under the ruins.

THE QUEEN OF SHEBA (DIE KÖNIGIN VON SABA). Grand Opera in 4 acts  
by Charles Goldmark. Text by Mosenthal.

A magnificent wedding is to be celebrated in King Solomon's palace at Jerusalem. The High Priest's daughter, Sulamith, is to marry Assad, King Solomon's favorite. But the lover, who has in a foreign country seen a most beautiful and haughty woman bathing in a forest well, is now in love with the stranger and has forgotten his destined bride.

Returning home Assad confesses his error to the wise King, and Solomon bids him wed Sulamith and forget the heathen. Assad gives his promise, praying to God to restore peace to his breast.

Then enters the Queen of Sheba in all her glory, followed by a

procession of slaves and suitors. Next to her litter walks her principal slave, Astaroth.

The Queen comes to offer her homage to the great Solomon with all the gifts of her rich kingdom.

She is veiled, and nobody has seen her yet, as only before the King will she unveil herself.

When she draws back the veil, shining in all her perfect beauty, Assad starts forward; he recognizes her; she is his nymph of the forest. But the proud Queen seems to know him not, she ignores him altogether. Solomon and Sulamith try to reassure themselves, to console Assad, and the Queen hears Solomon's words: "To-morrow shall find you united to your bride!" She starts and casts a passionate look on the unfortunate Assad.

The Queen is full of raging jealousy of the young bride. But though she claims Assad's love for herself, she is yet too proud to resign her crown, and so, hesitating between love and pride, she swears vengeance on her rival. Under the shade of night her slave-woman, Astaroth, allures Assad to the fountain, where he finds the Queen, who employs all her arts again to captivate him, succeeding, alas! only too well.

Morning dawns and with it the day of Assad's marriage with Sulamith. Solomon and the High Priest conduct the youth to the altar, but just as he is taking the ring, offered to him by the bride's father, the Queen of Sheba appears, bringing as wedding gift a golden cup filled with pearls.

Assad, again overcome by the Queen's dazzling beauty, throws the ring away and precipitates himself at her feet. The Levites detain him, but Solomon, guessing at the truth, implores the Queen to speak. Assad invokes all the sweet memories of their past, the Queen hesitates, but her pride conquers. For the second time she disowns him.—Now everybody believes Assad possessed by an evil spirit, and the priests at once begin to exorcise it; it is all but done, when one word of the Queen's, who sweetly calls him "Assad," spoils everything. He is in her bands: falling on his knees before her he prays to her as to his goddess. Wrathful at this blasphemy in the temple, the priests demand his death.

Assad asks no better, Sulamith despairs, and the Queen repents having gone so far. In the great tumult Solomon alone is unmoved. He detains the priests with dignity, for he alone will judge Assad.

There now follows a charming ballet, given in honor of the Queen of Sheba. At the end of the meal the Queen demands Assad's pardon from Solomon. He refuses her request. She now tries to ensnare the King with her charms as she did Assad, but in vain. Solomon sees her in her true light and treats her with cold politeness. Almost beside herself with rage, the Queen threatens to take vengeance on the King and to free Assad at any risk.

Solomon, well understanding the vile tricks of the eastern Queen,

has changed the verdict of death into that of exile. Sulamith, faithful and gentle, entreats for her lover, and has only one wish: to sweeten life to her Assad, or to die with him.

We find Assad in the desert. He is broken down and deeply repents his folly, when, lo, the Queen appears once more, hoping to lure him with soft words and tears. But this time her beauty is lost upon him: he has at last recognized her false soul; with noble pride he scorns her, preferring to expiate his follies by dying in the desert. He curses her, praying to God to save him from the temptress.—Henceforth he thinks only of Sulamith and invokes Heaven's benediction on her. He is dying in the dreadful heat of the desert, when Sulamith appears, the faithful one who without resting has sought her bridegroom till now. But, alas! in vain she kneels beside him couching his head on her bosom; his life is fast ebbing away.—Heaven has granted his last wish; he sees Sulamith before his death and with the sigh, "Liberation!" he sinks back and expires.

**THE NIBELUNGEN RING.** A Festival Play in 3 days and a fore-evening by  
Richard Wagner. The Rhinegold.

The first scene is laid in the very depths of the Rhine, where we see three nymphs frolicking in the water. They are the guardians of the Rhinegold, which glimmers on a rock.

Alberich, a Nibelung, highly charmed by their grace and beauty, tries to make love to each one of them alternately. As he is an ugly dwarf they at first allure and then deride him, gliding away as soon as he comes near, and laughing at him.—Discovering their mockery at last, he swears vengeance. He sees the Rhinegold shining brightly, and asks the nymphs what it means. They tell him of its wonderful qualities, which would render the owner all-powerful if he should form it into a ring and forswear love.

Alberich, listening attentively, all at once climbs the rock, and before the frightened nymphs can cry for help, has grasped the treasure and disappeared. Darkness comes on; the scene changes into an open district on mountain heights. In the background we see a grand castle, which the rising sun illuminates. Wotan, the father of the gods, and Fricka, his wife, are slumbering on the ground. Awakening, their eyes fall on the castle for the first time. It is "Walhalla," the palace which the giants have built for them at Wotan's bidding. As a reward for their services they are to obtain Freia, the goddess of youth; but already Wotan repents of his promise and forms plans with his wife to save her lovely sister. The giants Fafner and Fasold enter to claim their reward. While they negotiate, Loge, the god of fire, comes up, relates the history of Alberich's theft of the Rhinegold, and tells Wotan of the gold's power. Wotan decides to rob the dwarf, promising the treasure to the giants, who consent to accept it in Freia's stead. But they distrust the gods and take Freia with them as a pledge. As soon as she disappears

the beautiful gods seem old and grey and wrinkled, for, the golden apples to which Freia attends and of which the gods partake daily to be forever youthful, wither as soon as she is gone. Then Wotan, without any further delay, starts for Nibelheim with Loge, justifying his intention by saying that the gold is stolen property. They disappear in a cleft and we find ourselves in a subterranean cavern, the abode of the Nibelungs.

Alberich has forced his brother Mime to forge a "Tarnhelm" for him, which renders its wearer invisible. Mime vainly tries to keep it for himself; Alberich, the possessor of the all-powerful ring which he himself formed, takes it by force and making himself invisible strikes Mime with a whip until the latter is half dead. Wotan and Loge, hearing his complaints, promise to help him. Alberich, coming forth again, is greatly flattered by Wotan and dexterously led on to show his might. He first changes himself into an enormous snake and then into a toad. Wotan quickly puts his foot on it, while Loge seizes the Tarnhelm. Alberich, becoming suddenly visible in his real shape, is bound and led away captive. The gods return to the mountain heights of the second scene, where Alberich is compelled to part with all his treasures, which are brought by the dwarfs. He is even obliged to leave the ring, which Wotan intends to keep for himself. With a dreadful curse upon the possessor of the ring Alberich flies.

When the giants reappear with Freia, the treasures are heaped before her; they are to cover her entirely, so it is decided, and not before will she be free. When all the gold has been piled up, and even the Tarnhelm thrown on the hoard, Fasold still sees Freia's eye shine through it and at last Wotan, who is most unwilling to part with the ring, is induced to do so by Erda, goddess of the earth, who appears to him and warns him. Now the pledge is kept and Freia is released. The giants quarrel over the possession of the ring and Fafner kills Fasold, thereby fulfilling Alberich's curse. With lightened hearts the gods cross the rainbow bridge and enter Walhalla, while the songs and wailings of the Rhine nymphs are heard, imploring the restitution of their lost treasure.

**RIGOLETTO.** Opera in 3 acts by Verdi. Text by Piave from Victor Hugo's drama "Le Roi s'Amuse."

The Duke of Mantua, a wild and debauched youth, covets every girl or woman he sees, and is assisted in his vile purposes by his jester, Rigoletto, an ugly, hump-backed man. We meet him first helping the Duke to seduce the wife of Count Ceprano, and afterwards the wife of Count Monterone. Both husbands curse the vile Rigoletto and swear to be avenged. Monterone especially, appearing like a ghost in the midst of a festival, hurls such a fearful curse at them that Rigoletto shudders.

This bad man has one tender point, it is his blind love for his

beautiful daughter Gilda, whom he brings up carefully, keeping her hidden from the world and shielding her from all wickedness.

But the cunning Duke discovers her and gains her love under the assumed name of a student named Gualtier Maldé.

Gilda is finally carried off by Ceprano and two other courtiers, aided by her own father, who holds the ladder believing that Count Ceprano's wife is to be the victim.—A mask blinds Rigoletto and he discovers, too late, by Gilda's cries that he has been duped. Gilda is brought to the Duke's palace.—Rigoletto appears in the midst of the courtiers to claim Gilda, and then they hear that she, whom they believed to be his mistress, is his daughter, for whose honor he is willing to sacrifice everything.—Gilda enters and, though she sees that she has been deceived, she implores her father to pardon the Duke, whom she still loves. But Rigoletto vows vengeance, and engages Sparafucile to stab the Duke. Sparafucile decoys him into his inn, where his sister Maddalena awaits him. She too is enamoured of the Duke, who makes love to her as to all young females, and she entreats her brother to have mercy on him. Sparafucile declares that he will wait until midnight, and will spare him if another victim should turn up before then. Meanwhile Rigoletto persuades his daughter to fly from the Duke's pursuit, but before he takes her away he wants to show her lover's fickleness in order to cure her of her love.

She comes to the inn in masculine attire, and, hearing the discourse between Sparafucile and his sister, resolves to save her lover. She enters the inn and is instantly put to death, placed in a sack, and given to Rigoletto, who proceeds to the river to dispose of the corpse. At this instance he hears the voice of the Duke, who passes by, singing a frivolous tune. Terrified, Rigoletto opens the sack and recognizes his daughter, who is yet able to tell him that she gave her life for that of her seducer, and then expires. With an awful cry the unhappy father sinks upon the corpse. Count Monterone's curse has been fulfilled.

**ROBERT LE DIABLE.** Opera in 5 acts by Meyerbeer. Text by Scribe and Delavigne.

Robert, Duke of Normandy, has a friend of gloomy exterior named Bertram, with whom he travels but to whose evil influence he owes much trouble and sorrow. Without knowing it himself, Robert is the son of this erring knight, who is an inhabitant of hell. During his wanderings on earth he seduced Bertha, daughter of the Duke of Normandy, whose offspring Robert is. This youth is very wild and has, therefore, been banished from his country.

Arriving in Sicily, Isabella, the King's daughter, and he fall mutually in love.

In the first act we find Robert in Palermo surrounded by other knights, to whom a young countryman of his, Raimbaut, tells the story of "Robert le Diable" and his fiendish father; warning every-

body against them. Robert, giving his name, is about to deliver the unhappy Raimbaut to the hangman, when the peasant is saved by his bride Alice, Robert's foster sister. She has come to Palermo by order of Robert's deceased mother, who sends her last will to her son in case he should change his bad habits and prove himself worthy. Robert, feeling that he is not likely to do this, begs Alice to keep it for him. He confides in the innocent maiden, and she promises to reason with Isabella, whom Robert has irritated by his jealousy, and who has banished him from her presence.

As a recompense for her service Alice asks Robert's permission to marry Raimbaut. Seeing Robert's friend, Bertram, she recognizes the latter's likeness to Satan, whom she saw in a picture, and instinctively shrinks from him. When she leaves her master, Bertram induces his friend to try his fortune with the dice and he loses all.

In the second act we are introduced into the palace of Isabella, who laments Robert's inconstancy. Alice enters bringing Robert's letter, and the latter instantly follows to crave his mistress' pardon. She presents him with a new suit of armor, and he consents to meet the Prince of Granada in mortal combat. But Bertram lures him away by deceiving him with a phantom. Robert vainly seeks the Prince in the forest, and the Prince of Granada is in his absence victorious in the tournament and obtains Isabella's hand.

The third act opens with a view of the rocks of St. Irene, where Alice hopes to be united with Raimbaut. The peasant expects his bride, but meets Bertram instead, who makes him forget Alice by giving him gold and dangerous advice. Raimbaut goes away to spend the money, while Bertram descends to the evil spirits in the deep. When Alice comes Raimbaut is gone, and she hears the demons calling for Bertram. Bertram extracts a promise from her not to betray the dreadful secret of the cavern. She clings to the Saviour's Cross for protection, and is about to be destroyed by Bertram, when Robert approaches, to whom she decides to reveal all. But Bertram's renewed threats at last oblige her to leave them.

Bertram now profits by Robert's rage and despair at the loss of his bride, his wealth, and his honor to draw him on to entire destruction. He tells Robert that his rival used magic arts, and suggests that he should try the same expedient. Then he leads him to a ruined cloister, where he resuscitates the guilty nuns. They try to seduce Robert first by drink, then by gambling, and last of all by love. In the last Helena, the most beautiful of the nuns, succeeds and makes him remove the cypress-branch, a talisman, by which in the fourth act he enters Isabella's apartment unseen. He awakes his bride out of her magic sleep to carry her off, but overcome by her fears and her appeal to his honor, he breaks the talisman and is seized by the now awakened soldiers; but Bertram appears and takes him under his protection.

The fifth act opens with a chorus sung by monks, which is followed

by a prayer for mercy. Robert, concealed in the vestibule of the cathedral, hears it full of contrition. But Bertram is with him, and, his term on earth being short, he confides to Robert the secret of his birth and appeals to him as his father.

He almost succeeds, when Alice comes up, bringing the news that the Prince of Granada renounces Isabella's hand, being unable to pass the threshold of the church. Bertram urges Robert all the more vehemently to become one with him, suggesting that Isabella is likewise lost to him, who has transgressed the laws of the church, when in the last extremity Alice produces his mother's will, in which she warns him against Bertram, entreating him to save his soul. Then at last his good angel is victorious, his demon father vanishes into the earth, and Robert, united by prayer to the others, is restored to a life of peace and goodness.

**LE ROI L'A DIT (THE KING HAS SAID IT).** Comic Opera in 3 acts by  
Léon Délibes. Text by Edmond Gondinet.

The Marquis de Moncontour has long wished to be presented to the King Louis XIV., and as he has been fortunate enough to catch the escaped paroquet of Mme. de Maintenon, he is at last to have his wish accomplished. By way of preparation for his audience he tries to learn the latest mode of bowing, his own being somewhat antiquated and the Marquise and her four lovely daughters and even Javotte, the nice little ladies' maid, assist him. After many failures the old gentleman succeeds in making his bow to his own satisfaction, and he is put into a litter and borne off, followed by his people's benedictions. When they are gone Benoit, a young peasant, comes to see Javotte, who is his sweetheart. He wishes to enter the Marquis' service. Javotte thinks him too awkward, but she promises to intercede in his favor with Miton, a dancing-master, who enters just as Benoit disappears. He has instructed the graceful Javotte in all the arts and graces of the noble world, and when he rehearses the steps and all the nice little tricks of his art with her, he is so delighted with his pupil that he pronounces her manners worthy of a Princess; but when Javotte tells him that she loves a peasant he is filled with disgust and orders her away. His real pupils, the four lovely daughters of the Marquis, now enter, and while the lesson goes on Miton hands a billet-doux from some lover to each of them. The two elder, Agatha and Chimene, are just in the act of reading theirs when they hear a serenade outside, and shortly afterwards the two lovers are standing in the room, having taken their way through the window. The Marquis Flarembel and his friend, the Marquis de la Bluette, are just making a most ardent declaration of love when Mme. la Marquise enters to present to her elder daughters the two bridegrooms she has chosen for them. The young men hide behind the ample dresses of the young ladies, and all begin to sing with great zeal, Miton beating the measure, so that some time elapses before

the Marquise is able to state her errand. Of course her words excite great terror, the girls flying to the other side of the room with their lovers and receiving the two elderly suitors, Baron de Merlussac and Gautru, a rich old financier, with great coolness and a refusal of their costly gifts. When the suitors are gone the two young strangers are detected, and the angry mother decides at once to send her daughters to a convent, from which they shall only issue on their wedding day.

When they have departed in a most crestfallen condition, the old Marquis returns from his audience with the King and relates its astounding results. His Majesty had been so peremptory in his questioning about the Marquis' son and heir that the Marquis, losing his presence of mind, promised to present his son at Court on the King's demand. The only question now is where to find a son to adopt, as the Marquis has only four daughters. Miton, the ever useful, at once presents Benoit to the parents, engaging himself to drill the peasant into a nice cavalier in ten lessons. Benoit takes readily to his new position; he is fitted out at once and when the merchants come, offering their best in cloth and finery, he treats them with an insolence worthy of the proudest Seigneur. He even turns from his sweet-heart Javotte.

In the second act Benoit, dressed like the finest cavalier, gives a masked ball in his father's gardens. Half Versailles is invited, but, having taken the Court Almanac to his aid, he has made the mistake of inviting many people who have long been dead. Those who do appear seem to him to be very insipid, and wanting some friends with whom he can enjoy himself, the useful Miton presents the Marquises de la Bluette and de Flarembel, who are delighted to make the acquaintance of their sweethearts' brother.

Benoit hears from them that he has four charming sisters who have been sent to a convent, and he at once promises to assist his new friends. Meanwhile Javotte appears in the mask of an oriental Queen and Benoit makes love to her, but he is very much stupefied when she takes off her mask and he recognizes Javotte. She laughingly turns away from him, when the good-for-nothing youth's new parents appear to reproach him with his levity. But Benoit, nothing daunted, rushes away, telling the Marquis that he intends to visit his sisters in the convent. Miton tries in vain to recall him. Then the two old suitors of Agathe and Chimene appear to complain that their deceased wife and grandmother were invited, and while the Marquis explains his son's mistake the four daughters rush in, having been liberated by their lovers and their unknown brother, whom they greet with a fondness very shocking to the old Marchioness. The elderly suitors withdraw, swearing to take vengeance on the inopportune brother.

In the last act Benoit appears in his father's house in a somewhat dilapidated state. He has spent the night amongst gay companions

and met Gautru and de Merlussac successively, who have both fought him and believe they have killed him, Benoit having feigned to be dead on the spot.

When the old Marquis enters he is very much astonished at receiving two letters of condolence from his daughters' suitors. Miton appears in mourning, explaining that Mme. de Maintenon's visit being expected they must all wear dark colors, as she prefers these. Meanwhile Benoit has had an interview with Javotte, in which he declares his love to be undiminished, and he at once asks his father to give him Javotte as his wife, threatening to reveal the Marquis' deceit to the King if his request is not granted. In the dilemma help comes in the persons of the two young Marquises, who present their King's condolences to old Moncontour. This gentleman hears to his great relief that his son is supposed to have fallen in a duel and he is disposed of. Nobody is happier than Javotte, who now claims Benoit for her own, while the Marquis, who receives a Duke's title from the King in compensation for his loss, gladly gives his two elder daughters to their young and noble lovers.

The girls, well aware that they owe their happiness to their adopted brother, are glad to provide him with ample means for his marriage with Javotte, and the affair ends to everybody's satisfaction.

SIEGFRIED. Second day of the Nibelungen Ring by Wagner.  
Musical Drama in 3 acts.

The first act represents a part of the forest where Fafner guards the Rhinegold and where Sieglinda has found refuge. We find her son Siegfried—to whom, when she was dying, she gave birth—in the rocky cave of Mime the Nibelung (brother of Alberich), who has brought up the child as his own, knowing that he is destined to slay Fafner and to gain the ring, which he covets for himself. Siegfried, the brave and innocent boy, instinctively shrinks from this father, who is so ugly, so mean and vulgar, while he has a deep longing for his dead mother whom he never knew. He gives vent to these feelings in impatient questions about her. The dwarf answers unwillingly and gives him the broken pieces of the old sword Nothung (needful), which his mother left as the only precious remembrance of Siegfried's father.

Siegfried asks Mime to forge the fragments afresh, while he rushes away into the woods.

During his absence Wotan comes to Mime in the guise of a wanderer. Mime, though he knows him not, fears him and would fain drive him away. Finally he puts three questions to his guest. The first is the name of the race which lives in earth's deepest depths, the second the name of those who live on earth's back, and the third that of those who live above the clouds. Of course Wotan answers them all, redeeming his head and shelter thereby; but now it is his turn to put three questions. He first asks what race it is that Wotan loves

most, though he dealt hardly with them, and Mime answers rightly that they are the Waelsungs, whose son Siegfried is; then Wotan asks after the sword which is to make Siegfried victorious. Mime joyously names "Nothung," but when Wotan asks him who is to unite the pieces he is in great embarrassment, for he remembers his task and perceives too late what question he ought to have asked. Wotan leaves him, telling him that only that man can forge it who never knew fear. Siegfried, finding the sword still in fragments when he returns, melts these in fire, and easily forges them together to Mime's great awe, for he sees now that this boy is the one whom the stranger has meant.

In the second scene we see the opening of Fafner's cavern, where Alberich keeps watch for the dragon's slayer, so long predicted.

Wotan, approaching, warns him that Alberich's brother Mime has brought up the boy who is to slay Fafner in the hope of gaining Alberich's ring, the wondrous qualities of which are unknown to Siegfried.

Wotan awakes Fafner, the dragon, telling him that his slayer is coming.

Mime, who has led Siegfried to this part of the forest under the pretext of teaching him fear, approaches now, and Siegfried, eager for combat, kills the dreadful worm. Accidentally tasting the blood he all at once understands the language of the birds. They tell him to seek for the Tarnhelm and for the ring, which he finds in the cavern. Meanwhile, the brothers, Alberich and Mime, quarrel over the treasure which they hope to gain. When Siegfried returns with ring and helmet, he is again warned by the voice of a wood-bird not to trust in Mime. Having tasted the dragon's blood, Siegfried is enabled to probe Mime's innermost thoughts, and so he learns that Mime means to poison him in order to obtain the treasure. He then kills the traitor with a single stroke.—Stretching himself under the linden tree to repose after that day's hard work, he again hears the voice of the wood-bird, which tells him of a glorious bride sleeping on a rock surrounded by fire; and flying before him, the bird shows Siegfried the way to the spot.

In the third scene we find Wotan once more awakening Erda, to seek her counsel as to how best to avert the doom which he sees coming, but she is less wise than he and so he decides to let fate have its course. When he sees Siegfried coming he, for the last time, tries to oppose him by barring the way to Brünnhilde, but the sword Nothung splits the god's spear. Seeing that his power avails him nothing he retires to Walhalla, there to await the "Dusk of the Gods."

Siegfried plunges through the fire, awakes the Valkyrie, and after a long resistance wins the proud virgin.

**LA SONNAMBULA.** Opera in 2 acts by Vincenzo Bellini. Text by Felice Romani.

The scene of action is a village in Switzerland, where the rich farmer Elvino has married a poor orphan, Amina. The ceremony has taken place at the magistrate's, and Elvino is about to obtain the sanction of the church to his union, when the owner of the castle, Count Rudolph, who fled from home in his boyhood, returns most unexpectedly and, at once making love to Amina, excites the bridegroom's jealousy. Lisa, the young owner of a little inn, who wants Elvino for herself and disdains the devotion of Alexis, a simple peasant, tries to avenge herself on her happy rival. Lisa is a coquette and flirts with the Count, whom the judge recognizes. While she yet prates with him, the door opens and Amina enters, walking in her sleep and calling for Elvino. Lisa conceals herself, but forgets her handkerchief. The Count, seeing Amina's condition and awed by her purity, quits the room, where Amina lies down, always in deep sleep. Just then the people, having heard of the Count's arrival, come to greet him and find Amina instead. At the same moment Elvino, summoned by Lisa, rushes in, and finding his bride in the Count's room, turns away from her in disdain, snatching his wedding ring from her finger in his wrath, and utterly disbelieving Amina's protestations of innocence and the Count's assurances. Lisa succeeds in attracting Elvino's notice and he promises to marry her.

The Count once more tries to persuade the angry bridegroom of his bride's innocence, but without result, when Teresa, Amina's foster-mother, shows Lisa's handkerchief, which was found in the Count's room. Lisa reddens, and Elvino knows not whom he shall believe, when all of a sudden Amina is seen emerging from a window of the mill, walking in a trance and calling for her bridegroom in most touching accents.

All are convinced of her innocence, when they see her in this state of somnambulism, in which she crosses a very narrow bridge without falling.

Elvino himself replaces the wedding ring on her finger, and she awakes from her trance in his arms. Everybody is happy at the turn which things have taken; Elvino asks Amina's forgiveness and leaves Lisa to her own bitter reflections.

**TANNHÄUSER.** Romantic Opera in 8 acts by Richard Wagner.

Wagner took his subject from an old legend, which tells of a minstrel called Tannhäuser (probably identical with Heinrich von Ofterdingen), who won all prizes by his beautiful songs and all hearts by his noble bearing. So the palm is allotted to him at the yearly "Tournament of Minstrels" on the Wartburg, and his reward is to be the hand of Elizabeth, niece of the Landgrave of Thuringia, whom he loves. But instead of behaving sensibly, this erring knight suddenly disappears nobody knows where, leaving his bride in sorrow

and anguish. He falls into the hands of Venus, who holds court in the Hörselberg near Eisenach, and Tannhäuser, at the opening of the first scene, has already passed a whole year with her. At length he has grown tired of sensual love and pleasure, and, notwithstanding Venus' allurements, he leaves her, vowing never to return to the goddess, but to expiate his sins by a holy life. He returns to the charming vale behind the Wartburg, he hears again the singing of the birds, the shepherds playing on the flute, the pious songs of the pilgrims on their way to Rome. Full of repentance he kneels down and prays, when suddenly the Landgrave appears with some minstrels, amongst them Wolfram von Eschinbach, Tannhäuser's best friend. They greet their long-lost companion, who, however, cannot tell where he has been all the time, and as Wolfram reminds him of Elizabeth, Tannhäuser returns with the party to the Wartburg.

It is just the anniversary of the Tournament of Minstrels, and in the second act we find Elizabeth with Tannhäuser, who craves her pardon and is warmly welcomed by her. The high prize for the best song is again to be Elizabeth's hand, and Tannhäuser resolves to win her once more. The Landgrave chooses "love" as the subject whose nature is to be explained by the minstrels. Every one is called by name, and Wolfram von Eschinbach begins, praising love as a well, deep and pure, a source of the highest and most sacred feeling. Others follow; Walter von der Vogelweide praises the virtue of love, every minstrel celebrates spiritual love alone.

But Tannhäuser, who has been in Venus' fetters, sings of another love, warmer and more passionate, but sensual. And when the others remonstrate, he loudly praises Venus, the goddess of heathen love. All stand aghast, they recognize now where he has been so long; he is about to be put to death when Elizabeth prays for him. She loves him dearly and hopes to save his soul from eternal perdition. Tannhäuser is to join a party of pilgrims on their way to Rome, there to crave for the Pope's pardon.

In the third act we see the pilgrims return from their journey. Elizabeth anxiously expects her lover, but he is not among them.—Fervently she prays to the Holy Virgin: but not that a faithful lover may be given back to her, no, rather that he may be pardoned and his immortal soul saved. Wolfram is beside her, he loves the maiden, but he has no thought for himself; he only feels for her whose life he sees ebbing swiftly away, and for his unhappy friend.

Presently when Elizabeth is gone, Tannhäuser comes up in pilgrim's garb. He has passed a hard journey, full of sacrifices and castigation, and all for nought, for the Pope has rejected him. He has been told in hard words that he is for ever damned and will as little get deliverance from his grievous sin as the stick in his hand will ever bear green leaves afresh.

Full of despair Tannhäuser is returning to seek Venus, whose siren songs already fall alluringly on his ear. Wolfram entreats

him to fly, and when Tannhäuser fails to listen he utters Elizabeth's name. At this moment a procession descends from the Wartburg chanting a funeral song over an open bier. Elizabeth lies on it dead, and Tannhäuser sinks on his knee beside her, crying: "Holy Elizabeth, pray for me." Then Venus disappears and all at once the withered stick begins to bud and blossom, and Tannhäuser, pardoned, expires at the side of his beloved.

Tannhäuser was represented at the Dresden Theatre, in June, 1890, according to Wagner's changes of arrangement, done by him in Paris, 1861, for the Grand Opera by order of Napoleon III.; this arrangement the composer acknowledges as the only correct one.

These alterations are limited to the first scene in the mysterious abode of Venus, and his motives for the changes become clearly apparent when it is remembered that the simple form of Tannhäuser was composed in the years 1843 and 1845 in and near Dresden at a time when there were neither means nor taste in Germany for such high-flown scenes as those which excited Wagner's brain. Afterwards success rendered Wagner bolder and more pretentious, and so he endowed the person of Venus with more dramatic power and thereby threw a vivid light on the great attraction she exercises on Tannhäuser. The decorations are by far richer, and a ballet of Sirens and Fauns has been added, a concession which Wagner had to make to the Parisian taste. Venus' part, now sung by the first prima donnas, has considerably gained by the alterations, and the first scene is far more interesting than before, but it is to be regretted that the Tournament of Minstrels has been shortened and particularly the fine song of Walter von der Vogelweide omitted by Wagner. All else is as of old, as indeed Elizabeth's part needed nothing to add to her purity and loveliness, which stands out now in even bolder relief against the beautiful but sensual part of Venus.

GUGLIELMO TELL. Grand Opera in 3 acts by Rossini.

The text is founded on the well-known story of Tell, who delivered his Fatherland from one of its most cruel despots, the Austrian governor Gessler.

The first act opens with a charming introductory chorus by peasants, who are celebrating a nuptial fête.

Tell joins in their pleasures, though he cannot help giving utterance to the pain which the Austrian tyranny causes him. Arnold von Melchthal, son of an old Swiss, has conceived an unhappy passion for Mathilda, Princess of Hapsburg, whose life he once saved; but he is Swiss and resolves to be true to his country. He promises Tell to join in his efforts to liberate it. Meanwhile, Leuthold, a Swiss peasant, comes up. He is a fugitive, having killed an Austrian soldier to revenge an intended abduction of his daughter. His only safety lies in crossing the lake, but no fisherman dares to row out in the face of the coming storm. Tell steps forth, and seizing the oars

brings Leuthold safely to the opposite shore. When Rudolf von Harras appears with his soldiers, his prey has escaped, and, nobody being willing to betray the deliverer, old father Melchthal is imprisoned.

In the second act we find the Princess Mathilda returning from a hunt. She meets Arnold and they betray their mutual passion. Arnold does not yet know his father's fate, but presently Tell enters with Walter Fürst, who informs Arnold that his father has fallen a victim to the Austrian tyranny. Arnold, cruelly roused from his love dream, awakes to duty, and the three men vow bloody vengeance. This is the famous oath taken on the Rütli. The deputies of the three Cantons arrive, one after the other, and Tell makes them swear solemnly to establish Switzerland's independence. Excited by Arnold's dreadful account of his father's murder, they all unite in the fierce cry, "To arms!" which is to be their signal of combat.

In the third act Gessler arrives at the market place of Altdorf, where he has placed his hat on a pole to be greeted instead of himself by the Swiss who pass by.

They grumble at this new proof of arrogance, but dare not disobey the order, till Tell, passing by with his son Gemmy, disregards it. Refusing to salute the hat, he is instantly taken and commanded by Gessler to shoot an apple off his little boy's head. After a dreadful inward struggle Tell submits. Fervently praying to God and embracing his fearless son, he shoots with steady hand, hitting the apple right in the centre. But Gessler has seen a second arrow, which Tell has hidden in his breast, and he asks its purpose. Tell freely confesses that he would have shot the tyrant had he missed his aim. Tell is fettered, Mathilda vainly appealing for mercy. But Gessler's time has come. The Swiss begin to revolt. Mathilda herself begs to be admitted into their alliance of free citizens, and offers her hand to Arnold. The fortresses of the oppressors fall, Tell enters free and victorious, having himself killed Gessler; and in a chorus at once majestic and grand the Swiss celebrate the day of their liberation.

**TOSCA.** Musical Drama in 3 acts by V. Sardou, L. Illica, and G. Giacosa.  
Music by Giacomo Puccini.

The scene is laid in Rome. The first act takes place in the church of Sant' Andrea della Valle. Cesare Angelotti, a state prisoner, has escaped from jail and is hiding in a private chapel, of which his sister, the Lady Attavanti, has secretly sent him the key.

When he has disappeared from view the painter Cavaradossi enters the church. He is engaged in painting a picture to represent Mary Magdalen, the canvas stands on a high easel, and the sacristan, who is prowling about, recognizes with scandalized amazement and indignation that the sacred picture resembles a beautiful lady who comes to pray daily in the church. The old man, after having left a basket with food for the painter, retires grumbling at this sacrilege.

When he is gone Angelotti comes forward, and the painter, recognizing in the prisoner the Consul of the late Roman Republic who is at the same time an intimate friend of his own, puts himself at his disposal; but, hearing the voice of his fiancée Tosca, who demands entrance, he begs the prisoner, a victim of the vile Scarpia, to retire into the chapel, giving him the refreshments which the sacristan has left.

At last he opens the church door, and Tosca, a famous singer, enters looking suspiciously around her, for she is of a jealous disposition. She begs her lover to wait for her at the stage door in the evening. He assents and tries to get rid of her, when her suspicions are reawakened by the sight of the picture which she sees is a portrait of the Lady Attavanti. With difficulty he succeeds in persuading her of his undying love and at last induces her to depart; he then enters the chapel and urges Angelotti to fly while the way is clear. The chapel opens into a deserted garden from whence a foot-path leads to the painter's villa, in which there is a well now nearly dry. Into this well the painter advises Angelotti to descend if there is any danger of pursuit, as halfway down there is an opening leading to a secret cave, where his friend will be in perfect safety.

The Lady Attavanti had left a woman's clothes for her brother to wear as a disguise. He takes them up and turns to go when the report of a cannon tells him that his flight from the fortress is discovered. With sudden resolution Cavaradossi decides to accompany the fugitive to help him to escape from his terrible enemy.

In the next scene acolytes, scholars, and singers enter the church tumultuously. They have heard that Napoleon has been defeated, and all are shouting and laughing when Scarpia, the chief of the police, enters in search of the fugitive. Turning to the sacristan he demands to be shown the chapel of the Attavanti, which to the amazement of the sacristan is found open. It is empty, but Scarpia finds a fan, on which he perceives the arms of the Attavanti, then he sees the picture and hears that Tosca's lover Cavaradossi has painted it. The basket with food is also found empty. During the discussion that ensues, Tosca enters, much astonished to find Scarpia here instead of her lover. The chief of the police awakens her jealousy by showing her the fan, which he pretends to have found on the scaffolding. Tosca, recognizing the arms of the Attavanti, is goaded almost to madness by the wily Scarpia. When she departs three spies are ordered to follow her.

The second act takes place in Scarpia's luxurious apartments in an upper story of the Farnese palace.

Scarpia is expecting Tosca, who is to sing this evening at the Queen's festival. He has decided to take her for his mistress and to put her lover to death, as well as Angelotti, as soon as he has got hold of both. Spoletta, a police agent, informs his chief that he fol-

lowed Tosca to a solitary villa, which she left again, alone, very soon after she had entered it.

Forcing his way into the villa he had only found the painter Cavaradossi, whom he had at once arrested and brought to the palace.

Cavaradossi, who is now brought in, denies resolutely any knowledge of the escaped prisoner. When Tosca enters he embraces her, whispering into her ear not to betray anything she has witnessed in his villa.

Meanwhile, Scarpia has called for Roberts, the executioner, and Mario is led into the torture chamber that adjoins Scarpia's apartment. Scarpia vainly questions Tosca about her visit to the villa; she assures him that she found her lover alone. Then she hears her lover's groans, which are growing more fearful, the torture under Scarpia's directions being applied with more and more violence. In the intervals Mario, however, entreats Tosca to be silent, but at last she can bear no more and gasps, "In the well in the garden." Scarpia at once gives a signal to stop the torture and Mario is carried in fainting and covered with blood. When he comes to himself he hears Scarpia say to Spoletta, "In the well in the garden," and thereby finds out that Tosca has betrayed the unfortunate prisoner. While he turns from her in bitter grief and indignation, Sciarrone enters and announces, in the greatest consternation, that the news of victory has proved false, Napoleon having beaten the Italian army at Marengo. Mario exults in the defeat of his enemy, but the latter turns to him with an evil smile and orders the gendarmes to take him away to his death. Tosca tries to follow him, but Scarpia detains her. Remaining alone with him she offers him all her treasures and at last kneels to him imploring him to save her lover. But the villain only shows her the scaffold which is being erected on the square below, swearing that he will only save her lover if she will be his. Tosca turns shuddering from him. Spoletta now enters to announce that Angelotti, being found and taken, has killed himself; and that Mario is ready for death.

Now at last Tosca yields, Scarpia promising to liberate her lover at the price of her honor. He suggests, however, that Mario must be supposed dead, and that a farce must be acted, in which the prisoner is to pretend to fall dead while only blank cartridges will be used for firing. Tosca begs to be allowed to warn him herself and Scarpia consents, and orders Spoletta to accompany her to the prison at four o'clock in the morning, after having given the spy private instruction to have Mario really shot after all. Spoletta retires, and Scarpia approaches Tosca to claim his reward. But she stops him, asking for a safe conduct for herself and her lover. While Scarpia is writing it Tosca seizes a knife from the table, while leaning against it, and hides the weapon behind her back. Scarpia seals the passport, then opening his arms he says: "Now, Tosca, mine at last." But he staggers back with an awful scream; Tosca has suddenly plunged

the knife deep into his breast. Before he can call for help, death overtakes him, and Tosca, after having taken the passport from the clenched fist of the dead man, turns to fly.

The third act takes place on the platform of the castle Sant' Angelo.

The jailer informs Mario Cavaradossi that he may ask for a last favor, having only one hour to live, and the captive begs to be allowed to send a last letter of farewell to his fiancée. The jailer assents, and Mario sits down to write, but soon the sweet recollections of the past overcome him. Tosca finds him in bitter tears, which soon give way to joy when she shows him her passport, granting a free pass to Tosca and to the Chevalier who will accompany her.

When she tells him of the deadly deed she has done to procure it, he kisses the hands that were stained with blood for his sake. Then she informs him of the farce which is to be acted, and begs him to fall quite naturally after the first shot, and to remain motionless until she shall call him. After a while the jailer reminds them that the hour is over. The soldiers march up, and Tosca places herself to the left of the guard's room in order to face her lover. The latter refuses to have his eyes bandaged, and bravely stands erect before the soldiers. The officer lowers his sword, a report follows, and Tosca, seeing her lover fall, sends him a kiss. When one of the sergeants is about to give the "coup de grace" to the fallen man, Spoletta prevents him, and covers Mario with a cloak. Tosca remains quiet until the last soldier has descended the steps of the staircase, then she runs to her lover, calling to him to rise. As he does not move, she bends down to him and tears the cloak off, but, with a terrible cry, she staggers back. Her lover is dead! She bewails him in the wildest grief, when suddenly she hears the voice of Sciarrone, and knows that Scarpia's murder has been discovered! A crowd rushes up the stairs with Spoletta at their head; the latter is about to precipitate himself upon Tosca, but she runs to the parapet and throws herself into space, with the cry: "Scarpia, may God judge between us!"

LA TRAVIATA (or VIOLETTA), Opera in 3 acts by Verdi. Text taken from the French by Piave.

The original of the libretto is Dumas' celebrated novel "La Dame aux Camélias."

The scene is laid in and near Paris. Alfred Germont is passionately in love with Violetta Valery, one of the most frivolous beauties in Paris. She is pleased with his sincere passion, anything like which she has never hitherto known, and openly telling him who she is, she warns him herself; but he loves her all the more, and as she returns his passion, she abandons her gay life and follows him into the country, where they live very happily for some months.

Annina, Violetta's maid, dropping a hint to Alfred that her mis-

tress is about to sell her house and carriage in town in order to avoid expenses, he departs for the capital to prevent this.

During his absence Violetta receives a visit from Alfred's father, who tries to show her that she has destroyed not only his family's but his son's happiness by suffering Alfred to unite himself to one so dishonored as herself. He succeeds in convincing her, and, broken-hearted, she determines to sacrifice herself and leave Alfred secretly. Ignoring the possible reason for this inexplicable action, Alfred is full of wrath and resolves to take vengeance. He finds Violetta in the house of a former friend, Flora Bervoix, who is in a position similar to that of Violetta.—The latter, having no other resources and feeling herself at death's door (a state of health suggested in the first act by an attack of suffocation), has returned to her former life.

Alfred insults her publicly. The result is a duel between her present adorer, Baron Dauphal, and Alfred.

From this time on Violetta declines rapidly, and in the last act, which takes place in her sleeping-room, we find her dying. Hearing that Alfred has been victorious in the duel and receiving a letter from his father, who is now willing to pardon and to accept her as his daughter-in-law, she revives to some extent; and Alfred, who at last hears of her sacrifice, returns to her, but only to afford a last glimpse of happiness to the unfortunate woman, who expires, a modern Magdalen, full of repentance and striving tenderly to console her lover and his now equally desolate father.

**TRISTAN AND ISOLDA.** Lyric Drama in 3 acts by Richard Wagner.

The first act represents the deck of a ship, where we find the two principal persons, Tristan and Isolda, together,—Tristan, a Cornish hero, has gone over to Ireland to woo the Princess for his old uncle, King Marke. Isolda, however, loves Tristan and has loved him from the time when he was cast sick and dying on the coast of Ireland and was rescued and nursed by her, though he was her enemy. But Tristan, having sworn faith to his uncle, never looks at her; and she, full of wrath that he woos her for another instead of for himself, attempts to poison herself and him by a potion. But Brangäna, her faithful attendant, secretly changes the poisoned draught for a love-potion, so that they are inevitably joined in passionate love. Only when the ship gets ashore, its deck already covered with knights and sailors who come to greet their King's bride, does Brangäna confess her fraud; and Isolda, hearing that she is to live, faints in her attendant's arms.

In the second act Isolda has been wedded to Marke, but the love-potion has worked well, and she has secret interviews at night with Tristan, whose sense of honor is deadened by the fatal draught. Brangäna keeps watch for the lovers, but King Marke's jealous friend Melot betrays them, and they are found out by the good old King, who returns earlier than he had intended from a hunt.

Tristan is profoundly touched by the grief of the King, whose sadness at losing faith in his most noble warrior is greater than his wrath against the betrayer of honor. Tristan, unable to defend himself, turns to Isolda, asking her to follow him into the desert, but Melot opposes him, and they fight, Tristan falling back deadly wounded into his faithful servant Kurvenal's arms.

The third act represents Tristan's home in Brittany, whither Kurvenal has carried his wounded master in order to nurse him. Isolda, so skilled in the art of healing wounds, has been sent for, but they look in vain for the ship which is to bring her.

When at last it comes into sight, Tristan, who awakes from a long swoon, sends Kurvenal away, to receive his mistress, and as they both delay their coming, his impatient longing gets the better of him. Forgetting his wound, he rises from his couch, tearing away the bandages, and so Isolda is only just in time to catch him in her arms, where he expires with her name on his lips. While she bewails her loss, another ship is announced by the shepherd's horn. King Marke arrives, prepared to pardon all and to unite the lovers. Kurvenal, seeing Melot advance, mistakes them for foes and, running his sword through Melot's breast, sinks, himself deadly wounded, at his master's feet. King Marke, to whom Brangäna has confessed her part in the whole matter, vainly laments his friend Tristan, while Isolda, waking from her swoon and seeing her lover dead, pours forth rapturous words of greeting, and, broken-hearted, sinks down dead at his side.

**IL TROVATORE.** Opera in 4 acts by Giuseppe Verdi. Text by Salvatore Commerano.

Two men of entirely different station and character woo Leonore, Countess of Sergaste. The one is Count Luna, the other a minstrel named Manrico, who is believed to be the son of Azucena, a gypsy.

Azucena has, in accordance with gypsy law, vowed bloody revenge on Count Luna, because his father, believing her mother to be a sorceress and to have bewitched one of his children, had the old woman burnt. To punish the father for this cruelty Azucena took away his other child, which was vainly sought for.—This story is told in the first scene, where we find the Count's servants waiting for him, while he stands sighing beneath his sweetheart's window. But Leonore's heart is already captivated by Manrico's sweet songs and his valor in tournament. She suddenly hears his voice, and in the darkness mistakes the Count for her lover, who, however, comes up just in time to claim her. The Count is full of rage, and there follows a duel in which Manrico is wounded, but, though it is in his power to kill his enemy, he spares his life, without, however, being able to account for the impulse.

In the second act Azucena, nursing Manrico, tells him of her mother's dreadful fate and her last cry for revenge, and confesses

to having robbed the old Count's son, with the intention of burning him. But in her despair and confusion, she says, she threw her own child into the flames, and the Count's son lived. Manrico is terrified, but Azucena retracts her words and regains his confidence, so that he believes her tale to have been but an outburst of remorse and folly.

Meanwhile, he hears that Leonore, to whom he was reported as dead, is about to take the veil, and he rushes away to save her. Count Luna arrives before the convent with the same purpose. But just as he seizes his prey, Manrico comes up and liberates her with the aid of his companions, while the Count curses them.

Leonore becomes Manrico's wife, but her happiness is shortlived.

In the third act the Count's soldiers succeed in capturing Azucena, in whom they recognize the burnt gypsy's daughter. She denies all knowledge of the Count's lost brother, and as the Count hears that his successful rival is her son, she is sentenced to be burnt. Ruiz, Manrico's friend, brings the news to him. Manrico tries to rescue her, but is seized too, and condemned to die by the axe.

In the fourth act Leonore offers herself to the Count as the price of freedom for the captives, but, determined to be true to her lover, she takes poison. She hastens to him, announcing his deliverance. Too late he sees how dearly she has paid for it, when, after sweet assurance of love and fidelity, she sinks dead at his feet.

The Count, coming up and seeing himself deceived, orders Manrico to be put to death instantly.

He is led away, and only after the execution does Azucena inform the Count that his murdered rival was Luna's own long-sought brother.

**MADAM BUTTERFLY.** Opera in 2 acts by Giacomo Puccini.

Cho-Cho-San, the heroine of "Madam Butterfly," was about 16 years old when Lieutenant Benjamin Franklin Pinkerton, of the United States navy, was stationed at Nagasaki, Japan. She belonged to a noble family. Her uncle was still living as a bonze, or Buddhist priest, in Nagasaki, but she had been left in poverty by the death of her father. Until late in the Nineteenth century, a Japanese nobleman, or "daimio," who displeased the court, might be presented with a sword, as one of a number of polite ways of requesting him to kill himself. As this amounted to sentence of death by "harikari," there was no escaping it. When Cho-Cho-San's father was thus sentenced, he killed himself in what the Japanese thought a highly honorable and creditable way. As this left his daughter unprovided for, she became a singer. Expecting to remain for some time at Nagasaki, Lieutenant Pinkerton leased a house for ninety-nine years in the Japanese form, which allowed him to cancel the lease and give up the house at the end of any month of the ninety-nine years. He made up his mind to have a Japanese wife, married in this convenient way to keep his

Japanese house for him. Goro, a marriage broker, introduced Cho-Cho-San. Because of her beauty and grace, she was called the Butterfly. Lieutenant Pinkerton was delighted with her. To him, she seemed to be a living picture from a Japanese fan, fit to be framed among cherry blossoms, with butterflies fluttering around her. She was equally pleased with him. While the marriage was being arranged, she tried to learn his religion, so that he might not be ashamed of her as his wife in the United States. She went to an American mission and became a convert to Christianity. Sharpless, the American consul at Nagasaki, understanding the Japanese character, urged Lieutenant Pinkerton to think of the girl's feelings as seriously as if she were one of his own countrywomen, but Pinkerton could think of her only as a toy and a work of Japanese art. They were married accordingly with all due Japanese form, the Imperial Commissioner and Official Registrar being present at the ceremony. When the bride was congratulated as "Madam Butterfly," she said that she must no longer be called by any other name than that of her husband. She was not "Madam Butterfly," but "Madam Pinkerton." Before the wedding guests had left the house, her uncle, the bonze, appeared among them in a great passion. He had learned that she had given up her family religion. Under his creed, this amounted to renouncing kinship with him and all her other relations. He pronounced a curse upon her, calling on her mother and all her kindred to confirm it by leaving her. Her husband finally told them all to go and comforted her.

In the second act, which has two parts, three years have passed and Lieutenant Pinkerton has been long absent in the United States. His Japanese wife and her faithful servant, Suzuki, are constantly watching the harbor for the return of his ship, the Abraham Lincoln. Cho-Cho-San is comforted by her little son, who has the blue eyes and fair hair of his father. Lieutenant Pinkerton, however, never took his Japanese marriage seriously. After he left Japan, not expecting to return, he married in the United States. He seems to have forgotten Madam Butterfly until his ship was once more ordered to Nagasaki. Then he wrote Consul Sharpless a letter, asking him to break the news of his American marriage to his Japanese wife. When Sharpless called on her, he found her so excited by the letter and so full of confidence in her husband, that it was impossible to undeceive her. She showed him her son and told him that her husband was sure to hasten back to see the beautiful child. The Consul leaves in great distress, and soon afterwards the harbor cannon fire a salute announcing the arrival of a man-of-war. It is Lieutenant Pinkerton's ship and he is on board. Madam Butterfly dresses herself and her boy in their best and waits for his arrival until late at night, but he does not come. During the day, Prince Yamadori, a wealthy merchant, makes her an offer of marriage which she indignantly rejects.

The next morning brings the conclusion. Pinkerton's American wife, who learns the whole story, wishes to take the child home with

her and adopt it as her own. Pinkerton and Sharpless visit Madam Butterfly. After realizing how cruelly he has wronged her, Pinkerton rushes away, full of the deepest remorse. Madam Butterfly resolves to give up the child and to die as her father did. She takes down his sword. The opera closes as she is dying. With her last breath she tells the child, "sent from Paradise," to go and play. With Sharpless, Pinkerton enters, calling "Butterfly, Butterfly." She dies as she points to the child.

THE GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST. Operatic Melodrama in 3 acts, by Giacomo Puccini. Italian text by G. Zangarini, founded on Belasco's play.

The first act opens in a California mining camp, during the "Gold fever," between 1848 and 1850. The heroine, Minnie, keeps a combined tavern, saloon, dance-hall and gambling house, where in the first act, the miners are assembled. They drink, dance and play cards. All are very fond of Minnie, especially the sheriff, Jack Rance. Minnie teaches the miners and several Indians to read. She is the only white woman in the camp. Rance urges her to marry him, but she declines. She carries a pistol and reminds the sheriff that she knows how to use it if she is not treated with respect. Rance is highly sentimental in a rough way. So are all her other customers. Rance says that the country is "cursed with the lust of gold." The gamblers stop gambling when they hear a miner singing about "the old folks at home." When the song dies away "in an anguished silence," they are about to weep. One of the younger ones, Larkens, is found in tears. He says he has had enough and wants to go home. They contribute gold dust and nuggets to pay his expenses. Then they go on singing of home until one of their number is caught cheating at cards. They propose to hang him. The sheriff persuades them to punish him in another way. He is sentenced to keep the deuce of spades pinned always in sight on his breast and to be hanged if he is caught without it. Ashby, the agent for the Wells-Fargo company, comes in. He is anxious for the sheriff to catch a band of Mexican robbers, headed by a gentlemanly bandit known as Ramerrez, who robs Americans because they have invaded his country. While Ashby and the sheriff are talking, Minnie takes a Bible and reads the Fifty-first psalm to the miners. When she reads "purge me with hyssop and I shall be clean," they ask her to explain what hyssop is. She tells them that it is a plant which grows in the East and "in everybody's heart." As this is intended to explain the whole story, it is illustrated by what follows in the second and third acts. The moral is that God can save the worst people on earth by using the good in them, as the "hyssop of the heart."

The miners, who are very careless with their gold, have a barrel of it in Minnie's bar-room, where it is supposed to be kept until they are ready to send it to the mint. The band of Ramerrez plans to rob the miners, either while the gold is in this barrel or while it is being

shipped by stage-coach. One of the band is captured. He is followed to the bar-room by the leader, Ramerrez, in disguise. Minnie has met Ramerrez before without knowing that he is a professional bandit. He introduces himself as Dick Johnson. He and Minnie fall in love with each other. When he is hunted and wounded by the sheriff as Ramerrez, he is protected by Minnie who finally saves him from being lynched. The agent of the Express company is greatly disappointed because the miners become soft-hearted as suddenly as they did when they heard the song of home. They conclude that it would be wrong to lynch a bandit who is willing to repent, if lynching him would make Minnie unhappy. She tells them that the robber, Ramerrez, has been dead for a week and that they cannot kill him. She means that while wounded in her cabin, he repented and resolved to go away "to lead a new life." She throws away her pistol, tells them that the very chief of sinners can be redeemed by love and that she will be a loving friend and sister to all of them. Johnson then kneels and kisses the hem of her dress. Sonora, one of the miners, says that Minnie's words "must come from God" and that her love is something "high and holy." He cuts the rope from Johnson's neck. Minnie and Johnson leave the stage, saying "good bye, my California," while the miners remain weeping. The plot is inspired by Bret Harte's California stories, but lacks his art.

**THE JEWELS OF THE MADONNA.** Opera in 3 acts by Ermanno Wolf-Ferrari.

Maliella was left a foundling in Naples, with her parents unknown. She was adopted by Carmela, a widow, who had made a vow to the Virgin under which she bound herself to care for a deserted street-child. As she grew to womanhood, Maliella thought more and more of enjoying herself until finally she thought of nothing else. Carmela and her son, Gennaro, both loved the girl and attempted to protect her against the dangers of such a city as Naples. Gennaro loved her deeply and wished to marry her, but she scorned him. When he joined his mother in trying to keep her at home, away from her dangerous pleasures, she hated him. The opera opens in a small square near the sea in Naples, with Carmela's house and Gennaro's blacksmith shop in view. It is the feast day of the Virgin and the great procession, carrying her richly jewelled image, is about to pass. The square is full of merry-makers and Maliella joins them, flirting with the young men, some of whom try to kiss her. Among these is Rafaële, the young captain of a secret band of Camorrist outlaws. As he catches her and is about to kiss her, she draws the stiletto-pin from her hair and defends herself, cutting his hand. He gives her a flower and swears that she shall learn to love him. As she still rejects him, the procession carrying the image of the Virgin comes in sight. Rafaële says that he will risk his soul for Maliella. He offers to rob the Virgin of her jewels, if she will wear them. Maliella is terrified at this sacrilege and shrieks.

In the second act, she reproaches Gennaro with his dullness and rejects him when he urges her to marry him. She tells him she loves Rafaële. To show Rafaële's love for her, she boasts of his offer to rob the Virgin for her sake. Driven half insane with love and jealousy, Gennaro takes tools and false-keys from his shop, visits the church at night and steals the Madonna's jewels. He gives them to Maliella. She is greatly terrified. Finally her vanity grows stronger than her fear and she puts them on, thinking only of how much Rafaële might admire her, and falling finally almost into a trance.

The night after the festival, the Camorrista whom Rafaële leads, are gathered in their den, where the third act opens. There is an altar to the Virgin in it, but they draw a cloth over it and begin a wild orgy, during which Maliella enters with some of the most precious of the Madonna's jewels. She tells Rafaële of Gennaro's love. Rafaële, who is maddened with jealousy, throws her to the ground. She faints and the Madonna's jewels are seen by the Camorrista. While they are assembled around Maliella, Gennaro is dragged in by others of the band. Maliella revives from her faint, throws the jewels at Gennaro and curses him. "Rafaële," she says, "do you know what these jewels are? He stole them from the Madonna." The women in the Camorrist den scream with terror. Maliella is cursed by Rafaële. She runs out into the night, saying "to the sea." The ringing of bells announces the discovery of the robbery. The Camorrista worship the image of the Virgin and wish to kill Gennaro. They are checked by Rafaële who tells them that Gennaro is accurst and must be left to die like a dog. The Camorrista all leave the den. Gennaro kneels before the image of the Virgin, begging for a sign of her forgiveness. He stabs himself in delirium. As he is dying, day breaks, he hears the song of birds and light streams in upon him as he crawls to the altar. At the close, a mob which had followed him, appears and throws open the door, showing him in full daylight, dead at the foot of the altar.

## SOME GREAT DRAMATISTS AND SOME OF THEIR CHIEF WORKS.

NOTE.—*This is not, of course, a complete list of famous Dramatists, nor is it a complete list of their works. It is intended to serve as an introduction to the vast field and to furnish a series of fingerposts to those who would acquaint themselves with the lives and works of the great masters.*

- AESCHYLUS. 525-456 B.C. Greek. *Some Chief Works*: Prometheus Bound; Agamemnon; The Eumenides. *Biographies* are prefixed to most of the English translations of Aeschylus.
- ALFIERI, VITTORIO. 1749-1803. Italian. *Chief Work*: Cleopatra. *Autobiography*, 1845, and life by Copping, 1857; Howells, 1877.
- ANNUNZIO, GABRIELLE D'. Italian.
- ARETINO, PIETRO. 1492-1556. Italian. *Chief Work*: Orazio. Sketch in Van Dyke, P. "Renaissance Portraits," 1905.
- ARISTOPHANES. About 444-380 B.C. Greek. *Some Chief Works*: The Birds; The Frogs; The Wasps; The Clouds.
- AUGUR, ÉMILE. 1820-1859. French.
- BEAUMARCHAIS, PIERRE AUGUSTIN CARON DE. 1732-99. French. *Chief Works*: The Barber of Seville; The Marriage of Figaro. *Biographies* by Loménie, 1856; Hallays, 1897 (in French).
- BEAUMONT, FRANCIS. 1586-1616. English. Wrote many plays in collaboration with Fletcher.
- BECQUE, HENRI FRANÇOIS. 1837-1899. French. *Some Chief Works*: The Prodigal Son; The Abduction; The Ravens; The Parisian.
- BJORNSON, BJORNSTJERNE. 1832-. Norwegian. *Some Chief Works*: Lame Hulda; Mary Stuart; Sigurd the Crusader.
- CALDERON DE LA BARCA, PEDRO. 1600-1681. Spanish. *Chief Work*: The Magic Wonder Worker. *Biographies and Studies* by Breymann, 1905 (in German); Hewes, 1846; Trench, 1880.
- CIBBER, COLLEY. 1671-1757. English. *Some Chief Works*: Love's Last Shift; The Careless Husband. "Apology for the Life of Colley Cibber."
- CONGREVE, WILLIAM. 1670-1729. English. *Some Chief Works*: The Mourning Bride; Love for Love; The Way of the World. *Biographies* in collected editions of Congreve's works by Gosse, 1888; Schmid, 1897 (in German).
- COPPÉE, FRANÇOIS EDOUARD JOACHIM. French.
- CORNEILLE, PIERRE. 1606-1684. French. *Some Chief Works*: Le Cid; Polyeucte. *Biographies and Studies* by Guizot, 1871; Segall, 1902; Vincent, 1901.
- CUMBERLAND, RICHARD. 1732-1800. *Some Chief Works*: The Wheel of Fortune; The Jew; The Fashionable Love. *Memoirs* (autobiography), 1806.
- DRYDEN, JOHN. 1631-1701. English. *Some Chief Works*: The Rival Ladies; All for Love; Don Sebastian. *Biographies and Studies* by Saintsbury (1881); Scott, 1808; Sherwood, 1898.
- DUMAS, ALEXANDRE (fils). 1824-1895. French. *Chief Work*: Camille.
- ECHEGARAY, JOSÉ. Spanish. *Some Chief Works*: The Avenger's Bride; The Great Galeotto; Madman or Saint; A Merry Life.
- ETHEREGE, SIR GEORGE. 1635-1691. English. *Biography* by Meindl, 1901 (in German).
- EURIPIDES. 480-406 B.C. Greek. *Some Chief Works*: Medea; Alcestes; Hippolytus; Hecuba; Orestes. *Biographies and Studies* by Mahaffy, 1879; Patin, 1866 (in French); Thomson, 1898; Way, 1894; Verrall, 1895.
- FITCH, WILLIAM CLYDE. 1865-1909. American. *Some Chief Works*: Beau Brummel; The Climbers.
- FLETCHER, JOHN. 1576-1625. English. See Beaumont.
- FORD, JOHN. 1586-1639. English. *Some Chief Works*: The Lover's Melancholy; The Broken Heart; Love's Sacrifice.
- GOETHE, JOHANN WOLFGANG VON. 1749-1832. German. *Chief Work*: Faust. *Biographies* by Atkins, 1904; Bielchowsky, 1905; Boyesen, 1879; Browning, 1892; Duntzer, 1883; Grimm, 1880; Lewes, 1856; Sime, 1888.
- GOLDONI, CARLO. 1707-1793. Italian. *Memoirs*, 1828, and sketch by Copping, 1857.
- GOLDSMITH, OLIVER. 1728-1774. English. *Chief Work*: She Stoops to Conquer. *Biographies* by Black, 1899; Dodson, 1899; Forster, 1848; Irving (various editions); Prior, 1837.
- GREENE, ROBERT. 1560-1592. English. *Some Chief Works*: Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay; Pandosto. "Repentance" and *Biography* by Storozhenko, 1881.
- GRILLPARZER, FRANZ. 1791-1872. German. *Some Chief Works*: The Golden Fleece; The Argonauts; Medea; Sappho; Woe to Him Who Lies. *Autobiography*, 1892.
- HAUPTMANN, GERHARDT. 1862-. German. *Some Chief Works*: Before Sunrise; A Family Catastrophe; The Weavers; The Sunken Bell.
- HERVIEU, PAUL ERNEST. French.
- HEYSE, JOHANN LUDWIG PAUL. 1830-. German. *Some Chief Works*: Hans Lange; Kolberg; The Wisdom of Solomon; The End of the World; Mary of Magdala. Short sketch by Copeland, 1894, and *Biography* by Patzet, 1904 (in German).
- HUGO, VICTOR MARIE. 1802-1885. French. *Chief Work*: Ruy Blas. *Biographies* by Barbou 1893; Mme. Adèle Hugo, 1863; Marzials, 1888.

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- HOWARD, BRONSON. 1842-1908. American. *Some Chief Works*: Saratoga; Diamonds; Old Love Letters.
- IBSEN, HENRIK. 1828-1906. Norwegian. *Some Chief Works*: Ghosts; The Doll's House; The Pillars of Society; Peer Gynt; When We Dead Awaken. *Biographies and Studies* by Boyesen, 1893; Jaeger, 1901; Lothar, 1902 (in German); Macfall, 1907; Shaw, 1891; Wicksteed, 1892.
- IEFLAND, AUGUST WILHELM. 1759-1814. German. *Some Chief Works*: The Hunters; The Crime of Ambition.
- JONES, HENRY ARTHUR. 1851-. English. *Some Chief Works*: The Middleman; The Hypocrites; Saints and Sinners.
- JONSON, BEN. 1573-1637. English. *Some Chief Works*: Every Man in His Humor; Cynthia's Revels; The Alchemist. *Biographies and Studies* by Gifford, 1816; Köppel, 1906 (in German); Swinburne, 1889; Symonds, 1886.
- KALIDASA. Date unknown. India. *Chief Work*: Sakuntala, a drama.
- KLEIST, HEINRICH BERNT WILHELM VON. 1777-1811. German. *Some Chief Works*: The Prince of Hamburg; The Broken Pitcher.
- KNOWLES, JAMES SHERIDAN. 1784-1862. Irish. *Some Chief Works*: Virginius; William Tell; Alfred the Great; The Hunchback.
- LESSING, GOTTHOLD EPHRAIM. 1729-1781. German. *Some Chief Works*: Minna von Barnhelm; Nathan the Wise; Emilia Galotti. *Biographies* by Sime, 1877; Stahr, 1866; Zimmern, 1878.
- LOPE DE VEGA CARPIO, FELIX. 1562-1635. Spanish. *Biography* by Lewes, 1846.
- MAETERLINCK, MAURICE. Belgian. *Some Chief Works*: The Blind; The Intruder; Princess Maleine; The Seven Princesses; Monna Vanna.
- MANZONI, ALESSANDRO. 1785-1873. Italian. *Some Chief Works*: Carmagnola; Adelchi.
- MARLOWE, CHRISTOPHER. 1564-1593. English. *Some Chief Works*: The Jew of Malta; Dr. Faustus; Tamburlaine. *Biography* by Ingrams, 1904.
- MENANDER. 342-291 B.C. Greek. Fragments only of his work exist.
- MOLIERE (JEAN BAPTISTE POQUELIN). 1622-1673. French. *Some Chief Works*: The Misanthrope; Bourgeois Gentilhomme; Tartuffe; Le Malade Imaginaire. *Biographies* by Marzials, 1906; Trollope, 1905; Taylor, 1906; Vincent, 1902.
- MUSSET, LOUIS CHARLES ALFRED DE. 1810-1857. French.
- OTWAY, THOMAS. 1651-1685. English. *Some Chief Works*: Venice Preserved; Alcibiades; Don Carlos.
- PINERO, ARTHUR WING. English. *Some Chief Works*: The Second Mrs. Tanqueray; The Money Spinner.
- PLAUTUS, TITUS MACCIVIUS. 254-184 B.C. Roman. *Chief Works*: Society; Caste.
- RACINE, JEAN BAPTISTE. 1639-1699. French. *Some Chief Works*: Andromaque; Mithridate; Iphigénie; Phèdre; Esther; Athalie. *Biography* by Blaze de Bury, 1845; Trollope, 1881.
- ROBERTSON, THOMAS WILLIAM. 1829-1871. English.
- ROSTAND, EDMOND. 1868-. French. *Chief Work*: Cyrano de Bergerac.
- SARDOU, VICTORIEN. French. *Chief Work*: Diplomacy.
- SCHILLER, JOHANN CHRISTOPH FRIEDRICH VON. 1759-1805. German. *Some Chief Works*: Wallenstein; Maria Stuart; William Tell; Joan of Arc. *Biographies* by Bellermann, 1901 (in German); Boyesen, 1898; Carlyle, 1846; Dünzter, 1883; Nevinson, 1889; Thomas, 1901; Weltrich, 1899 (in German).
- SHAKESPEARE, WILLIAM. 1564-1616. English. *Some Chief Works*: King Lear; Hamlet; Romeo and Juliet; Othello; Merchant of Venice; Twelfth Night; Macbeth; Midsummer Night's Dream; As You Like It; The Tempest; A Winter's Tale. *Biographical Studies* by Baynes, 1894; Boas, 1898; Dowden, 1895; Elton, 1904; Ewen, 1904; Guizot, 1852; Halliwell-Phillips, 1890; Hazlitt, 1902; Hudson, 1892 Hugo, 1888; Lanier, 1902; Lee, 1898; Mable, 1904; Raleigh, 1907; Rolfe, 1904; Goldwin Smith, 1900; Walter, 1890; Wendell, 1894.
- SHAW, GEORGE BERNARD. 1856-. English. *Chief Work*: Man and Superman.
- SHERIDAN, RICHARD BRINSLEY BUTLER. 1751-1816. English. *Some Chief Works*: School for Scandal; The Rivals. *Biographies* by Fitzgerald, 1886; Moore, 1825; Oliphant, 1883; Rae, 1896.
- SOPHOCLES. 495-406 B.C. Greek. *Some Chief Works*: Oedipus Tyrannus; Antigone; Electra; Ajax; Philoctetes. *Biographies* by Campbell, 1880; Patin, 1865 (in French).
- SUDERMANN, HERMANN. 1857-. German. *Some Chief Works*: Magda; The Fires of St. John.
- TERENCE (PUBLIUS TERENTIUS AFER). About 185-159 B.C. Roman. *Some Chief Works*: The Woman of Andros; The Step-mother; The Self-Tormentor; The Eunuch; Phormio; Adelphi.
- THOMAS, AUGUSTUS. 1859-. American. *Some Chief Works*: Arizona; The Earl of Pawtucket; In Mizzoura.
- VANBRUGH, SIR JOHN. 1666-1726. *Some Chief Works*: The Relapse; The Provoked Wife. *Biography* by Dametz, 1898 (in German), and sketches in collected editions of Vanbrugh's works.
- VOLTAIRE, FRANÇOIS-MARIE AROUET. 1694-1778. French. *Some Chief Works*: Zaire; Mérope; Irène; Oedipe. *Biographies* by Espinasse, 1892; Morley, 1891; Parton, 1881.
- VONDEL, JOOST VAN DEN. 1587-1679. Dutch. *Some Chief Works*: Palamides; The Amsterdam Hecuba; Lucifer; and many Biblical dramas.

WILDE, OSCAR (FINGALL O'FLAHERTY WILLS). 1856-1900. Irish. *Some Chief Works: The Importance of Being Earnest; Lady Windermere's Fan; A Woman of No Importance.* *Biography* by Sherard, 1906.

## SOME GREAT ACTORS AND ACTRESSES.

NOTE.—*This is not, of course, a complete list of famous Actors and Actresses. It is intended to serve as an introduction to the vast field and to furnish a series of fingerposts to those who would acquaint themselves with the lives of these famous men and women.*

- ABINGTON, FRANCES. 1737-1815. English.  
 AESOPUS, CLODIUS. 1st Century B.C. Roman.  
 ALLEYN, EDWARD. 1566-1626. English.  
 ANDERSON, MARY. 1859-. American. *Biographies: "A Few Memories,"* 1896; "*Stage Life of,*" by William Winter.  
 ANGLIN, MARGARET. 1876-. Canadian.  
 ARISTODEMUS. 4th Century B.C. Greek.  
 ARTHUR, JULIA (MRS. B. P. CHEN). 1869-. Canadian.  
 ASHWELL, LENA. 1872-. English.  
 BARETTA-WORMS, BLANCHE ROSE MARIE HÉLÈNE. . French.  
 BARRETT, LAWRENCE. 1838-91. American.  
 BARRYMORE, ETHEL. 1882-. American.  
 BATES, BLANCHE. 1873-. American.  
 BARON, MICHEL. 1653-1729. French.  
 BATHYLLUS OF ALEXANDRIA. Fl. B.C. 30.  
 BERNHARDT, SARAH (BERNHARDT, ROSINE). 1844-. French. *Biography* by Jules Huret.  
 BETTERTON, THOMAS. 1636-1710. English. *Biography* by R. W. Lowe.  
 BLOODGOOD, CLARE SUTTON.  
 BOOTH, EDWIN. 1833-93. American. *Biographies* by C. T. Copeland, 1901; Mrs. Edwin Booth Grossmann, 1894; W. Winter, 1894.  
 BOOTH, JUNIUS BRUTUS. 1796-1852. American.  
 BOUCIAULT, DION. 1822-1890. Irish.  
 BRACEGIRDLE, ANNE. 1663-1748. English.  
 BRANDES, JOHANN CHRISTIAN. 1735-1799. German.  
 BURBAGE, RICHARD. 1567-1619.  
 BURTON, WILLIAM EVANS. 1804-60. English.  
 CAMPBELL, MRS. PATRICK. 1867-. English.  
 CARTER, MRS. LOUISE LESLIE. American.  
 CIBBER, MRS. SUSANNAH MARIA. 1714-1766. English.  
 CLEANDER. 5th Century B.C. Greek.  
 CLAIRON, MME. CLAIRE JOSEPHINE DE LA TUDE. 1723-1803. French. *Memoirs.*  
 CLIVE, MRS. CATHERINE (RAFTOR). 1711-85. *Life* by P. H. Fitzgerald.  
 COQUELIN, BENOIT CONSTANT. 1841-. French.  
 CRANE, WILLIAM H. 1845-. American.  
 CUSHMAN, CHARLOTTE SAUNDERS. 1816-76. American. *Biography* by Emma Stebbins.  
 DALY, ARNOLD. 1875-. American.  
 DAVENPORT, EDWARD LOOMIS. 1815-77. *Biography* by E. F. Edgett.  
 DAVENPORT, MRS. MARY ANN. 1765-1843. English.  
 DEJAZET, VIRGINIE. 1797-1875. French.  
 DREW, MRS. LOUISA (LANE) HUNT MOSSOP. 1820-97. *Autobiographical sketch.*  
 DREW, JOHN. 1853-. *Biography* by E. A. Dithmar.  
 DUMESNIL, MARIE FRANÇOISE MARCHAND. 1713-1803. French.  
 DUZE, ELEONORA. 1861-. Italian. *Biography*, "Duse, and the French," by Victor Mapes.  
 ELLIOT, MAXINE. 1873-. American.  
 EXTINGE, ROSE. 1838-1908. American. *Autobiography, Memories,* 1905.  
 FAUCIT, HELEN, afterwards LADY MARTIN. 1816-1898. English.  
 FECHTER, CHARLES ALBERT. 1824-79. French. *Biography* by Kate Field.  
 FISKE, MINNIE MADDERN (MRS. HARRISON GREY). 1865-. American.  
 FLORENCE, WILLIAM JERMYN. 1831-91. American.  
 FORREST, EDWIN. 1806-72. English. *Biography* by Lawrence Barrett.  
 FORBES-ROBERTSON, JOHNSTON. 1853-. English.  
 GARRICK, DAVID. 1716-79. English. *Life* by P. H. Fitzgerald.  
 GILBERT, MRS. ANNE (HARTLEY). 1821-1901. "Stage Reminiscences."  
 GILBERT, JOHN GIBBS. 1810-89. *Sketch* by William Winter.  
 GOODWIN, NATHANIEL C. 1857-. American.  
 GWYN, ELEANOR. 1850-87. English. "Story of," by Peter Cunningham.  
 HACKETT, JAMES HENRY. 1800-1871. American.  
 HARE, JOHN. 1844-. English.  
 HARNDEN, VIRGINIA. 1868-. American.  
 HARRIOTT, MRS. CLARA (MORRIS). 1848-. Canadian. "Life of a Star," "Life on the Stage," "Stage Confidences; Talks about Players and Play Acting," by Clara Morris.  
 IRVING, SIR JOHN HENRY BRODRIB. 1835-1905. English. *Biography* by William Archer, 1888; B. Stoker, 1903; W. Winter, 1885.

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- IRWIN, MAY (MRS. OTTO EISFELD). 1862-. Canadian.
- JAMES, LOUIS. 1842-1910. American.
- JEFFERSON, JOSEPH. 1829-1905. American. *Autobiography*. "Reminiscences," by Francis Wilson.
- JORDAN, DOROTHEA. 1762-1816. English.
- KEAN, EDMUND. 1787-1833. English. "Life and Adventures," by J. F. Molloy.
- KEENE, LAWRENCE.
- KEMBLE, FRANCES ANN. 1809-93. English. "Record of a Girlhood." *Autobiography*.
- KEMBLE, JOHN PHILIP. 1757-1823. English. "The Kemble's"; an account of the Kemble family, including the life of Mrs. Siddons.
- KENDALL, MRS. GRIMSTON, MRS. MARGARET BRUTON (ROBERTSON). 1849-1907. "The Kendalls," a biography by T. E. Pemberton.
- LAFOND, PIERRE. 1773-1846. French.
- LECOUVREUR, ADRIENNE. 1692-1730. French.
- LAMBERT, N. 17th Century. French.
- LEPLAIN, HENRI LOUIS. 1728-1778. French.
- LEMAITRE, ANTOINE LOUIS PROSPER (known as FRÉDÉRIC). 1800-76. French.
- LUTZ, MRS. LAURA (KEENE) TAYLOR. 1826-73. "Life of Laura Keene," by John Creahan.
- LORRAINE, ROBERT.
- LOTTA (CHARLOTTE CRABTREE). 1847. American.
- MCCULLOUGH, JOHN. 1837-85. American.
- MACKAY, F. F. American.
- MACKLIN, CHARLES. 1690-1797. *Biography* by E. A. Parry. "Eminent Actors," vol. iii.
- MACREADY, WILLIAM CHARLES. 1795-1873. English. *Biography* by W. Archer.
- MANNERBRING, MARY (MRS. J. K. HACKETT). 1876-. English.
- MANSFIELD, RICHARD. 1857-1907. American.
- MANTELL, ROBERT B. 1854-. Scottish.
- MARLOWE, JULIA. 1865-. English. "Julia Marlowe," by I. D. Barry.
- MARS, MONVEL, MME. ANNE FRANÇOISE HYPPOLYTE BOUTET. 1779-1847. French.
- MATTHEWS, CHARLES JAMES. 1776-1835. English.
- MOJESKA, HELENA (MME. CHŁAPOWSKI). 1844-1909. Polish.
- MOLÉ, FRANÇOIS RENÉ. 1734-1802. French.
- MORRIS, CLARA. (See HARREIOTT.)
- MONVEL, JACQUES MARIE BOUTET. 1745-1812. French.
- MYNISCUS OF CHALCIS. 5th Century B.C. Greek.
- NEILSON, LILIAN ADELAIDE. 1848-80. English.
- NETHERSOLE, OLGA. 1870-. English.
- NICOSTRATUS. About 420 B.C. Greek.
- OLDFIELD, ANNE. 1683-1730. English. "Palmy Days of Nance Oldfield," by Edward Robins.
- POLUS OF AEGINA. 4th Century B.C. Greek.
- PRITCHARD, MRS. HANNAH. 1711-1768. English.
- RACHEL (FÉLIX, ELISA RACHEL). 1821-58. French. *Biography* by Mrs. N. H. Kennard.
- REHAN, ADA. 1860-. Irish.
- REJANE, MME. French.
- RISTORI, ADELAIDE. 1822-1906. Italian.
- ROBINSON, MARY (known as PREDITA). 1758-1800. English.
- ROBSON, ELEANOR ELISE. English.
- ROCIUS, QUINTUS. B.C. 62. Roman.
- SALVINI, ALEXANDER. Italian.
- SALVINI, TOMMASO. 1829-. Italian. "Leaves from the Autobiography."
- SIDDONS, SARAH (KEMBLE). 1755-1831. English. *Memoirs* by James Boaden.
- SKINNER, OTIS. 1865-. American.
- SMITHSON, HARRIET CONSTANCE, afterwards MME. BERLIOZ. 1800-1859. English.
- SOTHERN, EDWARD ASKEW. 1826-81. English. *Memoir* by T. E. Pemberton.
- SOTHERN, EDWARD H. 1859-. American.
- STODDAERT, JAMES HENRY. 1827-1907. "Recollections of a Player."
- SULLIVAN, THOMAS BARRY. 1821-91. "Sullivan and His Contemporaries," by R. M. Sillard.
- TALMA, FRANCOIS JOSEPH. 1763-1826. French.
- TARLTON, RICHARD. 1588. English.
- TERRY, ELLEN ALICE. 1848-. "Ellen Terry and Her Sisters," by T. E. Pemberton.
- TERRISS, WILLIAM (LEWIN, WILLIAM CHARLES JAMES). 1847-97. English. "Life of William Terris, Actor," by A. J. Smythe.
- TREE, HERBERT BEERBOHM. 1853-. English.
- TURPIO, LUCIUS AMBIVIUS. 2d Century B.C. Roman.
- WALLACK, JAMES WILLIAM. 1795-1864. English.
- WALLACK, JOHN LESTER. 1820-88. American.
- WALSH, BLANCHE. 1873-. American.
- WARFIELD, DAVID. 1866-. American.
- WILKS, ROBERT. 1665-1732. English.
- WOFFINGTON, MARGARET. 1720-80. English. "Life and Adventures of Peg Woffington," 2 vols.

## SELF CULTURE QUESTIONS

BY A. A. STANLEY,

Director University School of Music, Ann Arbor, Michigan.

1. How would you define the result of general education? (p. 21.)
2. Give some instances of art training in manufactures. (p. 22.)
3. What are the sensuous elements in Art? (p. 23.)
4. What do we mean by regularity, symmetry, and harmony, in Art? (pp. 23-26.)
5. What was the essential feature of Greek Art? (p. 26.)
6. What was the main feature of Indian Art? (pp. 26-29.)
7. With what was Egyptian Art most concerned? (p. 28.)
8. In what did Persian Art differ from that of Assyria and Chaldea? (p. 28.)
9. What is the chief object of Christian Art? (p. 29.)
10. How does Ruskin distinguish between Real and False Art? (pp. 29-31.)
11. What do you understand by Great Art and High Art? (pp. 31-33.)
12. When does Manufacture become a Fine Art? (p. 33.)
13. State briefly Mr. Ruskin's views on Machinery and Art. (pp. 35-36.)
14. Contrast the views expressed by different writers in this volume on Photography and Art. (pp. 36-37-52-58 and 75-76.)
15. In what way has religion affected Architecture? (pp. 29-43.)
16. Name some of the chief Arts which have flourished under the impulse of religion. (pp. 43-44.)
17. What was a chief influence of the Church upon Music? (p. 45.)
18. What is the meaning of the Arts and Crafts movement? (pp. 47-51.)
19. Why is a knowledge of Art a necessity rather than a luxury? (pp. 51-52.)
20. What do you understand by the language of Painting? (pp. 52-68.)
21. What is it that lies behind the language of Painting? (pp. 59-68.)
22. What may be accepted as a general definition of the highest aim of Art? (p. 68.)
23. What is an Etching? (pp. 68-75.)
24. What is a Dry-point? (pp. 68-75.)
25. How does the printing of an Etching differ from that of Wood-cuts and Letterpress? (pp. 68-75.)
26. What is meant by "States" and "Proofs" of an Etching? (pp. 68-75.)
27. Name one of the chief important functions of the Photograph. (pp. 75-76.)
28. Name the chief Paintings by Michelangelo in the Sistine Chapel. (pp. 79-85.)
29. Describe briefly the principle of Photography. (pp. 85-90.)
30. What is the chief difference between a Half-Tone and a Photogravure? (pp. 90-93.)
31. What is the difference between a Lithographic picture and the Color Plates in "Self-Culture"? (pp. 93-95.)
32. What is the principle of the Moving Picture? (p. 97.)
33. What were the chief lines along which the Greek Sculptors worked? (pp. 104-118.)
34. What is the main difference between the statues of Greece and those of Ancient Egypt and Assyria? (pp. 104-118.)
35. The same principle lies behind the language of Sculpture and that of Painting. What is it? (pp. 104-118.) [Compare Questions 20-21.]
36. What is the Laocoön? (p. 118.)
37. Name some of the chief Sculptures in the Capitol, Rome. (pp. 121-122.)
38. What is a distinguishing feature of the work of Thorwaldsen? (pp. 123-128.)
39. Enumerate the great styles of Architecture, and mention briefly their leading characteristics. (pp. 130-135.)
40. Name some ways in which Architecture reveals the spirit of the different ages, and of the peoples which produced it. (pp. 141-156.)
41. What have you learned about the influence of materials on expression in Architecture? (pp. 141-156.)
42. How is Modern American Architecture expressing the spirit of the day? (pp. 141-156.)
43. What do the Arts of Poetry and of Music possess in common? (pp. 165-167.)
44. What have you learned of the power and influence of Music from the intellectual and the religious point of view? (pp. 167-177.) [See also Questions 15-17.]
45. Name some of the departments of American Folk-Song. (pp. 177-182 and 183-189.)
46. What do Europeans recognize as our National Air? (p. 182.)
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50. What danger may result from too much reliance on Piano Playing and Singing Machines? (pp. 191-196.)
51. What is the foundation of the Art of Beethoven? (pp. 196-208.)
52. How does Arthur Symons compare the work of Beethoven with that of Mozart? Of Wagner? (pp. 196-208.)
53. What does Wagner describe as the ground of all human Art? (pp. 208-220.)
54. How does he explain his position? (pp. 208-220.)
55. What is the two-fold origin of Modern Drama according to Wagner? (pp. 208-220.)
56. Name twelve famous Classics for the piano. (pp. 220-245.)
57. What is meant by a "Well-tempered Clavichord"? (p. 221.)
58. What is the meaning of "Inventions" as used by Bach? (p. 221.)
59. Name three famous Violinists. (pp. 220-245.)
60. Name two famous Composers of Music for the Flute. (pp. 220-245.)
61. Name six famous Song Writers. (pp. 246-251.)
62. Name three well-known teachers of Vocal Method. (pp. 246-251.)
63. Give a definition of a Drama. (p. 257.)
64. The dramatic idea involves theme and object: give illustrations of each. (p. 258.)
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 STRANG, LEWIS C. *Players and Plays of the Last Quarter Century.*

## BIOGRAPHIES OF ACTORS AND ACTRESSES—GENERAL.

- ADAMS, W. D. *Dictionary of the Drama: A Guide to Plays, Playwrights, and Playhouses of the United Kingdom and America.*  
 BAKER, H. B. *English Actors from Shakespeare to Macready.*  
 BRERETON, AUSTIN. *Some Famous Hamlets from Burbage to Fletcher.*  
 BROWN, MRS. L. W. (Amy Leslie). *Some Players; Personal Sketches.*  
 BROWN, T. A. *History of the American Stage.* Containing sketches of nearly every member of the profession, 1733 to 1890.  
 CLAPP, J. B., and EDGEOTT, E. F. *Players of the Present.* 3 vols. in 1.  
*Plays of the Present.*  
 COLLIER, J. P. *Memoirs of the Principal Actors in the Plays of Shakespeare.*  
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*Twelve Great Actresses.*
- RUSSELL, W. C. *Representative Actors.*
- STRANG, L. C. *Famous Actors of the Day in America.*  
*Players and Plays of the Last Quarter Century.*
- WALLACK, J. L. *Memories of Fifty Years*, with an Introduction by LAWRENCE HUTTON.
- WINGATE, C. E. L. *Shakespeare's Heroes on the Stage.*  
*Shakespeare's Heroines on the Stage.*
- WINTER, WILLIAM. *Brief Chronicles.* 3 vols.  
*Shadows of the Stage.* 3 vols.

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NOTE.—The titles of all the articles, poems, illustrations, etc., are printed in ordinary small type in their dictionary order. The authors' names follow the titles in small Italics; the heavy black figures indicate the volume and the lighter ones the page, where the article may be found.

The names of the authors, artists, etc., are also printed in dictionary order, and in small capital letters; the titles of their contribution following the name in the ordinary small type. The first lines of the poetry are printed in small Italics; where the title and the first line is the same it is not repeated, but printed in the ordinary small type; and the titles of books and sources are printed in ordinary type, but quoted in inverted commas.

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 Dumesnil, Marie Françoise  
     Marchand  
 Duse, Eleonora  
 Elliott, Maxine (Mrs. N. C.  
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     Martin  
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 Forest, Edwin  
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 Gilbert, Mrs. Anne (Hartley)  
 Gilbert, John Gibbs  
 Goodwin, Nathaniel C.  
 Gwyn, Eleanor  
 Hackett, James Henry  
 Hare, John  
 Harned, Virginia (Mrs. E.  
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 Kean, Edmund  
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 Kemble, Frances Ann  
 Kemble, John Philip  
 Kendall, Mrs. Grimston, Mrs.  
     Margaret Bruton (Robert-  
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 Lemaitre, Antoine Louis Pro-  
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 Lutz, Mrs. Laura (Keéne)  
     Taylor  
 Lorraine, Robert  
 Lotta (Charlotte Crabtree)  
 McCullough, John  
 Mackay, F. F.  
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 Macready, William Charles  
 Mannerling, Mary (Mrs. J. K.  
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 Mansfield, Richard  
 Mantell, Robert B.  
 Marlowe, Julia  
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